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THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XXIV.

THAT night, at nine o'clock, the Terror of France, catching the flow of the tide, with one sail set and a gentle wind, left the fleet, and came slowly up the river, under the batteries of the town. In the gloom we passed lazily on with the flow of the tide, unquestioned, soon leaving the citadel behind, and ere long came softly to that point called Anse du Foulon, above which Sillery stood. I could not see the shore distinctly, but I knew by a perfect instinct the cleft in the hillside where was the path leading up the mountain. I bade Clark come up the river again two nights hence to watch for a signal from me, which was there agreed upon. If I did not come, then, with General Wolfe's consent, he must be the pilot to our fleet up the river to Cap Rouge, and show the General this path up the mountain as well. He swore that all should be as I wished; and indeed you would have thought that he and his Terror of France were to level Quebec to the sea.

I stole softly to the shore in a boat, which I drew up among the bushes, hiding it as well as I could in the dark, and then, feeling for my pistols and my knife, I crept upwards, coming presently to the passage in the mountain. I toiled on to the summit without a sound of alarm from above. Pushing forward,

a light flashed from the windmill, and a man, and then two men, appeared in the open door. One of them was Captain Lancy, whom I had very good reason to remember. The last time I saw him was that famous morning when he would have had me shot five minutes before the appointed hour, rather than endure the cold and be kept from his breakfast. I itched to call him to account then and there, but that would have been foolish play. I was outside of the belt of light falling from the door, and I stole round and came near to the windmill on the town side. It amazed me that such poor watch was kept; but truly, above the town, up to this time, the guard was of a perfunctory sort, for the great cliffs were thought impregnable; and even if surmounted, there was still the walled town to take, surrounded by the St. Lawrence, the St. Charles, and these massive bulwarks.

Presently Lancy stepped out into the light, and said, with a hoarse laugh, "Blood of Peter, it was a sight to-day! She cried out like a pretty lamb. What devil's tincture he gave her I know not, but she has a constant fancy for the English filibuster. 'Robert! my husband!' she bleated, and Doltaire laughed at her."

"But Doltaire will have her yet."

"He has her pinched like a mouse in a weasel's teeth — a man of damned

fine designs. You know not what he will do next. It is whispered that he may take the reins from the Governor and the Intendant."

"Why does he not, then?"

"Pish! Now, if it were France itself! but this — no, no, it's too small a game."

"But the girl is a small game."

"La, la! a game of the private life, the biggest a man can play — amusing, full of interest, finesse, and difficulty, elusive all the time; he enjoys it. But ruling, keeping, or losing of Quebec, that's too little a public matter for his vanity."

"He is no patriot, then?"

"Pish! Patriot? Who is a patriot here, save the peasants, and such as the Seigneur Duvarney, and the priests?"

"And the good Seigneur gets pinched like his daughter."

"True enough. He thought his cousin the Governor honest once, and stood for him; but when he saw Vaudreuil join Bigot against Montcalm, he went over to the General; and now the two pursue him, and they say that Bigot puts his life in danger."

"Why does n't Doltaire stand by the Seigneur?"

"Good Lord, can you not see? Doltaire would have him in damnable trouble, so that he might turn to him for help, thus pinching the young lady to his desires more and more."

"My faith, she has no sweet road to travel since her mother died," was the careless reply.

I almost cried out. Here was a blow which staggered me. Her mother dead — poor, poor soul! I ached to clasp her to my heart.

"There was a scene for you. It has got abroad, somehow. 'Love! love!' said the mother to her. 'I would rather lie in my grave than see you go with him. It was no marriage.' Then the daughter said, 'It was the only marriage I shall ever have, my mother.

And let it be me to lie in my grave, not you; for till that hour comes I shall be the wife of Robert Stobo.' At that the mother says, 'But you shall marry again, you shall be the bride of the Church — no other. There, at least, you shall not shame us.' And what says the pert Mademoiselle but this: 'My mother, I fear not God's judgment as much as yours.' She has a proud spirit, which comes of too much cleverness. Doltaire will touch her off with new ideas. Ten years from now she'll prate no more than Madame Cournal."

"Coward!" said I under my breath. "You shall pay for that one day."

They both laughed with a villainous meaning, and Lancy continued: "The Duvarneys would remain in the city, and on that very night, as they sit at dinner, a shell disturbs them, a splinter strikes Madame, and two days after she is carried to her grave."

Here they linked arms and walked on, and I lost their words save one phrase, "To-morrow, in the cathedral," which came to me. Instantly I pieced things out, remembering Doltaire's words to me, "Come and pray with me in the cathedral." Our marriage was to be formally annulled from the high altar of the cathedral to-morrow — that was it. It was a dangerous business I was set on, for I was sure that I would be shot without shrift if discovered. As it proved afterwards, I had indeed been proclaimed, and it was enjoined on all true Frenchmen and Catholics to kill me if the chance showed.

Only two things could I depend on, Voban and my disguise, which was very good. From the Terror of France I had got a peasant's dress, and by rubbing my hands and face with the stain of butter-nut, cutting again my new-grown beard, and wearing a wig, I was well guarded against discovery, save to such keen folk as Doltaire.

How to get into the city was the question. By the St. Charles River and the

Palace Gate, and by the St. Louis Gate, not far from the citadel, were the only ways, and both were difficult. I had, however, two or three plans, and these I chewed as I went across Maitre Abraham's fields, and came to the main road from Sillery to the town.

Soon I heard the noise of clattering hoofs, and jointly with this I saw a figure rise up not far ahead of me, as if waiting for the coming horseman. I drew back. The horseman passed me, and, as he came on slowly, I saw the figure spring suddenly from the roadside and make a stroke at the horseman. In a moment they were a rolling mass upon the ground, while the horse trotted down the road a little, and stood still. I never knew the cause of that encounter — robbery, or private hate, or paid assault; but there was scarcely a sound as they struggled for a minute or two. Then I heard groaning, and both lay still. I hurried to them, and found one dead, and the other dying, dagger wounds in both, for the assault had been at such close quarters that the horseman had had no chance to use a pistol.

My plans were changed on the instant. I drew the military coat, boots, and cap off the horseman, and put them on myself; and thrusting my hand into his waistcoat — for he looked like a courier — I found a packet. This I put into my pocket, and then, making for the horse which stood quiet in the road, I mounted it and rode on towards the town. Striking a light, I found that the packet was addressed to the Governor. A serious thought disturbed me: I could not get into the town through the gates without the countersign. I rode on, anxious and perplexed.

Presently a thought pulled me up. The courier was insensible when I left him, and he was the only one who could help me in this. I greatly reproached myself for leaving him while he was still alive. "Poor devil," thought I to myself, "there is some one whom his death will

hurt. He must not die alone. He was no enemy of mine." I went back, and, getting from the horse, stooped to him, lifted up his head, and found that he was not dead. I spoke in his ear. He moaned, and his eyes opened.

"What is your name?" said I.

"Jean — Labrouk," he whispered.

Now I remembered him. He was the soldier whom Gabord had sent as messenger to Voban the night I was first taken to the citadel.

"Shall I carry word for you to any one?" I asked.

There was a slight pause; then he said, "Tell my — Babette — Jacques Dobrotte owes me ten francs — and — a leg — of mutton. Tell — my Babette — to give my coat of beaver fur to Gabord the soldier. Tell" . . . he sank back, but raised himself, and continued: "Tell my Babette I weep with her. . . . Ah, mon grand homme de Calvaire, bon soir!" He sank back again, but I roused him with one question more, vital to me. I must have the countersign.

"Labrouk! Labrouk!" said I sharply.

He opened his dull, glazed eyes.

"Qui vive!" said I, and I waited anxiously.

Thought seemed to rally in him, and, staring, — alas! how helpless and how sad, that look of a man brought back for an instant from the Shadows! — his lips moved. "France," was the whispered reply.

"Advance and give the countersign!" I cried.

"Jésu," he murmured faintly. I drew from my breast the cross that Mathilde had given me, and pressed it to his lips. He sighed softly, lifted his hand to it, and then fell back, never to speak again.

After covering his face and decently laying the body out, I mounted the horse again. Glancing up, I saw that this bad business had befallen not twenty feet from a high Calvary at the roadside.

I was in a painful quandary. Did

Labrouk mean that the countersign was "Jésu," or was that word the broken prayer of his soul as it hurried forth? So strange a countersign I had never heard, and yet it might be used in this Catholic country. This day might be some great feast of the Church — possibly that of the naming of Christ: which was the case, as I afterwards knew. I rode on, tossed about in my mind. So much hung on this. If I could not give the countersign, I should have to fight my way back again the road I came, and it would go abroad that an enemy had tried to enter the gates. In that case Doltaire would quickly guess who it was, with some peril to my plans and myself. But I must set all upon this hazard. So I went on, beating up my heart to confidence; and now I came to the St. Louis Gate. A tiny fire was burning near, and two sentinels stepped forward as I rode boldly on the entrance.

"Qui vive!" was the sharp call.

"France," was my reply, in a voice as like the peasant's as possible.

"Advance and give the countersign," came the demand.

Another voice called from the darkness of the wall: "Come and drink, comrade; I've a brother with Bougainville."

"Jésu," said I to the sentinel, answering his demand for the countersign, and I spurred on my horse idly, though my heart was thumping hard, for there were several sturdy fellows lying beyond the dull handful of fire.

Instantly the sentinel's hand came to my bridle-rein. "*Halt!*" roared he.

Surely some good spirit was with me then to prompt me, for, with a careless laugh, as though I had not before finished the countersign, "Christ," I added — "Jésu Christ!"

With an oath the soldier let go the bridle-rein, the other opened the gates, and I passed through. I heard the first fellow swearing roundly to the others that he would send yon courier to fires of hell, if he played with him again so.

The gates closed behind me, and I was

in the town which had seen the worst days and best moments of my life. I rode along at a trot, and once again beyond the citadel was summoned by a sentinel. Safely passed on, I came down towards the Château St. Louis. I rode boldly up to the great entrance door, and handed the packet to the sentinel.

"From whom?" he asked.

"Look in the corner," said I. "And what business is't of yours?"

"There is no word in the corner," answered he doggedly. "Is't from Monsieur le Général at Cap Rouge?"

"Bah! Did you think it was from an English wolf?" I asked.

His dull face broke a little. "Is Jean Labrouk with Bougainville yet?"

"He's done with Bougainville — he's dead," I answered.

"Dead! dead!" said he, a sort of grin playing on his face.

I made a shot at a venture. "But you're to pay his wife Babette the ten francs and the leg of mutton in twenty-four hours, or his ghost will follow you. Swallow that, pudding-head. And see you pay it, or every man in our company swears to break a score of shingles on your bare back."

"I'll pay, I'll pay," he said, and he took to trembling.

"Where shall I find Babette?" asked I. "I come from Isle aux Coudres — I know not this ruffian town."

"A little house hugging the cathedral rear," he explained. "Babette sweeps out the vestry, and fetches water for the priests."

"Good," said I. "Take that to the Governor at once, and send the corporal of the guard to have this horse fed and cared for, and he's to carry back the Governor's messenger. I've further business for the General in the town. And tell your captain of the guard to send and pick up two dead men in the highway, just against the first Calvary beyond the town."

He did my bidding, and I dismounted,

and was about to get away, when I saw the Chevalier la Darante and the Intendant appear at the door. They paused upon the steps. The Chevalier was speaking most earnestly.

"To a nunnery — a piteous shame: it should not be, your Excellency."

"To decline upon Monsieur Doltaire, then?" asked Bigot, with a sneer.

"Your Excellency believes in no woman," responded the Chevalier stiffly.

"Ah yes, in one!" was the cynical reply.

"Is it possible? And she remains a friend of your Excellency?" came back in irony.

"The very best; she finds me unendurable."

"Philosophy shirks the solving of that problem, your Excellency," was the cold reply.

"No, it is easy. The woman to be trusted is she who never trusts."

"The paragon — or prodigy — who is she?"

"Even Madame Jamond."

"She danced for you once, your Excellency, they tell me."

"She was a devil that night — she drove us mad."

So Doltaire had not given up the secret of that night! There was silence for a moment, and then the Chevalier said, "Her father will not let her go to a nunnery — no, no. Why should he yield to the Church in this?"

Bigot shrugged a shoulder. "Not even to hide — shame?"

"Liar — ruffian!" said I through my teeth. The Chevalier answered for me:

"I would stake my life on her truth and purity."

"You forget the mock marriage, dear Chevalier."

"It was after the manner of his creed and people."

"It was after a manner we all have used at times."

"Speak for yourself, your Excellency," was the austere reply. Neverthe-

less, I could see that the Chevalier was much troubled.

"She forgot race, religion, people — all, to spend still hours with a foreign spy in prison," urged Bigot, with damnable point and suggestion.

"Hush, hush!" said the Chevalier. "She is a girl once much beloved and ever admired among us. Let not your rancor against the man be spent upon the maid. Nay, more, why should you hate the man so? It is said, your Excellency, that this Stobo did not fire the shot that night, but one who has less reason to love you."

Bigot smiled a wicked smile, but said nothing.

The Chevalier laid a hand on Bigot's arm. "Will you not oppose the Governor and the Bishop? Her fate is sad enough."

"I will not lift a finger. There are weightier matters. Let Doltaire, the idler, the Don Amato, the hunter of that fawn, save her from the holy ambush. Tut, tut, Chevalier. Let her go. Your nephew is to marry her sister — let her be swallowed up — a shame behind the veil — the sweet litany of the cloister."

The Chevalier's voice set hard as he said in quick reply, "My family honor, François Bigot, needs no screen. And if you doubt that, I will give you argument at your pleasure;" and as he spoke he turned and went back into the Château.

And thus the honest Chevalier kept his word given to me when I released him from serving me on the river.

At that Bigot came down the steps, smiling detestably, and passed me with no more than a quick look. I made my way cautiously through the streets towards the cathedral, for I owed a duty to the poor soldier who had died in my arms, through whose death I had been able to enter the town.

Disarray and ruin met my sight at every hand. Shot and shell had made wicked havoc. Houses where, as a host-

age, I had dined, were battered and broken; public buildings were shapeless masses, and dogs and thieves prowled among the ruins. Drunken soldiers staggered past me; hags begged for sous or bread at corners; and devoted priests and long-robed Recollet monks, cowed and alert, hurried past, silent, and worn with labors, watchings, and prayers. Soon a company of officers in white uniform rode by, going towards the Châteaueau, and a company of *coureurs de bois* came up from Mountain Street, singing,

“Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.”

Here and there were fires lighted in the streets, though it was not cold, and beside them peasants and soldiers drank and quarreled over food, for starvation was abroad in the land.

By one of these fires, in a secluded street, — for I had come a roundabout to avoid passing through crowds, — were a number of soldiers of Languedoc’s regiment (I knew them by their trick of head-gear and their stoutness), and with them reckless girls, who, in their abandonment, seemed to me like those revelers in Herculaneum, who danced their way into the Cimmerian darkness. I had no thought of staying there to moralize upon the theme; but, as I looked, a figure came out of the dusk ahead, and moved swiftly towards me. It was Mathilde. She seemed bent on some errand, but the revelers at the fire caught her attention, and she suddenly swerved towards them, and came into the dull glow, her great black eyes shining with bewildered brilliancy and vague keenness, her long white fingers reaching out with a sort of chafing motion. She did not speak till she was among them. I drew into the shade of a broken wall, and watched. She looked all round the circle, and then, without a word, took an iron crucifix which hung upon her breast, and silently lifted it above their heads for a moment. I myself felt a kind of thrill go through

me, for her wild beauty was almost tragical. Her madness was not grotesque, but solemn and dramatic. There was something terribly deliberate in her strangeness; it was full of awe to the beholder, more searching and painfully pitiful than melancholy.

Coarse hands fell away from wanton waists; ribaldry hesitated; hot faces drew apart; and all at once a girl with a crackling laugh threw a tin cup of liquor into the fire. Even as she did it, a haggard dwarf sprang into the circle without a word, and, snatching the cup out of the flames, jumped back again into the darkness, peering into it with a hollow laugh. As he did so a soldier raised a heavy stick to throw at him; but the girl caught him by the arms, and said, with a hoarse pathos, “My God, no, Alphonse! It is my brother!”

Here Mathilde, still holding out the cross, said in a loud whisper, “‘Sh, ‘sh! My children, go not to the Palace, for there is François Bigot, and he has a devil. But if you have no cottage, I will give you a home. I know the way to it up in the hills. Poor children, see, I will make you happy.”

She took a dozen little wooden crosses from her girdle, and, stepping round the circle, gave each person one. No man refused, save a young militia-man; and when, with a sneering laugh, he threw his into the fire, she stooped over him and said, “Poor boy! poor boy!” She put her fingers on her lips, and whispered, “Beati immaculati — miserere mei, Deus,” stray phrases gathered from the liturgy, pregnant to her brain, order and truth flashing out of wandering and fantasy. No one of the girls refused, but sat there, some laughing nervously, some silent; for this mad maid had come to be surrounded with a superstitious reverence in the eyes of the common people. It was said she had a home in the hills somewhere, to which she disappeared for days and weeks, and came back hung about the girdle with crosses;

and it was also said that her red robe never became frayed, shabby, or disordered.

Suddenly she turned and left them. I let her pass, unchecked, and went on towards the cathedral, humming an old French chanson. I did this because now and then I met soldiers and patrols, and my free and careless manner disarmed notice. Once or twice drunken soldiers stopped me and threw their arms about me, saluting me on the cheeks *à la mode*, asking themselves to drink with me. Getting free of them, I came on my way, and was glad to reach the cathedral unchallenged. Here and there a broken buttress or a splintered wall told where our guns had played upon it, but inside I could hear an organ playing and a *Miserere* being chanted. I went round to its rear, and there I saw the little house described by the sentinel at the Château. Coming to the door, I knocked, and it was opened at once by a warm-faced, bright-eyed woman of thirty or so, who instantly brightened on seeing me. "Ah, you come from Cap Rouge, m'sieu'," she said, looking at my clothes — her own husband's, though she knew it not.

"I come from Jean," said I, and stepped inside.

She shut the door, and then I saw, sitting in a corner, by a lighted table, an old man, bowed and shrunken, white hair and white beard falling all about him, and nothing of his features to be seen save high cheek-bones and two hawk-like eyes which peered up at me.

"So, so, from Jean," he said in a high, piping voice. "Jean's a pretty boy — ay, ay, Jean's like his father, but neither with a foot like mine — a foot for the Court, said Frotenac to me — yes, yes, I knew the great Frotenac" —

The wife interrupted his gossip. "What news from Jean?" said she. "He hoped to come one day this week."

"He says," responded I gently, "that Jacques Dobrotte owes you ten francs

and a leg of mutton, and that you are to give his great beaver coat to Gabord the soldier."

"Ay, ay, Gabord the soldier, he that the English spy near sent to heaven."

The bitter truth was slowly dawning upon the wife. She was repeating my words in a whisper, as if to grasp their full meaning.

"He said also," I continued, "'Tell Babette I weep with her.'"

She was very still and dazed; her fingers went to her white lips, and stayed there for a moment. I never saw such a numb misery in any face.

"And last of all, he said, 'Ah, mon grand homme de Calvaire, bon soir!'"

She turned round, and went and sat down beside the old man, looked into his face for a minute silently, and then said, "Grandfather, Jean is dead; our Jean is dead."

The old man peered at her for a moment, then broke into a strange laugh, which had in it the reflection of a distant misery, and said, "Our little Jean, our little Jean Labrouk! Ha! ha! There was Villon, Marmon, Gabriel, and Gouloir, and all their sons; and they all said the same at the last, 'Mon grand homme de Calvaire, bon soir!' Then there was little Jean, the pretty little Jean. He could not row a boat, but he could ride a horse, and he had an eye like me. Ha, ha! I have seen them all say good-night. Good-morning, my children, I will say one day, and I will give them all the news, and I will tell them all I have done these hundred years. Ha, ha, ha" —

The wife put her fingers on his lips, and, turning to me, said with a peculiar sorrow, "Will they fetch him to me?"

"They will," I answered.

The old man fixed his eyes on me most strangely, and then, stretching out his finger and leaning forward, he said, with a voice of senile wildness, "Ah, ah, the coat of our little Jean!"

I stood there like any criminal caught

in his shameful act. Though I had not forgotten that I wore the dead man's clothes, I could not think that they would be recognized, for they seemed like others of the French army — white, with violet facings. I cannot tell to this day what it was that enabled them to detect the coat; but there I stood condemned before them.

The wife sprang to her feet, came to me with a set face, and stared stonily at the coat for an instant. Then, with a cry of alarm, she made for the door; but I stepped quickly before her, and bade her wait till she heard what I had to say. Like lightning it all went through my brain. I was ruined if she gave an alarm: all Quebec would be at my heels, and my purposes would be defeated. There was but one thing to do — tell her the whole truth, and trust her. For I had at least done fairly by her and by the dead man.

So I told them how Jean Labrouk had met his death; told them who I was, and why I was in Quebec — how Jean died in my arms; and, taking from my breast the cross that Mathilde had given me, I swore by it that every word which I said was true. The wife scarcely stirred while I spoke, but with wide dry eyes and hands clasping and unclasping heard me through. I told her how I might have left Jean to die without a sign or message to them, how I had put the cross to his lips as he went forth, and how by coming here at all I placed my safety in her hands, and now, by telling my story, my life itself.

It was a daring and a difficult task. When I had finished, both sat silent for a moment, and then the old man said, "Ay, ay, Jean's father and his uncle Marmon were killed a-horseback, and by the knife. Ay, ay, it is our way. Little Jean was good company — none better, mass over, o' a Sunday. Come, we will light candles for Jean, and comb his hair back sweet, and masses shall be said, and " —

Again the woman interrupted, quieting him. Then she turned to me, and I awaited her words with a desperate sort of courage.

"I believe you," she said. "I remember you now. My sister was the wife of your keeper at the common jail. You shall be safe. Alas! my Jean might have died without a word to me — all alone in the night. *Merci mille fois!*" Then she rocked a little to and fro, and the old man looked at her like a curious child. At last, "I must go to him," she said. "My poor Jean must be brought home."

I told her I had already sent word to the Commandant. She thanked me again — truly such a brave and simple heart is not often found in the world! *Distrainée* as she was, she went and brought me a peasant's hat and coat. Such trust and kindness touched me. Trembling, she took from me the coat and hat I had worn, and she put her hands before her eyes when she saw a little spot of blood upon the flap of a pocket. The old man reached out his hands, and, taking them, he held them on his knees, whispering to himself, now and then kissing a little crucifix which lay at his hand.

"You will be safe here," the wife said to me. "The loft above is small, but it will hide you, if you have no better place."

I was thankful that I had told her all the truth. I should be snug here, waiting the affair in the cathedral on the morrow. There was Voban, but I knew not of him, or whether he was open to aid or shelter me. His own safety had been long in peril; he might be dead, for all I knew. I thanked the poor woman warmly, and then asked her if the old man might not betray me to strangers. She bade me leave all that to her — that I should be safe for a while, at least.

Soon afterwards I went abroad, and made my way by a devious route to Vo-

ban's house. As I did so, I could see the lights of our fleet in the Basin, and the camp-fires of our army on the Levis shore, on Isle Orleans, and even at Montmorenci, and the myriad lights in the French encampment at Beauport. How impossible it all looked — to unseat from this high rock the Empire of France! Ay, and how hard it would be to get out of this same city with Alixe!

Voban's house stood amid a mass of ruins, itself broken a little, but still sound enough to live in. There was no light. I clambered over débris, made my way to his bedroom window, and tapped on the shutter. There was no response. I tried to open it, but it would not stir. So I thrust beneath it, on the chance of his finding it if he opened his window in the morning, a little piece of paper that I had prepared, with one word on it only — the name of his brother. He knew my handwriting, and he would guess where to-morrow would find me, for I had also hastily drawn upon the paper the entrance of the cathedral.

I went back to the little house by the cathedral, and was admitted by the stricken wife. The old man was abed. I climbed up to the small loft, and lay there wide-awake for hours, unlike my custom. At last came the sounds that I had waited for, and presently I knew by the tramp beneath, and by low laments floating up, that a wife was mourning over the dead body of her husband. I lay long and listened to the varying sounds, but at last all became still, and I fell asleep.

XXV.

I awoke with the dawn, and, dressing, looked out of the window, seeing the brindled light spread over the battered roofs and ruins of the Lower Town. A bell was calling to prayers in the Jesuit College not far away, and bugle-calls told of the stirring garrison. Soldiers

and stragglers passed down the street near by, and a few starved peasants crept about the cathedral with downcast eyes, eager for crumbs that a well-fed soldier might cast aside. Yet I knew that in the Intendant's Palace and among the officers of the army there was abundance, joined to revelry and dissipation.

Presently I drew to the trap-door of my loft, and, raising it gently, came down the ladder to the little hallway, and softly opened the door of the room where Labrouk's body lay. Candles were burning at his head and at his feet, and two peasants sat dozing in chairs near by. I could see Labrouk's face plainly in the flickering light: a rough, wholesome face it was, refined by death, yet a little unkempt, too. As I looked, a thing struck me. Here was work for Voban's shears and razor. Even as I thought it there was a footstep behind me, and, turning, I saw in the half-light the widowed wife.

"Madame," said I in a whisper, "I too weep with you. His was a good end. I pray for as true for myself."

"He was of the true faith, thank the good God," she said sincerely. "I will let them go," she added, pointing, and then she passed into the room, and the two watchers, after taking refreshment, left the house. Suddenly she hastened to the door, called one back, and, pointing to the body, whispered something. The peasant nodded and turned away. She came back into the room, stood looking at the face of the dead man for a moment, and bent over and kissed the crucifix clasped in the cold hands. Then she stepped about the room, moving a chair and sweeping up a speck of dust in a mechanical way. Presently, as if she again remembered me, she asked me to enter the room. Then she bolted the outer door of the house. I stood looking at the body of her husband, and said, "Were it not well to have Voban the barber?"

"I have sent for him and for Gabord the soldier," she replied. "Gabord was Jean's good friend. He is with General Montcalm. The Governor put him in prison because of the marriage of Mademoiselle Duvarney, but Monsieur Doltaire had him out, and now he serves General Montcalm."

Doltaire had freed Gabord! I have puzzled long over his motive in doing many things, for their justness and mercy seemed so out of keeping with his general character; but I am forced in the end to believe that where his own particular feelings were not concerned he could be just. It seems not unreasonable that he should have felt no hate for Gabord: he dealt with principals, not with subordinates. And so he freed the witness to my marriage ceremony, my humane jailer.

"I have work in the cathedral," said the poor woman, "and I shall go to it this morning as I have always gone. There is a little unused closet in a gallery where you may hide, and still see all that happens. It is your last look at the lady, and I will give it to you, as you gave me to know of my Jean."

"My last look?" I asked.

"She goes into the nunnery to-morrow, they say," was the reply. "This is her last night to live as such as I — but no, she will be happier so."

"Madame," said I, "I am a heretic, but I listened when your husband said, 'Mon grand homme de Calvaire, bon soir!' Was the cross less a cross because a heretic put it to his lips? Is a marriage less a marriage because a heretic is the husband? Madame, you loved your Jean; if he were living now, what would you do to keep him, when you knew he loved you, too? Shall a lady's heart be broken because a heretic holds to her lips the cup of love? Think, madame, is not love more than all?"

She turned to the dead body. "My little Jean!" she murmured, but made no reply to me, and for many minutes the

room was silent. At last she turned, and said, "You must come at once, for soon the priests will be at the church. A little later I will bring you some breakfast, and you must not stir from there till I come to fetch you — no."

"I wish to see Voban," said I.

She thought a moment. "I will try to fetch him to you by and by," she said. She did not speak further, but finished the sentence by pointing to the body.

Presently, hearing footsteps, she drew me into another little room. "It is the grandfather," she said. "He has forgotten you already, and he must not see you again."

We saw the old man hobble into the room we had left, carrying in one arm Jean's coat and hat. He stood still, and nodded at the body and mumbled to himself; then he went over and touched the hands and forehead, nodding wisely; after which he came to his armchair, and, sitting down, spread the coat over his knees, put the cap on it, and gossiped with himself.

"In eild our idle fancies all return,
The mind's eye cradled by the open grave."

A moment later, the woman passed from the rear of the house to the vestry door of the cathedral. After a minute, seeing no one near, I followed, came to the front door, entered, and passed up a side aisle towards the choir. There was no one to be seen, but soon the woman came out of the vestry and beckoned to me nervously. I followed her quick movements, and was soon in a narrow stairway, coming, after fifty steps or so, to a sort of cloister, from which we went into a little cubiculum, or cell, with a wooden lattice door which opened on a small gallery. Through the lattices the nave and choir could be viewed distinctly.

Without a word the woman turned and left me, and I sat down on a little stone bench and waited. I saw the acolytes come and go, and priests move back and

forth before the altar ; I smelt the grateful incense as it rose when mass was said ; I watched the people gather in little clusters at the different shrines, or seek the confessional, or kneel to receive the blessed sacrament. Many who came I knew — among them Mademoiselle Lucie Lotbinière. Lucie prayed long before a shrine of the Virgin, and when she rose at last, her face bore signs of weeping. Also I noticed her suddenly start as she moved down the aisle, for a figure came forward from seclusion and touched her arm. As he half turned I saw that it was Juste Duvarney. The girl drew back from him, raising her hand as if in protest, and it struck me that her grief and her repulse of him had to do with putting Alixe away into a nunnery.

I sat hungry and thirsty for quite three hours, and then the church became empty, and only an old verger kept a seat by the door, half asleep, though the artillery of both armies was at work, and the air was laden with the smell of powder. Until this time our batteries had avoided firing on the churches. At last I heard footsteps near me in the dark stairway, and I felt for my pistols, for the feet were not those of Labrouk's wife. I waited anxiously, and was filled with joy to see Voban enter my hiding-place, bearing some food. I greeted him warmly, but he made little demonstration. He was like one who, occupied with some great matter, passed through the usual affairs of life with a distant eye. Immediately he handed me a letter, saying —

"M'sieu', I give my word to hand you this — in a day or a year, as I am able. I get your message to me this morning, and then I come to care for Jean Labrouk, and so I find you here, and I give the letter. It come to me last night."

The letter was from Alixe. I opened it with haste, and, in the dim light, read : —

MY BELOVED HUSBAND, — Oh, was there no power in earth or heaven to bring me to your arms to-day ?

To-morrow all Canada will come to see my marriage annulled by the Church. And every one will say it is annulled — every one but me. I, in God's name, will say No, though it break my heart to oppose myself to them all. Though I am weak in spirit to-night, I shall be strong to-morrow. I have fought them, and I will fight them till I can fight no more — one woman against them all.

Why did my brother come back ? He has been hard — oh, Robert, he has been hard upon me, and yet I was ever kind to him ! My father, too, he listens to the Church, and, though he likes not Monsieur Doltaire, he works for him in a hundred ways without seeing it. I, alas ! see it too well, and my brother is as wax in Monsieur's hands. Juste loves Lucie Lotbinière — that should make him kind. She, sweet friend, does not desert me, but is kept from me. She says she will not yield to Juste's suit until he yields to me. If — ah, if Madame Jamond had not gone to Montreal !

. . . As I was writing the foregoing sentence, my father asked to see me, and we have had a talk — ah, most bitter ! Yet I am glad we had it, for in it, too, were things sweet to my memory.

"Alixe," said he, "this is our last evening together, and I would have it peaceful."

"My father," said I, "it is not my will that this evening be our last ; and for peace, I long for it with all my heart."

He frowned, and answered, "You have brought me trouble and sorrow. Mother of God ! was it not possible for you to be as your sister Georgette ? I gave her less love, yet she honors me more."

"She honors you, my father, by a sweet, good life, and by marriage into an honorable family, and at your word she gives her hand to Monsieur Auguste

la Darante. She marries to your pleasure, therefore she has peace and your love. I marry a man of my own choosing, a man honored by his own people, a bitterly wronged gentleman, and you treat me as some wicked thing. Is that like a father who loves his child?"

"The wronged gentleman, as you call him, invaded that which is the pride of every honest gentleman," he said.

"And what is that?" asked I quietly, though I felt the blood beating at my temples.

"My family honor, the good name and virtue of my daughter."

I got to my feet, and looked my father in the eyes with an anger and a coldness that hurts me now when I think of it, and I said, "I will not let you speak so to me. Friendless though I be, you shall not. You have the power to put me in confinement, you can oppress me, but you shall not slander me to my face. Surely you will leave insults to my enemies."

"I will never leave you to the insults of this mock marriage," answered he, angrily also. "Two days hence I take command of five thousand burghers, and your brother Juste serves with General Montcalm. There is to be last fighting soon between us and the English. I do not doubt of the result, but I may fall, and your brother also, and, should the English win, I will not leave you to him you call your husband. Therefore, if you will not take the veil, if you will not atone for wrong by repentance and a holy life, you shall at least be kept safe where no alien hands may reach you. The Church will hold you close."

I calmed myself again while listening to him, and I asked, "Is there no other way?"

He shook his head.

"Is there no Monsieur Doltaire?" said I. "He has a king's blood in his veins!"

He looked sharply at me. "You are mocking," he replied. "No, no, that is no way, either. Monsieur Doltaire must

never mate with daughter of mine. I will take care of that; the Church is a perfect if gentle jailer."

I could bear it no longer. I threw myself on my knees to him. I begged him to have pity on me. I pleaded with him; I recalled the days when I sat upon his knee and listened to the wonderful tales he told; I begged him, by the memory of all the years when he and I were such sweet friends as well as father and child, to be kind to me now, to be merciful, — even though he thought I had done wrong, — to be merciful. I asked him to remember that I was a motherless girl, and that if I had missed the way to happiness he ought not to make my path bitter to the end. I begged him to give me back his love and confidence, and, if I must for evermore be parted from you, to let me be with him, not to put me away into a convent.

Oh, how my heart leaped when I saw his face soften! "Well, well," he said, "if I live, you shall be taken from the convent; but for the present, till this fighting is over, it is the only safe place. There, too, you shall be safe from Monsieur Doltaire."

It was poor comfort. "But should you be killed, and the English take Quebec?" said I.

"When I am dead," he answered, "when I am dead, then there is your brother."

"And if he speaks for Monsieur Doltaire?" asked I.

"There is the Church and God always," he answered.

"And my own husband, the man who saved your life, my father," I urged gently; and when he would have spoken I threw myself into his arms, — ah, the first time in such long, long weeks, — and, stopping his lips with my fingers, burst into tears on his breast. I think much of his anger against me passed, yet before he left he said he could not now prevent the annulment of the marriage, even if he would, for other pow-

ers were at work ; which powers I supposed to be the Governor, for certain reasons of enmity to my father and me, — alas ! how changed is he, the vain old man ! — and Monsieur Doltaire, whose ends I knew so well. So they will unwed us to-morrow, Robert ; but be sure that I shall never be unwed in my own eyes, and that I will wait till I die, hoping you will come and take me — oh, Robert, my husband — take me home.

Ah, if I had one hundred men, I would fight my way out of this city, and to you ; but, dear, I have none, not even Gabord, who is not let come near me. There is but Voban. Yet he will bear you this, if it be possible, for he comes to-night to adorn my fashionable brother. The poor Mathilde I have not seen of late. She has vanished. When they began to keep me close, and carried me off at last into the country, where we were captured by the English, I could not see her, and my heart aches for her.

God bless you, Robert, and farewell. How we shall smile, when all this misery is done — oh, say we shall, say we shall smile, and all this misery cease. Will you not take me home ? Do you still love thy wife, thy

ALIXE ?

I bade Voban come to me at the little house behind the church that night at ten o'clock, and by then I should have arranged some plan of action. I knew not whether to trust Gabord or no. I was sorry now that I had not tried to bring Clark with me. He was fearless, and he knew the town well ; but he lacked discretion, and that was vital. Voban left me, and I took to reading and re-reading Alixe's letter.

Two hours of waiting, then came a scene which is burned into my brain. I looked down upon a mass of people, soldiers, couriers of the woods, beggars, priests, camp-followers, and anxious gentlefolk, come from seclusion, or hiding, or vigils of war, to see a host of powers torture a young girl who by suffering

had been made a woman long before her time. Out in the streets was the tramping of armed men, together with the call of bugles and the sharp rattle of drums. Presently I heard the hoofs of many horses, and soon afterwards there entered the door, and way was made for him up the nave, the Marquis de Vaudreuil and his suite, with the Chevalier la Darante, the Intendant, and — to my indignation — Juste Duvarney.

They had no sooner taken their places than, from a little side door near the vestry, there entered the Seigneur Duvarney and Alixe, who, coming down slowly, took places very near the chancel steps. The Seigneur was pale and stern, and carried himself with great dignity. His glance never shifted from the choir, where the priests slowly entered and took their places, the aged and feeble Bishop going falteringly to his throne. Alixe's face was pale and sorrowful, and yet it had a dignity and self-reliance that gave it a kind of grandeur. A buzz passed through the building, yet I noted, too, with gladness that there were tears on many faces.

A figure stole in beside Alixe, even Mademoiselle Lotbinière, who immediately was followed by her mother. I leaned forward, perfectly hidden, and listened to the singsong voices of the priests, the musical note of the responses, heard the Kyrie Eleison, the clanging of the bell as the host was raised by the trembling Bishop. The silence which followed the mournful voluntary played by the organ was most painful to me. At that moment a figure stepped from behind a pillar, and gave Alixe a deep, scrutinizing look. It was Doltaire. He was graver than I had ever seen him, and was dressed scrupulously in black, with a little white lace showing at the wrists and neck. A handsomer figure it would be hard to see ; and I hated him for it, and wondered what new devilry was in his mind. He seemed to sweep the church with a glance. Nothing

could have escaped that swift, searching look. His eyes were even raised to where I was, so that I involuntarily drew back, though I knew he could not see me. I was arrested suddenly by a curious disdainful, even sneering smile which played upon his face as he looked at Vaudreuil and Bigot. There was in it more scorn than malice, more triumph than active hatred. All at once I remembered what he had said to me the day before: that he had commission from the King through La Pompadour to take over the reins of government from the two confederates, and send them to France to answer the charges made against them.

At last the Bishop came forward, and read from a paper as follows:—

"Forasmuch as a well-beloved child of our Holy Church, Mademoiselle Alixe Duvarney, of the parish of Beauport and of this cathedral parish, in this province of New France, forgetting her manifest duty and our sacred teaching, did illegally and in sinful error make feigned contract of marriage with one Robert Stobo, captain in a Virginian regiment, a heretic, a spy, and an enemy to our country, and inasmuch as this was done in violence of all nice habit and commendable obedience to Mother Church and our national uses, we do hereby declare and make void this alliance until such time as the Holy Father at Rome shall finally approve our action and proclaiming. And it is enjoined upon Mademoiselle Alixe Duvarney, on peril of her soul's salvation, to obey us in this matter, and neither by word or deed or thought have commerce more with this notorious and evil heretic and foe of our Church and of our country. It is also the plain duty of the faithful children of our Holy Church to regard this Captain Stobo with a pious hatred, and to destroy him without pity, and any good cunning or enticement which should lure him to the punishment he so much deserves shall be forgiven. Furthermore, Mademoiselle

Alixe Duvarney shall, until such times as there shall be peace in this land, and the molesting English are driven back with slaughter,—and for all time, if the heart of our sister incline to penitence and love of Christ,—be confined within the Convent of the Ursulines, and cared for with great tenderness."

He left off reading, and began to address himself to Alixe directly; but she rose in her place, and while surprise and awe seized the congregation, she said:—

"Monseigneur, I must needs, at my father's bidding, hear the annulment of my marriage, but I will not hear this public exhortation to me. I am but a poor girl, unlearned in the law, and I must needs submit to your power, for I have no one here to speak for me. But my soul and my conscience I carry to my Saviour, and I have no fear to answer Him. I repent me that I have offended against my people and my country and Holy Church, but I repent not that I love and hold to my husband. And so you must do with me as you will, but in this I will never yield."

She turned to her father, and all the people breathed hard, and the air grew hot with excitement; for it passed their understanding, and seemed most scandalous that a girl could thus defy the Church, and answer the Bishop in his own cathedral. Her father rose, and then I saw her sway with faintness. I know not what might have occurred, for the Bishop stood with hand upraised and a great indignation in his face, about to speak, when out of the desultory firing from our batteries there came a shell, which burst even at the cathedral entrance, and tore away a portion of the wall, and killed and wounded people not a few.

The firing increased, and there was a panic which the priests in vain tried to quell, and the people swarmed into the choir and through the vestry. I saw Doltaire with Juste Duvarney spring swiftly

to the side of Alixe, and, with her father, put her and Madame Jamond into the pulpit, forming a ring round it, and preventing the crowd from trampling on her, as, suddenly gone mad, they swarmed past. The Governor, the Intendant, and the Chevalier la Darante did as much also for Madame and Lucie Lotbinière; and as soon as the crush had in a little

subsided, a number of soldiers cleared the way, and I saw my wife led from the church, distraite, but still with a good firmness in her eye and face. I longed to leap down there among them and claim her, and fight for her and for our escape; but that thought was madness, for I should have been food for worms in a trice, and I kept my place.

Gilbert Parker.

THE SONG OF A SHEPHERD-BOY AT BETHLEHEM.

I.

SLEEP, Thou little Child of Mary :
 Rest Thee now.
 Though these hands be rough from shearing,
 And the plough,
 Yet they shall not ever fail Thee,
 When the waiting nations hail Thee,
 Bringing palms unto their King.
 Now — I sing.

II.

Sleep, Thou little Child of Mary,
 Hope divine.
 If Thou wilt but smile upon me,
 I will twine
 Blossoms for Thy garlanding :
 Thou 'rt so little to be King,
 God's Desire!
 Not a brier
 Shall be left to grieve Thy brow :
 Rest Thee now.

III.

Sleep, Thou little Child of Mary.
 Some fair day,
 Wilt Thou, as Thou wert a brother,
 Come away
 Over hills and over hollow ?
 All the lambs will up and follow,
 Follow but for love of Thee.
 Lov'st Thou me ?

IV.

Sleep, Thou little Child of Mary :
 Rest Thee now.
 I that watch am come from sheep-stead,
 And from plough.
 Thou wilt have disdain of me
 When Thou'rt lifted, royally,
 Very high for all to see :
 Smilest Thou ?

Josephine Preston Peabody.

A NEW ENGLAND WOODPILE.

WHEN the charitable mantle of the snow has covered the ugliness of the earth, as one looks towards the woodlands he may see a distant dark speck emerge from the blue shadow of the woods and crawl slowly houseward. If born to the customs of this wintry land, he may guess at once what it is ; if not, speculation, after a little, gives way to certainty, when the indistinct atom grows into a team of quick-stepping horses or deliberate oxen hauling a sled-load of wood to the farmhouse.

It is more than that. It is a part of the woods themselves, with much of their wildness clinging to it, and with records, slight and fragmentary, yet legible, of the lives of trees and birds and beasts and men, coming to our door.

Before the sounds of the creaking sled and the answering creak of the snow are heard, one sees the regular puffs of the team's breath jetting out and climbing the cold air. The head and shoulders of the muffled driver then appear, as he sticks by narrow foothold to the hinder part of his sled, or trots behind it beating his breast with his numb hands. Prone like a crawling band of scouts, endwise like battering-rams, not upright, with green banners waving, Birnam wood comes to Dunsinane to fight King Frost.

As the woodpile grows at the farm-

house door in a huge windrow of sled-length wood or an even wall of cord wood, so in the woods there widens a patch of uninterrupted daylight. Deep shade and barred and netted shadow turn to almost even whiteness, as the axe saps the foundations of summer homes of birds and the winter fastnesses of the squirrels and raccoons. Here are the tracks of sled and team, where they wound among rocks and stumps and over cradle knolls to make up a load ; and there are those of the chopper by the stump where he stood to fell the tree, and along the great trough made by its fall. The snow is flecked with chips, dark or pale according to their kind, just as they alighted from their short flight, bark up or down or barkless or edgewise, and with dry twigs and torn scraps of scattered moss.

When the chopper comes to his work in the morning, he finds traces of nightly visitors to his white island that have drifted to its shores out of the gray sea of woods. Here is the print of the hare's furry foot where he came to nibble the twigs of poplar and birch that yesterday were switching the clouds, but have fallen, manna-like, from skyward to feed him. A fox has skirted its shadowy margin, then ventured to explore it, and in a thawy night a raccoon has waddled across it.

The woodman is apt to kindle a fire more for company than warmth, though he sits by it to eat his cold dinner, casting the crumbs to the chickadees that come fearlessly about him at all times. Blazing or smouldering by turns, as it is fed or starved, the fire humanizes the woods more than the man does. Now and then it draws to it a visitor, oftenest a fox-hunter who has lost his hound, and stops for a moment to light his pipe at the embers and to ask if his dog has been seen or heard. Then he wades off through the snow, and is presently swallowed out of sight by gray trees and blue shadows. Or the hound comes in search of his master or a lost trail. He halts for an instant, with a wistful look on his sorrowful face, then disappears, nosing his way into the maw of the woods.

If the wood is cut "sled length," which is a saving of time and also of chips, that will now be made at the door and will serve to boil the tea-kettle in summer, instead of rotting to slow fertilization of the woodlot, the chopper is one of the regular farm hands or a "day man," and helps load the sled when it comes. If the wood is four foot, he is a professional, chopping by the cord, and not likely to pile his cords too high or long, nor so closely that the squirrels have much more trouble in making their way through them than over them; and the man comes and goes according to his ambition to earn money.

In whichever capacity the chopper plies his axe, he is pretty sure to bring no sentimentalism to his task. He inherits the feeling that was held by the old pioneers toward trees, who looked upon the noblest of them as only giant weeds, encumbering the ground, and best got rid of by the shortest means. To him the tree is a foe worthy of no respect or mercy, and he feels the triumph of a savage conqueror when it comes crashing down and he mounts the prostrate trunk to dismember it; the more year-in-circling its heart, the

greater his victory. To his ears, its many tongues tell nothing, or preach only heresy. Away with the old tree to the flames! To give him his due, he is a skillful executioner, and will compel a tree to fall across any selected stump within its length. If one could forget the tree, it is a pretty sight to watch the easy swing of the axe, and see how unerringly every blow goes to its mark, knocking out chips of a span's breadth. It does not look difficult nor like work; but could you strike "twice in a place," or in half a day bring down a tree twice as thick as your body? The wise farmer cuts, for fuel, only the dead and decaying trees in his woodlot, leaving saplings and thrifty old trees to "stand up and grow better," as the Yankee saying is.

There is a prosperous and hospitable look in a great woodpile at a farmhouse door. Logs with the moss of a hundred years on them, breathing the odors of the woods, have come to warm the inmates and all in-comers. The white smoke of these chimneys is spicy with the smell of seasoned hard wood, and has a savor of roasts and stews that makes one hungry. If you take the back track on a trail of pitchy smoke, it is sure to lead you to a squalid threshold with its starved heap of pine roots and half-decayed wood. Thrown down carelessly beside it is a dull axe, wielded as need requires with spiteful awkwardness by a slatternly woman, or laboriously upheaved and let fall with uncertain stroke by a small boy.

The Yankees who possess happy memories of the great open fires of old time are growing few, but Whittier has embalmed for all time, in *Snow-Bound*, their comfort and cheer and picturesqueness. When the trees of the virgin forest cast their shadows on the newly risen roof there was no forecasting provision for winter. The nearest green tree was cut, and hauled, full length, to the door, and with it the nearest dry one was cut to match the span of the wide fireplace; and when these were gone, another raid

was made upon the woods: and so from hand to mouth the fire was fed. It was not uncommon to draw the huge backlogs on to the hearth with a horse, and sometimes a yoke of oxen were so employed. Think of a door wide enough for this; half of the side of a house to barricade against the savage Indians and savage cold! It was the next remove from a camp-fire. There was further likeness to it in the tales that were told beside it, of hunting and pioneer hardships, of wild beasts and Indian forays, while the eager listeners drew to a closer circle on the hearth, and the awed children cast covert, scared, backward glances at the crouching and leaping shadows that thronged on the walls, and the great samp-kettle bubbled and seethed on its trammel, and the forgotten johnny-cake scorched on its tilted board.

As conveniently near the shed as possible, the pile of sled-length wood is stretching itself slowly, a huge vertebrate, every day or two gaining in length; a joint of various woods, with great trunks at the bottom, then smaller ones, gradually growing less to the topping out of saplings and branches. Here is a sugar-maple, three feet through at the butt, with the scars of many tappings showing on its rough bark. The oldest of them may have been made by the Indians. Who knows what was their method of tapping? Here is the mark of the gouge with which early settlers drew the blood of the tree; a fashion learned, likely enough, from the aboriginal sugar-makers, whose narrowest stone gouges were as passable tools for this purpose as any they had for another. These more distinct marks show where the auger of later years made its wounds. The old tree has distilled its sweets for two races and many generations of men, first into the bark buckets of Waubanakis, then into the ruder troughs of Yankee pioneers, then into the more convenient wide-bottomed wooden sap-tubs; and at last, when the march of improvement has spoiled the wilderness

of the woods with trim-built sugar-houses and patent evaporators, the sap drips with resounding metallic tinkle into pails of shining tin. Now the old maple has come to perform its last office, of warming and cooking the food for a generation that was unborn when it was yet a lusty tree.

Beside it lies a great wild-cherry tree that somehow escaped the cabinet-maker when there was one in every town and cherry wood was in fashion. Its fruit mollified the harshness of the New England rum of many an old-time raising and husking. Next is a yellow birch with a shaggy mane of rustling bark along its whole length, like a twelve-foot piece of the sea serpent drifted ashore and hauled inland; then a white birch, no longer white, but gray with a coating of moss, and black with belts of old peelings, made for the patching of canoes and roofing of shanties.

With these lies a black birch, whose once smooth bark age has scaled and furrowed, and robbed of all its tenderness and most of its pungent, aromatic flavor. Some of it yet lingers in the younger topmost twigs which the hired man brings home to the little folks, who fall to gnawing them like a colony of beavers. By it is an elm, whose hollow trunk was the home of raccoons when it stood on its buttressed stump in the swamp. Near by is a beech, its smooth bark wrinkled where branches bent away from it, and blotched with spots of white and patches of black and gray lichen. It is marked with innumerable fine scratches, the track of the generations of squirrels that have made it their highway; and among these, the wider apart and parallel nail-marks of a raccoon, and also the drilling of woodpeckers. Here, too, are traces of man's visitation, for distorted with the growth of years are initials, and a heart and dart that symbolized the tender passion of some one of the past, who wandered, love-sick, in the shadow of the woods. How long ago did death's inevi-

table dart pierce his heart? Here he wrote a little of his life's history, and now his name and that of his mistress are so completely forgotten one cannot guess them by their first letters, inscribed in the yesterday of the forest's years.

Above these logs, rolled up on skids or sled stakes, are smaller yet goodly bodies of white ash, full of oars for the water and rails for the land; and of black ash, as full of barrel hoops and basket splints, the ridged and hoary bark shagged with patches of dark moss; and a pine too knotty for sawing, with old turpentine boxes gashing its lower part, the dry resin in them half overgrown, but odorous still; and oaks that have borne their last acorns; and a sharded hickory that will never furnish another nut for boy or squirrel, but now, and only this once, flail handles, swingles, and ox-bows, and helves for axes to hew down its brethren, and wood to warm its destroyers, and smoke and fry ham for them; and a basswood that will give the wild bees no more blossoms in July, hollow-hearted and unfit for sleigh or toboggan, wood straight rifted and so white that a chip of it will hardly show on the snow, but as unprofitable food for fires as the poplars beside it, which, in the yellow-green of youth or the furrowed gray of age, have shivered their last.

Still higher in the woodpile are white birches, yet in the smooth skin of their prime, that is fit to be fashioned into drinking-cups and berry-baskets, or to furnish a page for my lady's album. Here are hardhacks, some with grain winding like the grooves of a rifle. This is the timber the Indians made their bows of, and which now serves the same purpose for the young savages whom we have always with us. There are sinewy blue beeches, slowly grown up from ox-goads and the "beech seals" of Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys to the girth of a man's thigh, a size at which they mostly stop growing. A smaller trunk, like yet unlike them, sets folks to guessing what

kind of wood it is. He will hit the mark who fires at random the names "shad-blow," "service berry," or "amalan-chier." If the axe had been merciful, in early May its branches would have been as white with blossoms as if the last April snow still clung to them. Tossed on a-top of all is a jumbled thatch of small stuff,—saplings improvidently cut, short-lived striped maple, and dogwood, the slender topmost lengths of great trees, once the perches of hawks and crows, and such large branches as were not too crooked to lie still on the sled.

The snow-fleas, harbingers and attendants of thaws, are making the snow in the woods gray with their restless myriads, when the sled makes its last trip across the slushy fields that are fast turning from white to dun under the March winds and showers and sunshine.

The completed woodpile basks in the growing warmth, as responsive to the touch of spring as if every trunk yet upheld its branches in the forest. The buds swell on every chance-spared twig, and sap starts from the severed ducts. From the pine drip slowly lengthening stalactites of amber, from the hickory thick beads of honeydew, and from the maples a flow of sweet that calls the bees from their hives across the melting drifts. Their busy hum makes an island of summer sound in the midst of the silent ebbing tide of winter.

As the days grow warmer, the woodpile invites idlers as well as busy bees and wood-cutters. The big logs are comfortable seats to lounge on while whittling a pine chip, and breathing the mingled odors of the many woods freshly cut and the indescribable woodsy smell brought home in the bark and moss, and listening to the hum of the bees and harsher music of the saws and axe, the sharp, quick swish of the whip-saw, the longer drawn and deeper ring of the cross-cut, and the regular beat of the axe,—fiddle, bass-viol, and drum, each with its own time, but all somehow in tune. The

parts stop a little when the fiddler saws off his string, the two drawers of the long bass-viol bow sever theirs, and the drummer splits his drum, but each is soon out-fitted again, and the funeral march of the woodpile goes on. Here is the most delightful of places for those busy idlers the children, for it is full of pioneers' and hunters' cabins, robbers' caves and bears' dens, and of treasures of moss and gum and birch, and of punk, the tinder of the Indians and our forefathers, now gone out of use except for some conservative Canuck to light his pipe or for boys to touch off their small ordnance.

It is a pretty sight to watch the nut-hatches and titmice searching the grooves of the bark for their slender fare, or a woodpecker chopping his best for a living with his sharp-pointed axe, all having followed their rightful possessions from the woods, taking perhaps the track of the sled. It is wonderful to hear the auger of the pine-borer, now thawed into life, crunching its unseen way through the wood. Then there is always the chance of the axe unlocking the stores of deer-

mice, quarts of beechnuts with all the shells neatly peeled off; and what if it should happen to open a wild-bee hive full of honey!

If the man comes who made the round of the barns in the fall and early winter with his threshing-machine, having exchanged it for a sawing-machine, he makes short work of our woodpile. A day or two of stumbling clatter of the horses in their treadmill, and the buzzing and screeching of the whirling saw, gnaws it into a heap of blocks.

Our lounging-place and the children's wooden playground have gone, and all the picturesqueness and woodsiness have disappeared as completely as when splitting has made only firewood of the pile. It will give warmth and comfort from the stove, but in that black sepulchre all its beauty is swallowed out of sight forever. If it can go to a generous fireplace, it is beautified again in the glowing and fading embers that paint innumerable shifting pictures, while the leaping flames sing the old song of the wind in the branches.

Rowland E. Robinson.

WITCHCRAFT.

A YOUNG minister was walking through the streets of a small town in the island of Cape Breton. The minister was only a theological student who had been sent to preach in this remote place during his summer holiday. The town was at once very primitive and very modern. Many log-houses still remained in it; almost all the other houses were built of wood. The little churches, which represented as many sects, looked like the churches in a child's Dutch village. The town hall had only a brick facing. On the hillsides that surrounded the town far and wide were many fields, in which the first stumps were still standing, charred by the fires

that had been kindled to kill them. There were also patches of forest still to be seen among these fields, where the land had not yet been cleared. In spite of all this the town was very modern, every improvement being of the newest kind because so recently achieved. Upon huge ungainly tree-trunks, roughly erected along the streets, electric lamps hung, and telephone wires crossed and recrossed one another from roof to roof. There was even an electric tram that ran straight through the town and some distance into the country on either side. The general store had a gayly dressed lay figure in its window, — a female figure, — and its

gown was labeled "The latest Parisian novelty."

The theological student was going out to take tea. He was a tall, active fellow, and his long strides soon brought him to a house a little way out of the town, which was evidently the abode of some degree of taste and luxury. The house was of wood, painted in dull colors of red and brown; it had large comfortable verandas under shingled roofs. Its garden was not old-fashioned in the least; but though it aspired to trimness, the grass had not grown there long enough to make a good lawn, so the ribbon flower-beds and plaster vases of flowers lacked the green velvet setting that would have made them appear better. The student was the less likely to criticise the lawn because a very nice, fresh-looking girl met him at the gate.

She was really a fine girl. Her dress showed rather more effort at fashion than was quite in keeping with her very rural surroundings, and her speech and accent betrayed a childhood spent among uneducated folk, and only overlaid by more recent schooling. Her face had the best parts of beauty; health and good sense were written there, also flashes of humor and an habitual sweet seriousness. She had chanced to be at the gate gathering flowers. Her reception of the student was frank, and yet there was just a touch of blushing dignity about it which suggested that she took a special interest in him. The student, also, it would appear, took an interest in her, for, on their way to the house, he made a variety of remarks upon the weather which proved that he was a little excited, and unable to observe that he was talking nonsense.

In a little while the family were gathered round the tea-table. Miss Torrance sat at the head of the table. Her father was a banker and insurance agent. He sat opposite his eldest daughter, and did the honors of the meal with the utmost hospitality, yet with reserve of manner caused by his evident consciousness

that his grammar and manners were not equal to those of his children and their guest. There were several daughters and two sons younger than Miss Torrance. They talked with vivacity.

The conversation soon turned upon the fact that the abundant supply of cream to which the family were accustomed was not forthcoming. Strawberries were being served with the tea; some sort of cold pudding was also on the table: and all this to be eaten without cream! These young people might have been asked to go without their supper, so indignant they were.

Now, Mr. Torrance had been decorously trying to talk of the young minister's last sermon, and of the affairs of the small Scotch church of which he was an elder; and Miss Torrance was ably seconding his effort by comparing the sentiments of the sermon with a recent magazine article, but against her will she was forced to attend to the young people's clamor about the cream.

It seemed that Trilium, the cow, had recently refused to give her milk. Mary Torrance was about eighteen: she suddenly gave it as her opinion that Trilium was bewitched; there was no other explanation, she said, no other possible explanation of Trilium's extraordinary conduct.

A flush mounted over Miss Torrance's face; she frowned at her sister when the student was not looking.

"It's wonderful, the amount of witchcraft we have about here, Mr. Howitt," said the master of the house tentatively to the minister.

Howitt had taken Mary's words in jest. He gave his smooth-shaven face the twist that with him always expressed ideas wonderful or grotesque. It was a strong, thin face, full of intelligence.

"I never could have conceived anything like it," said he. "I come across witch tales here, there, everywhere; and the marvelous thing is, some of the people really seem to believe them."

The younger members of the Torrance

family fixed their eyes upon him with apprehensive stare.

"You can't imagine anything more degrading," continued the student, who came from afar.

"Degrading, of course." Mr. Torrance sipped his tea hastily. "The Cape Breton people are superstitious, I believe."

An expression that might have betokened a new and noble resolution appeared upon the fine face of the eldest daughter.

"*We* are Cape Breton people, father," she said, with dignified reproach. "I hope" — here a timid glance as if imploring support — "I hope we know better than to place any real faith in these degrading superstitions."

Howitt observed nothing but the fine face and the words that appeared to him natural. Torrance looked at them both with the air of an honest man who was still made somewhat cowardly by new-fashioned propriety.

"I never put much o' my faith in these things myself," he said at last in broad accents; "still," — an honest shake of the head, — "there's queer things happens."

"It is like going back to the Middle Ages" — Howitt was still impervious — "to hear some of these poor creatures talk. I never thought it would be my lot to come across anything so delightfully absurd."

"Perhaps, for the sake of the ministry, ye'd better be careful how ye say your mind about it," suggested Mr. Torrance; "in the hearing of the poor and uneducated, of course, I mean. But if ye like to make a study o' that sort of thing, I'd advise ye to go and have a talk with Mistress Betty McLeod. She's got a great repertory of tales, has Mistress Betty."

Mary spoke again. Mary was a young woman who had the courage of her opinions. "And if you go to Mistress McLeod, Mr. Howitt, will you just be kind enough to ask her how to cure poor Trilium? And don't forget anything of what she says."

Miss Torrance gave her sister a word

of reproof. There was still upon her face the fine glow born of her resolution never again to listen to a word of witchcraft.

As for Howitt, there came across his clever face the whimsical look which denoted that he understood Mary perfectly. "I will go to-morrow!" he exclaimed. "When the wise woman has told me who has bewitched Trilium, we will make a waxen figure and stick pins in it."

The next day Howitt went over the hills in search of Mistress Betty McLeod. The lake of the Bras d'Or held the sheen of the western sun in its breast. The student walked upon green slopes far above the water, and watched the outline of the hills on the other side of the inlet, and thought upon many things. He thought upon religion and philosophy, for he was religious and studious; he thought upon practical details of his present work, for he was anxious for the welfare of the souls under his charge; but on whatever subject his thoughts dwelt, they came back at easy intervals to the fair, dignified face of his new friend, Miss Torrance.

"There's a fine girl for you," he said to himself repeatedly, with boyish enthusiasm. He thought, too, how nobly her life would be spent if she chose to be the helpmeet of a Christian minister. He wondered whether Mary could take her sister's place in the home circle. Yet with all this he made no decision as to his own course. He was discreet, and in minds like his decisions upon important matters are fruits of slow growth.

He came at last to a farm, — a very goodly farm for so hilly a district. It lay, a fertile flat, in a notch of the green hillside. When he reached the house-yard, he asked for Mistress Betty McLeod, and was led to her presence. The old dame sat at her spinning-wheel in a farm kitchen. Her white hair was drawn closely, like a thin veil, down the sides of her head and pinned at the back. Her features were small, her eyes bright; she was not unlike a squirrel in her sharp little movements and quick glancés. She

wore a small shawl pinned around her spare shoulders. Her skirts fell upon the treadle of the spinning-wheel. The kitchen in which she sat was unused; there was no fire in the stove. The brick floor, the utensils hanging on the walls, had the appearance of undisturbed rest. Doors and windows were open to the view of the green slopes and the golden sea beneath them.

"You come from Canada?" said the old dame. She left her spinning with a certain interested formality of manner.

"From Montreal," he replied.

"That's the same. Canada is a terrible way off."

"And now," he said, "I hear there are witches in this part of the land." Whereupon he smiled in an incredulous, cultured way.

She nodded her head as if she had gauged his thought. "Ay, there's many a minister believes in them, if they don't let on they do. I mind"—

"Yes," said he.

"I mind how my sister went out early one morning, and saw a witch milking one of our cows."

"How did you know she was a witch?"

"Och, she was a neighbor we knew to be a witch real well. My sister did n't anger her. It's terrible unlucky to vex them. But would you believe it? as long as we had that cow her cream gave no butter. We had to sell her and get another. And one time—it was years ago, when Donald and me was young—the first sacrament came round"—

"Yes," said he, looking sober.

"And all the milk of our cows would give hardly any butter for a whole year! And at house-cleaning time, there, above the milk shelves, what did they find but a bit of hair rope! Cows' and horses' hair it was. Oh, it was terrible knotted, and knotted just like anything! So then, of course, we knew."

"Knew what?"

"Why, that the milk was bewitched. We took the rope away. Well, that

very day more butter came at the churning, and from that time on, more, but still not so much as ought by rights to have come. Then, one day, I thought to unknot the rope, and I undid, and undid, and undid. Well, when I had got it undone, that day the butter came as it should!"

"But what about the sacrament?" asked he.

"That was the time of the year it was. Oh, but I could tell you a sad, sad story of the wickedness of witches. When Donald and me was young, and had a farm up over on the other hill—well, there was a poor widow with seven daughters. It was hard times then for us all, but for her, she only had a bit of flat land with some bushes, and four cows and some sheep, and you see she sold butter to put meat in the children's mouths. Butter was all she could sell.

"Well, there came to live near her on the hill an awful wicked old man and woman. I'll tell you who their daughter is: she's married to Mr. McCurdy, who keeps the store. The old man and his wife were awful wicked to the widow and the fatherless. I'll tell you what they did. Well, the widow's butter failed. Not one bit more could she get. The milk was just the same, but not one bit of butter. 'Oh,' said she, 'it's a hard world, and me a widow!' But she was a brave woman, bound to get along some way. So now that she had nothing to sell to buy meal, she made curds of the milk, and fed the children on that.

"Well, one day the old man came in to see her in a neighboring way, and she, being a good woman,—oh, but she was a good woman!—set a dish of curds before him. 'Oh,' said he, 'these are very fine curds!' So he went away, and next day she put the rennet in the milk, and not a bit would the curd come. 'Oh,' said she, 'but I must put something in the children's mouths!' She was a fine woman, she was. So she kept the lambs from the sheep all night, and next morn-

ing she milked the sheep. Sheep's milk is rich, and she put rennet in that, and fed the children on curd.

"So one day the old man came in again. He was a wicked one; he was dreadful selfish; and as he was there, she, being a hospitable woman, gave him some of the curd. 'That's good curd,' said he. Next day she put the rennet in the sheep's milk, and not a bit would the curd come. She felt it bitterly, poor woman; but she had a fine spirit, and she fed the children on a few bits of potato she had growing.

"Well, one day the eldest daughter got up very early to spin, — in the twilight of the dawn it was; and she looked out, and there was the old woman coming from her house on the hill, with a shawl over her head and a tub in her arms. Oh, but she was a really wicked one, for I'll tell you what she did. Well, the girl watched and wondered, and in the twilight of the dawn she saw the old woman crouch down by one of the alder bushes, and put her tub under it, and go milking with her hands; and after a bit she lifted her tub, that seemed to have something in it, and set it over against another alder bush, and went milking with her hands again. So the girl said, 'Mother, mother, wake up, and see what the neighbor woman is doing!' So the mother looked out, and there, in the twilight of the dawn, she saw her four cows in the bit of land among the alder bushes, and the old neighbor woman milking away at a bush. And then the old woman moved her tub likewise to another bush, and likewise, and likewise, until she had milked four bushes; and she took up her tub, and it seemed awful heavy, and she had her shawl over it, and was going up the hill.

"So the mother said to the girl, 'Run, run, and see what she has got in it.' For they were n't up to the ways of witches, and they were astonished like. But the girl, she said, 'Oh, mother, I don't like!' Well, she was timid, any-

way, the eldest girl. But the second girl was a romping thing, not afraid of anything, so they sent her. By this time the wicked old woman was high on the hill; so she ran and ran, but she could not catch her before she was in at her own door. But that second girl, she was not afraid of anything, so she runs in at the door, too. Now, in those days they used to have sailing-chests that lock up; they had iron bars over them, so you could keep anything in that was a secret. They got them from the ships, and this old woman kept her milk in hers. So when the girl bounced in at the door, there she saw that wicked old woman pouring milk out of the tub into her chest, and the chest half full of milk, and the old man looking on! So then, of course, they knew where the good of their milk had gone."

The story was finished. The old dame looked at the student and nodded her head, with eyes that awaited some outburst of his righteous indignation.

"What did they know?" asked he.

"Know! Oh, why, that the old woman was an awful wicked witch, and she'd taken the good of their milk."

"Oh, indeed!" said the student; and then, "But what became of the widow and the seven daughters?"

"Well, of course she had to sell her cows and get others, and then it was all right. But that old man and his wife were that selfish they'd not have cared if she'd starved. And I tell you, it's one of the things witches can do, to take the good out of food, if they've an eye to it; they can take every bit of nouriture out of it that's in it. There were two young men that went from here to the States, — that's Boston, ye know. Well, pretty soon one, that was named McPherson, came back, looking so white like and ill that nothing would do him any good. He drooped and he died. Well, years after, the other, whose name was McVey, came back. He was of the same wicked stock as the old folks

I've been telling ye of. Well, one day he was in low spirits like, and he chanced to be talking to my father, and says he, 'It's one of the sins I'll have to 'count for at the judgment that I took the good out of McPherson's food till he died. I sat opposite to him at the table when we was at Boston together, and I took the good out of his food, and it's the blackest sin I done,' said he.

"Oh, they're awful wicked people, these witches! One of them offered to teach my sister how to take the good out of food, but my sister was too honest; she said, 'I'll learn to keep the good of my own, if ye like.' However, the witch would n't teach her that because she would n't learn the other. Oh, but I cheated a witch once. Donald, he brought me a pound of tea. 'T was n't always we got tea in those days, so I put it in the tin box; and there was just a little over, so I was forced to leave that in the paper bag. Well, that day a neighbor came in from over the hill. I knew fine she was a witch; so we sat and gossiped a bit. She was a real pleasant woman, and she sat and sat, and the time of day went by. So I made her a cup of tea, her and me; but I used the drawing that was in the paper bag. Said she, 'I just dropped in to borrow a bit of tea going home, but if that's all ye have' — Oh, but I could see her eying round; so I was too sharp for her, and I says, 'Well, I've no more in the paper just now, but if ye'll wait till Donald comes, maybe he'll bring some.' So she saw I was too sharp for her, and away she went. If I'd as much as opened the tin, she'd have had every grain of good out of it with her eyes."

At first the student had had the grave and righteous intention of denouncing the superstition, but gradually he had perceived that to do so would be futile. The artistic soul of him was caught by the curious recital. He remembered now the bidding of Mary Torrance, and thought with pleasure that he would go back and repeat these strange stories to

Miss Torrance, and smile at them in her company.

"Now, for instance," he said aloud, "if a good cow, that is a great pet in the family, should suddenly cease to give her milk, how would you set about curing her?"

The dame's small bright eyes grew keener. She moved to her spinning-wheel, and gave it a turn. "Ay," she said, "and whose is the cow?"

He was not without a genuine curiosity. "What would you do for *any* cow in that case?"

"And is it Torrance's cow?" asked Mistress Betty. "Och, but I know it's Torrance's cow that ye're speiring for."

The young minister was recalled to a sense of his duty. He rose up with brisk dignity. "I only asked you to see what you would say. I do not believe the stories you have been telling me."

She nodded her head, taking his assertion as a matter of course. "But I'll tell you exactly what they must do," she said. "Ye can tell Miss Torrance she must get a pound of pins."

"A pound of pins!" said he.

"Ay, it's a large quantity, but they'll have them at the store, for it's more than sometimes they're wanted, — a time here, a time there, against the witches. And she's to boil them in whatever milk the cow gives, and she's to pour them boiling hot into a hole in the ground; and when she's put the earth over them, and the sod over that, she's to tether the animal there and milk it there, and the milk will come right enough."

While the student was making his way home along the hillside, through field and forest, the long arm of the sea turned to red and gold in the light of the clouds which the sun had left behind when it sank down over the distant region that the Cape Breton folk call Canada.

The minister meditated upon what he had heard, but not for long. He could not bring his mind into such attitude

towards the witch-tales as to conceive of belief in them as an actual part of normal human experience. Insanity, or the love of making a good story out of notions which have never been seriously entertained, was, he supposed, the warp and woof of the fabric of such strange imaginings. It is thus we account for most experiences we do not understand.

The next evening the Torrance family were walking to meeting. The student joined himself to Miss Torrance. He greeted her with the whimsical look of grave humor. "You are to take a pound of pins" — he said.

"I do not believe it would do any good," she interrupted eagerly.

It struck him as very curious that she should assert her unbelief. He was too nonplused to go on immediately. Then he supposed it was part of the joke, and proceeded to give the other details.

"Mr. Howitt," — a tremulous pause, — "it is very strange about poor Trilium, she has always been such a good, dear cow; the children are very fond of her, and my mother was very fond of her when she was a heifer. The last summer before she died, Trilium fed out of mother's hand, and now — she's in perfect health as far as we can see, but father says that if she keeps on refusing to give her milk he will be obliged to sell her."

Miss Torrance, who was usually strong and dignified, spoke now in an appealing voice.

"Could n't you get an old farmer to look at her, or a vet?"

"But why do you think she has suddenly stopped giving milk?" persisted the girl.

"I am very sorry, but I really don't know anything about animals," said he.

"Oh, then, if you don't know anything about them" — She paused. There had been such an evident tone of relief in her voice that he wondered much what could be coming next. In a moment she said, "I quite agreed with you, the

other night, when you said that the superstition about witchcraft was degrading."

"No one could think otherwise." He was much puzzled at the turn of her thought.

"Still, of course, *about animals* old people like Mistress Betty McLeod may know something."

As they talked they were walking down the street in the calm of the summer evening to the prayer-meeting. The student's mind was intent upon his duties, for, as they neared the little white-washed church, many groups were seen coming from all sides across the grassy space in which it stood. He was an earnest man, and his mind now became occupied with the thought of the spiritual needs of these others who were flocking to hear him preach and pray.

Inside the meeting-room, unshaded oil lamps flared upon a congregation most serious and devout. The student felt that their earnestness and devotion laid upon him the greater responsibility; he also felt much hindered in his speech because of their ignorance and remote ways of thought. It was a comfort to him to feel that there was at least one family among his hearers whose education would enable them to understand him clearly. He looked with satisfaction at the bench where Mr. Torrance sat with his children. He looked with more satisfaction to where Miss Torrance sat at the little organ. She presided over it with dignity and sweet seriousness. She drew music even out of its squeaking keys.

A few days after that prayer-meeting the student happened to be in the post-office. It was a small, rough place; a wooden partition shut off the public from the postmistress and her helpers. He was waiting for some information for which he had asked; he was forced to stand outside the little window in this partition. He listened to women's voices speaking on the other side, as one listens to that which in no way concerns himself.

"It's just like her, stuck up as she is since she came from school, setting herself and her family up to be better than other folks."

"Perhaps they were out of them at the store," said a gentler voice.

"Oh, don't tell me. It's on the sly she's doing it, and then pretending to be grander than other folks."

Then the postmistress came to the window with the required information. When she saw who was there, she said something else also.

"There's a parcel come for Miss Torrance, if you happen to be going up that way," she simpered.

The student became aware for the first time that his friendship with Miss Torrance was a matter of public interest. He was not entirely displeased. "I will take the parcel," he said.

As he went along the sunny road, he felt so light-hearted that, hardly thinking what he did, he began throwing up the parcel and catching it again in his hands. It was not large, and it was very tightly done up in thick paper, and had an ironmonger's label attached; so that, though he paid small attention, it did not impress him as a thing that could be easily injured. Something, however, did soon make a sharp impression upon him: once as he caught the parcel he felt his hand deeply pricked. Looking closely, he saw that a pin was working its way through the thick paper. After that he walked more soberly, and did not play ball. He remembered what he had heard at the post-office. The parcel was certainly addressed to Miss Torrance. It was very strange. He remembered now with displeasure the assumption of the postmistress that he would be glad to carry this parcel.

He delivered the pound of pins at the door without making a call. His own mind had never come to any decision as

regarded his feeling for Miss Torrance, and now he was more undecided than ever. He was full of curiosity about the pins. He found it hard to believe that they were to be used for a base purpose, but suspicion had entered his mind. The knowledge that the eyes of the little public were upon him made him realize that he could not continue to frequent the house merely to satisfy his curiosity.

He was destined to know more.

That night, long after dark, he was called to visit a dying man, and the messenger led him somewhat out of the town.

He performed his duty to the dying with wistful eagerness. The spirit passed from earth while he yet knelt beside the bed. When he was returning home alone in the darkness, he felt his soul open to the power of unseen spirit, and to him the power of the spiritual unseen was the power of God.

Walking on the soft, quiet road, he came near the house where he had lately loved to visit, and his eye was arrested by seeing a lantern twinkling in the paddock where Trilium grazed. He saw the forms of two women moving in its little circle of light; they were digging in the ground.

He felt that he had a right to make sure of the thing he suspected. The women were not far from a fence by which he could pass; and he did pass that way, looking and looking till a beam of the lantern fell full on the bending faces. When he saw that Miss Torrance was actually there, he went on without speaking.

After that two facts became known in the village, each much discussed in its own way; yet they were not connected with each other in the common mind. One was that the young minister had ceased to call frequently upon Miss Torrance; the other, that Trilium, the cow, was giving her milk.

L. Dougall.

THE STARVING TIME IN OLD VIRGINIA.

THE men of bygone days were quite as fond of playing with names as we are, and the name of Christopher, or "Christ-bearer," was a favorite subject for such pastime. The old Syrian saint and martyr was said to have forded a river carrying Christ on his back in the form of a child; and so when, in the year 1500, Columbus's famous pilot, Juan de La Cosa, made his map of the new discoveries, and came to a place where he did not know how to draw his coastline, he filled the space with a picture of the new Christopher wading in mid-ocean and bringing over Christ to the heathen. At the court of James I. it was fashionable to make similar mild jests upon the name of Captain Christopher Newport, whose ships were carrying, year by year, the gospel to the tawny natives of Virginia. Very little of the good tidings, however, had the poor heathen of Pamunkey and Werowocomoco as yet received. So much ado had the English colonists to keep their own souls from quitting their bodies that they had little leisure to bestow upon the spiritual welfare of the Indians. By the accident of Smith's capture and the intercession of Pocahontas they had effected a kind of alliance with the most powerful tribe in that part of the country, and this alliance had proved extremely valuable throughout the year 1608; without it the little colony might have perished before the arrival of Newport's Second Supply. Nevertheless, the friendship of the red men was a very uncertain and precarious factor in the situation. The accounts of the Englishmen show confused ideas as to the relations between the tribes and chieftains of the region; and as for the Indians, their acquaintanceship with white men was so recent that there was no telling what unforeseen circumstance might at any time determine their actions. The

utmost sagacity was needed to retain the slight influence already acquired over them, while to alienate them might easily prove fatal. The colony was far from able to support itself, and as things were going there seemed little hope of improvement. The difficulties involved in the founding of colonies were not well understood, and the attempts to cope with them were unintelligent.

In the lists of these earliest parties of settlers, one cannot fail to notice the preponderance of those who are styled gentlemen, an epithet which in those days was not lavishly and indiscriminately, but charily and precisely applied. As a rule, the persons designated as gentlemen were not accustomed to manual labor. To meet the requirements of these aristocratic members of the community, we find in one of the lists the name of a dealer in perfumes. A few score of farmers, with abundance of livestock, would have been far more to the purpose. Yet let us do justice to the gentlemen. One of the first company of settlers, the sturdy soldier Anas Todkill, thus testifies to their good spirit and efficiency:—

"Thirty of us [President Smith] conducted 5 myles from the fort, to learn to . . . cut down trees and make clapboard. . . . Amongst the rest he had chosen Gabriel Beadell and John Russell, the only two gallants of this last supply [he means October, 1608] and both proper gentlemen. Strange were these pleasures to their conditions; yet lodging, eating and drinking, working or playing, they [were] but doing as the President did himself. All these things were carried on so pleasantly as within a week they became masters; making it their delight to heare the trees thunder as they fell; but the axes so oft blistered their tender fingers that many times every third blow had a loud othe to drowne

the eccho; for remedie of which sinne, the President devised how to have every man's othes numbred, and at night for every othe to have a cann of water powred downe his sleeve, with which every offender was so washed (himselfe and all) that a man should scarce hear an othe in a weeke.

'For he who scorns and makes but jests of
cursings and his othe,
He doth contemne, not man but God; nor
God nor man, but both.'

By this let no man thinke that the President and these gentlemen spent their time as common wood-hackers at felling of trees, or such other like labours; or that they were pressed to it as hirelings or common slaves; for what they did, after they were but once a little inured, it seemed and some conceited it only as a pleasure and recreation: . . . 30 or 40 of such voluntary gentlemen would doe more in a day than 100 of the rest that must be prest to it by compulsion." Nevertheless, adds this ingenuous writer, "twentie good workmen had been better than them all."

One strong motive which drew many of these gentlemen to the New World, like the Castilian hidalgos of a century before, was doubtless the mere love of wild adventure. Another motive was the quest of the pearls and gold about which the poet-laureate Drayton had written. In the spring of 1608, while Newport was on the scene with his First Supply, somebody discovered a bank of bright yellow dirt, and its color was thought to be due to particles of gold. Then there was clatter and bustle; "there was no thought, no discourse, no hope, and no work but to dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold." In the list of the First Supply we find the names of two goldsmiths, two refiners, and one jeweler; but such skill as these artisans had was of little avail, for Newport carried a shipload of the yellow stuff to London, and found, to his chagrin, that all is not gold that glitters. On that same voyage he

carried home a coop of plump turkeys, the first that ever graced an English bill of fare. Smith seems early to have recovered from the gold fever, and to have tried his hand at various industries. If precious metals could not be found, there was plenty of excellent timber at hand. The production of tar and soap was also attempted, as well as the manufacture of glass, to assist in which eight Germans and Poles were brought over in the Second Supply. It was hardly to be expected that such industries should attain remunerative proportions in the hands of a little company of settlers who were still confronted with the primitive difficulty of getting food enough to keep themselves alive. The arrival of reinforcements was far from being an unmixed benefit. Each new supply brought many new mouths to be filled, while, by the time the ship was ready to sail for England, leaving all the provisions it could safely spare, the remnant was so small that the gaunt spectre of threatening famine was never quite out of sight. Moreover, the new-comers from the civilized world arrived with their heads full of such wild notions as the older settlers were beginning to recover from under the sharp lessons of experience; thus was confusion again and again renewed. While the bitter tale was being enacted in the wilderness, people in London were wondering why the symptoms of millennial happiness were so slow in coming from this Virginian paradise. From the golden skewers and dripping-pans adorning the kitchens of barbaric potentates,¹ or the priceless pearls that children strolling on the beach could fill their aprons with, the descent to a few shiploads of ignoble, rough boards and sassafras was truly humiliating. No wonder that the Company should have been loath to allow tales of personal peril in Virginia to find their way into print. No wonder that its directors should have looked with rueful faces at the long col-

¹ See Chapman and Marston's play *Eastward Ho*, London, 1605.

umns of outgoes compared with the scant and petty entries on the credit side of the ledger. No wonder if they should have arrived at a state of impatience like that of the urelin who has planted a bed full of seed and cannot be restrained from digging them up to see what they are coming to. At such times there is sure to be plenty of fault-finding; disappointment seeks a vent in scolding. Wingfield, the deposed president, had returned to England early in 1608; with him went Captain Gabriel Archer, formerly a student of law at Gray's Inn, and one of the earliest members of the legal profession in English America. His name is commemorated in the little promontory near Jamestown called Archer's Hope. He was a mischief-maker, of whom Wingfield, in his *Discourse of Virginia*, speaks far more bitterly than of Smith. To the latter Archer was an implacable enemy. On the return of Smith from his brief captivity with the Indians, this crooked Archer exhibited his legal ingenuity in seeking to revive a provision in the laws of Moses that a captain who leads his men into a fatal situation is responsible for their death. By such logic Smith would be responsible for the deaths of his followers slain by Opekankano's Indians; therefore, said Archer, he ought to be executed for murder! President Ratcliffe, alias Sickelmore, appears to have been a mere tool in Archer's hands, and Smith's life may really have been in some danger when Newport's arrival discomfited his adversaries. One can see what kind of tales such an unscrupulous enemy would be likely to tell in London, and it was to be expected that Newport, on arriving with his Second Supply, would bring some message that Smith would regard as unjust. The nature of the message is reflected in the reply which Smith sent home by Newport in November, 1608. The wrath of the much-enduring man was thoroughly aroused; in his *Rude Answer*, as he calls it, he strikes out from the shoulder, and does

not even spare his friend Newport for bringing such messages. Thus does he address the Royal Council of Virginia, sitting in London:—

“Right Honourable Lords and Gentlemen: I received your letter wherein you write that our minds are so set upon faction and idle conceits, . . . and that we feed you but with ifs and ands, hopes, and some few proofes; as if we would keep the mystery of the businesse to ourselves; and that we must expressly follow your instructions sent by Captain Newport, the charge of whose voyage amounts to neare £2000 the which if we cannot defray by the Ship's returne, we are like to remain as banished men. To these particulars I humbly intreat your pardons if I offend you with my rude answer.

“For our factions, unlesse you would have me run away and leave the country, I cannot prevent them: . . . I do make many stay that would els fly anywhither. . . . [As to feeding] you with hopes, etc., though I be no scholar, I am past a school-boy; and I desire but to know what either you [or] these here do know but I have learned to tell you by the continual hazard of my life. I have not concealed from you anything I know; but I feare some cause you to believe much more than is true.

“Expressly to follow your directions by Captain Newport, though they be performed, I was directly against it; but according to our Commission, I was content to be ruled by the major part of the council, I fear to the hazard of us all; which now is generally confessed when it is too late. . . . I have crowned Powhatan according to your instructions. For the charge of this voyage of £2000 we have not received the value of £100. . . . For him at that time to find . . . the South Sea, [or] a mine of gold, or any of them sent by Sir Walter Raleigh: at our consultation I told them was as likely as the rest. But during this great discovery of thirty miles (which might as well have been done by one man, and

much more, for the value of a pound of copper at a seasonable time) they had the pinnace and all the boats with them [save] one that remained with me to serve the fort.

"In their absence I followed the new begun works of pitch and tar, glass, soap ashes, and clapboard; whereof some small quantities we have sent you. But if you rightly consider what an infinite toil it is in Russia and Swedeland, where the woods are proper for naught else, and though there be the help both of man and beast in those ancient commonwealths which many an hundred years have [been] used [to] it; yet thousands of those poor people can scarce get necessities to live but from hand to mouth. And though your factors there can buy as much in a week as will fraught you a ship . . . ; you must not expect from us any such matter, which are but a many of ignorant miserable souls, that are scarce able to get wherewith to live and defend ourselves against the inconstant salvages; finding but here and there a tree fit for the purpose, and want[ing] all things else [which] the Russians have.

"For the coronation of Powhatan, by whose advice you sent him such presents I know not; but this give me leave to tell you, I fear they will be the confusion of us all ere we hear from you again. At your ship's arrival the salvages's harvest was newly gathered and we [were] going to buy it; our own not being half sufficient for so great a number. As for the two [shiploads] of corn [which] Newport promised to provide us from Powhatan,¹ he brought us but 14 bushels . . . [while most of his men were] sick and near famished. From your ship we had not provision in victuals worth £20, and we are more than 200 to live upon this; the one half sick, the other little better. . . . Our diet is a little meal and water, and not sufficient of that. Though there be fish in the sea,

¹ Smith here means the village of that name, on the James River, near the site of Richmond.

fowls in the air, and beasts in the woods, their bounds are so large, they so wild, and we so weak and ignorant that we cannot much trouble them.

"The soldiers say many of your officers maintain their families out of that you send us; and that Newport hath £100 a year for carrying news. . . . Captain Ratcliffe is now called Sickelmore, a poor counterfeited imposture. I have sent you him home, lest the company [here] should cut his throat. What he is, now every one can tell you. If he and Archer return again, they are sufficient to keep us always in factions.

"When you send again I intreat you [to] send but 30 carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers up of trees' roots, well provided, [rather] than 1000 of such as we have; for except we be able both to lodge them and feed them, the most will consume with want of necessities before they can be made good for anything. . . . And I humbly entreat you hereafter, let us know what we [are to] receive, and not stand to the sailors's courtesy to leave us what they please. . . .

"These are the causes that have kept us in Virginia from laying such a foundation [as] ere this might have given much better content and satisfaction; but as yet you must not look for any profitable returns; so I humbly rest."²

It is to be hoped that the insinuation that some of the Company's officers were speculators was ill founded; as for the fling at Newport, it was evidently made in a little fit of petulance, and is inconsistent with the esteem in which Smith really held that worthy mariner. These are slight blemishes in a temperate, courageous, and manly letter. It is full of hard common sense, and tells such plain truths as must have set the Company thinking. It was becoming evident to many persons in London that some new departure must be made. But

² Smith's Works, pages 442-445.

before Newport's home-bound ship could cross the ocean, and before the Company could decide upon its new plan of operations, some months must needs elapse, and in the interim we will continue to follow the fortunes of the little colony, now left to itself in the wilderness for the third time.

It is evident from Smith's letter that he anticipated trouble from the Indians. In The Powhatan's promise to count him forever as his own son he put little faith. His own view of the noble savage seems to have been much the same as that expressed about this time by Rev. Richard Hakluyt, in a letter of advice and warning to the London Company: "But for all their fair and cunning speeches, [these natives] are not overmuch to be trusted; for they be the greatest traitors of the world, as their manifold most crafty contrived and bloody treasons . . . do evidently prove. They be also as unconstant as the weathercock, and most ready to take all occasions of advantages to do mischief. They are great liars and dissemblers; for which faults oftentimes they had their deserved payments. . . . To handle them gently, while gentle courses may be found to serve, . . . will be without comparison the best; but if gentle polishing will not serve, [we] shall not want hammerers and rough masons enow — I mean our old soldiers trained up in the Netherlands — to square and prepare them to our Preacher's hands."¹ There is something delicious in the naïve promptness with which this worthy clergyman admits the probable need of prescribing military measures as a preparation for the cure of souls. The London Company stood in need of such advice; Smith did not. He looked upon Indians already with the eyes of a frontiersman, and the rough vicissitudes of his life had made him quick to interpret signs of mischief. It was not so much a direct assault that he feared as a contest arising from the Indians' refusal to

¹ Neill's *Virginia Company*, page 28.

sell their corn. During the past winter Pocahontas had made frequent and regular visits to Jamestown, bringing corn, and occasionally venison, raccoons, and other game; and this aid had been so effective as to ward off famine for that season. But a change had come over her father and his councilors. As the English kept strengthening their fortifications and building houses, as the second and third shiploads of colonists arrived, the Indians must have begun to realize that it was their intention to stay in the country. On Smith's first visit to Werowocomoco, when The Powhatan said that he should henceforth regard him as a son, he showed himself extremely curious to know why the English had come to his part of the world. Smith did not think it safe to confess that they had come to stay, so he invented a story of their having been defeated by the Spaniards and driven ashore; then, he added, the pinnace being leaky, they were obliged to stay until their Father Newport should come back and get them and take them away. Since that conversation Father Newport had come twice, and each time he had brought many of his children and taken away but few. Instead of thirty-eight men at Jamestown there were now two hundred. Every painted and feathered warrior could see that these pale children were not good farmers, and that their lives seemed to depend upon a supply of corn. By withholding this necessary of life, how easy it might be to rid the land of their presence! As the snows began to come, toward Christmas of 1608, Smith's fears began to be realized. When the Indians were asked for corn, they refused with a doggedness that withstood even the potent fascination of blue glass beads. Smith fully comprehended the seriousness of the situation. "Nopersuasion," he says, "could persuade him to starve." If the Indians would not trade of their own free will, they must be made to trade. The Powhatan asked for some men who would

aid him in building a house, and Smith sent to Werowocomoco fourteen men, including four of the newly arrived Germans. Smith followed with twenty-seven men in the pinnace and barge. In the party were George Percy and Francis West, brother of the Lord Delaware of whom we shall have soon to speak. At Warrasqueak Bay, where they stopped the first night, a chieftain told them to beware of treachery at Werowocomoco; The Powhatan, he said, had concocted a scheme for cutting their throats. Captain Smith thanked the redskin for his good counsel, assured him of his undying affection, and proceeded down the river to Hampton, where he was very hospitably entertained by the Kecoughtans, a small tribe numbering scarcely more than twenty warriors. For about a week, from December 30, 1608, till January 6, 1609, a fierce blizzard of snow and sleet obliged the party to stay in the dry and well-warmed wigwams of the Kecoughtans, who regaled them with oysters, fish, venison, and wild fowl. As they passed around to the northern side of the peninsula and approached the York River, the Indians seemed less friendly. When they arrived at Werowocomoco, the river was frozen for nearly half a mile from the shore; but Smith rammed and broke the ice with his barge until he had pushed up to a place where it was thick enough to walk safely; then sending the barge back to the pinnace, he landed the whole party by installments. They quartered themselves in the first house they came to, and sent to The Powhatan for food. He gave them venison, turkeys, and corn bread. The next day, January 13, the wily barbarian came to see Smith, and asked him bluntly how soon he was going away. He had not asked the English, he said, to come and visit him, and he was sure he had no corn for them; nevertheless he thought he knew where he could get forty baskets of it for one good English sword per basket. Hearing this speech, Cap-

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tain Smith pointed to the new house already begun, and to the men whom he had sent to build it, and said, "Powhatan, I am surprised to hear you say that you have not invited us hither; you must have a short memory!" At this retort the old chieftain burst into fits of laughter; but when he had recovered gravity it appeared that his notions as to a bargain remained unchanged. He would sell his corn for swords and guns, but not for copper; he could eat corn, he could not eat copper. Then said Captain Smith, "Powhatan, . . . to testify my love [for you] I sent you my men for your building, neglecting mine own. What your people had, you have engrossed, forbidding them our trade; and now you think by consuming the time we shall consume for want, not having [wherewith] to fulfill your strange demands. As for swords and guns, I told you long ago I had none to spare. . . . You must know [that the weapons] I have can keep me from want; yet steal or wrong you I will not, nor dissolve that friendship we have mutually promised, except you constrain me by . . . bad usage." This covert threat was not lost upon the keen barbarian. He quickly replied that within two days the English should have all the corn he could spare; but, said he, "I have some doubt, Captain Smith, [about] your coming hither, [which] makes me not so kindly seek to relieve you as I would. For many do inform me [that] your coming hither is not for trade, but to invade my people and possess my country. [They] dare not come to bring you corn, seeing you thus armed with your men. To free us of this fear, leave your weapons aboard [the ship], for here they are needless, we being all friends, and forever *Powhatans*."

This last remark, that Smith's men were virtually or constructively members of the Powhatan tribe, is in harmony with my suggestion that the rescue of their leader by Pocahontas a year be-

fore had directly led to his adoption, according to the usual Indian custom in such cases of rescue. With many such discourses, says our chronicle, did they spend the day; and on the morrow the parley was renewed. Again and again the old chief insisted that, before the corn could be brought, the visitors must leave their arms on shipboard; but Smith was not so blind as to walk into such a trap. He said, "Powhatan, . . . the vow I made you of my love, both myself and my men have kept. As for your promise, I find it every day violated by some of your subjects; yet . . . for your sake only we have curbed our thirsting desire of revenge; else had they known as well the cruelty we use to our enemies as our true love and courtesy to our friends. And I think your judgment sufficient to conceive — as well by the adventures we have undertaken as by the advantage we have [in] our arms [over] yours — that had we intended you any hurt, we could long ere this have effected it. Your people coming to Jamestown are entertained with their bows and arrows, without any exceptions; we esteeming it with you as it is with us, to wear our arms as our apparel." Having made this hit, the captain assumed a still loftier tone. It would never do to admit that this blessed corn, though the cause of so much parley, was an indispensable necessity for the white men. "As for your hiding your provisions . . . we shall not so unadvisedly starve as you conclude; your friendly care in that behalf is needless, for we have [ways of finding food that are quite] beyond your knowledge."

The narrative which I am here following is written by William Phettiplace, captain of the pinnace, Jeffrey Abbot, described as sergeant, and two of the original settlers, Anas Todkill and Richard Wiffin. Abbot and Phettiplace were on the spot, and the narrative was revised by Captain Smith himself, so that it has the highest kind of authority. One

need but examine the similar parleys described so frequently by Francis Parkman, to realize the faithful accuracy with which these Englishmen portrayed the Indian at that early period, when English experience of the red man's ways was only beginning. The hint that perhaps white men could get along without his corn after all seems to have wrought its effect upon the crafty Powhatan. Baskets filled with the yellow grain were brought, and dickering as distinguished from diplomacy began. Yet diplomacy had not quite given up its game. With a sorrowful face and many sighs, the chief exclaimed, "Captain Smith, I never used any chief so kindly as yourself, yet from you I receive the least kindness of any. Captain Newport gave me swords, copper, clothes, a bed, towels, or what[ever] I desired; ever taking what I offered him, and would send away his guns when I entreated him.¹ None doth . . . refuse to do what I desire but only you; of whom I can have nothing but what you regard not, and yet you will have whatsoever you demand. . . . You call me father, but I see . . . you will do what you list. . . . But if you intend so friendly as you say, send hence your arms that I may believe you."

Smith felt sure that this whimpering speech was merely the cover for a meditated attack. Of his thirty-eight Englishmen, but eighteen were with him at the moment. He sent a messenger to his vessels, ordering all save a guard of three or four men to come ashore, and he set some Indians to work breaking the ice, so that the barge could be forced up near to the bank. For a little while Captain Smith and John Russell were left alone in a house with The Powhatan and a few squaws, when all at once the old chief slipped out and disappeared from view. While Smith was talking with the women a crowd of armed war-

¹ It is to be feared that in this statement the old chieftain departed from the strict truth.

rriors surrounded the house, but instantly Smith and Russell sprang forth, and with drawn swords charged upon them so furiously that they all turned and fled, tumbling over one another in their headlong terror.

This incident gave the Englishman a moral advantage. The Indian plot, if such it was, had failed, and now the red men "to the uttermost of their skill sought excuses to dissemble the matter; and Powhatan, to excuse his flight and the sudden coming of this multitude, sent our Captain a great bracelet and a chain of pearl,¹ by an ancient orator that bespoke us to this purpose; perceiving even then from our pinnace a barge, and men departing and coming unto us:—Captain Smith, our [chief] is fled, fearing your guns, and knowing when the ice was broken there would come more men, sent these numbers but to guard his corn from stealing, [which] might happen without your knowledge. Now, though some be hurt by your misprision, yet [The] Powhatan is your friend and so will forever continue. Now since the ice is open he would have you send away your corn, and if you would have his company send away also your guns." It was ingeniously if not ingenuously said, but the concluding request remained unheeded, and Smith never set eyes on his Father Powhatan again. With faces frowning, guns loaded and cocked, the Englishmen stood by while a file of Indians with baskets on their backs carried down the corn and loaded it into the barge. The Indians were glad to get safely done with such work; as the chronicle observes, "we needed not importune them to make despatch."

The Englishmen would have embarked at once, but the retreating tide had left the barge stranded, so that it was necessary to wait for the next high water. Accordingly, it was decided to pass the night in the house where they were already quartered, which was a kind of

¹ Wampum is probably meant.

outpost at some distance from the main village, and they sent word to The Powhatan to send them some supper. Then the Indians seem to have debated the question whether it would be prudent to surprise and slay them while at supper, or afterward while asleep. But that "dearest jewel" Pocahontas, says the narrative, "in that dark night came through the irksome woods, and told our Captain great cheer should be sent us by and by; but Powhatan and all the power he could make would after[ward] come kill us all, if [indeed] they that brought it [did] not kill us . . . when we were at supper. Therefore if we would live she wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in [we] would have given her; but with the tears running down her cheeks she said she durst not be seen to have any, for if Powhatan should know it she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself as she came." Within less than an hour eight or ten stalwart Indians appeared, bringing venison and other dainties, and begged the English to put out the matches of their matchlocks, for the smell of the smoke made them sick. Our narrator tells us nothing of the sardonic smile which we are sure that he and his comrades can hardly have suppressed. The captain sent the messengers back to Father Powhatan with a concise but significant message: "If he is coming to visit me to-night, let him make haste, for I am ready to receive him." One can imagine how such an announcement would chill the zeal of the Indians. A few of their scouts prowled about, but the English kept vigilant guard till high tide, and then sailed away. A queer interview it had been. With some of hell's fiercest passions smouldering beneath the surface, an explosion had been prevented by watchful tact on the one side, and vague dread on the other. Peace had been preserved between the strange white chieftain and his dusky father, and two Englishmen

were left at Werowocomoco, with the four Germans, to go on with the house-building. If our chronicle is to be trusted, the Germans played a base part. They made up their minds that the English colony would surely perish of famine, and sought their own profit in fraternizing with the Indians. So, no sooner had Smith's vessels departed from Werowocomoco, on their way up to Opekankano's village, than two of these "damned Dutchmen," as the narrator calls them, went overland to Jamestown and said that Captain Smith had sent them for more weapons; in this way they got a number of swords, pikes, muskets, and hatchets, and traded them off at Werowocomoco.

Meanwhile, Smith's party arrived at Opekankano's village, near the place where the Pamunkey and Mattaponi rivers unite to form the York. The chief of the Pamunkeys received them with smiles and smooth words, but seems to have meditated treachery. At all events, the Englishmen so interpreted it when they found themselves unexpectedly surrounded by a great crowd of armed warriors numbering several hundreds. It was not prudent to fire on such a number if it could be avoided; actual bloodshed might do more harm than good; a peaceable display of boldness was better. It might have been, and probably was remembered that the Spaniards in the West Indies had often overawed all opposition by seizing the person of the chief. After a brief consultation, Smith, accompanied by West and Percy and Russell, rushed into Opekankano's house, seized him by the long scalp-lock, dragged him before the astonished multitude, and held a pistol to his breast. Such prompt audacity was its own safeguard. The corn was soon forthcoming, and the little expedition made its way back to Jamestown, loaded with some three hundred bushels of it, besides a couple of hundredweight of venison and deer suet. In itself it was but a trifle

of a pound of meat and a bushel and a half of grain for each person in the colony. But the chief result was the profound impression made upon the Indians. A few years later, such a bold treatment of them would have been attended with far more difficulty and danger; would seldom, indeed, have been possible. But in 1609 the red man had not yet learned to gauge the killing capacity of the white man; he was aware of terrible powers there which he could not estimate, and was therefore inclined to err on the side of prudence. This sudden irruption of about forty white men into the principal Indian villages, and their masterful demeanor there, seemed to show that after all it would be wiser to have them for friends than for enemies. A couple of accidents confirmed this view of the case.

One day, as three of the Chickahominy tribe were loitering about Jamestown, admiring the rude fortifications, one of them stole a pistol and fled to the woods with it. His two comrades were arrested, and one was held in duress, while the other was sent out to recover the pistol. He was made to understand that if he failed to bring it back the hostage would be put to death. As it was intensely cold, some charcoal was charitably furnished for the prisoner's cell. In the evening his friend returned with the pistol, and then the prisoner was found apparently dead, suffocated with the fumes of the charcoal, whereupon the friend broke forth into loud lamentations. But the Englishmen soon perceived that some life was still left in the unconscious and prostrate form, and Smith told the wailing Indian that he could restore his friend to life, only there must be no more stealing. Then with brandy and vinegar and friction the failing heart and arteries were stimulated to their work, the dead savage came to life, and the two comrades, each with a small present of copper, went on their way rejoicing.

The other affair was more tragic. An Indian at Werowocomoco had got possession of a bag of gunpowder, and was playing with it while his comrades were pressing closely about him, when all at once it took fire and exploded, killing three or four of the group and scorching the rest. Whereupon our chronicler tells us, "These and other such pretty accidents so amazed and affrighted Powhatan and all his people, that from all parts with presents they desired peace, returning many stolen things which we never demanded nor thought of; and after that . . . all the country became absolutely as free for us as for themselves."

The good effects of this were soon apparent. With his mind relieved from anxiety about the Indians, Smith had his hands free for work at Jamestown. One of the most serious difficulties under which the colony labored was the communistic plan upon which it had been started. The settlers had come without wives and children, and each man worked, not to acquire property for himself and his family, but to further the general purposes of the colony. In planting corn, in felling trees, in repairing the fortifications, even in hunting or fishing, he was working for the community; whatsoever he could get by his own toil or by trade with the natives went straightway into the common stock, and the skillful and industrious fared no better than the stupid and lazy. The strongest kind of premium was thus at once put upon idleness, which, under circumstances of extreme anxiety and depression, is apt enough to flourish without any premium. Things had arrived at such a pass that some thirty or forty men were supporting the whole company of two hundred, when President Smith applied the strong hand. He gathered them all together one day, and plainly told them that he was their lawfully chosen ruler and should promptly punish all infractions of discipline, and they must

all understand that hereafter he that will not work shall not eat. His authority had come to be great, and the rule was enforced. By the end of April some twenty houses had been built, a well of pure, sweet water had been dug in the fort, thirty acres or more of ground had been broken up and planted, and nets and weirs had been arranged for fishing. A few hogs and fowl had been left by Newport, and now could be heard the squeals of sixty pigs and the peeping of five hundred spring chickens. The manufacture of tar and soap-ashes went on, and a new fortress was begun in an easily defensible position upon a commanding hill. This useful work was suddenly interrupted by an unforeseen calamity. Rats brought from time to time by the ships had quickly multiplied, and in April these unbidden guests were found to have made such havoc in the granaries that but little corn was left. Harvest time was a long way off, and it was necessary to pause for a while and collect provisions. Several Indian villages were again visited, and trading went on amicably; but there was a limit to the aid they had it in their power to give, and in the quest of sustenance the settlers were scattered. By midsummer, a few were picking berries in the woods, others were quartered among the Indians, some were living on oysters and caviare, some were down at Point Comfort catching fish; and it was these that were the first to hail the bark of young Samuel Argall, who was coming for sturgeon and whatever else he could find, and had steered a straighter course from London than any mariner before him. Argall brought letters from members of the Company complaining that the goods sent home in the ships were not of greater value in the market, and saying that Smith had been accused of dealing harshly with the Indians. This must have referred to some skirmishes he had had with the Rappahannocks and other tribes in the course of his exploration of

the Chesapeake waters during the previous summer. Another piece of news was brought by Argall: the London Company had obtained a new charter, and a great expedition, commanded by Lord Delaware, was about to sail for Virginia.

This was true. The experience of two years had convinced the Company that its methods needed mending. In the first place more money was needed, and the list of shareholders was greatly enlarged. By the second charter, dated May 23, 1609, the Company was made a corporation, and all its members were mentioned by name. The list was headed by Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, and contained among other interesting names those of the philosopher Bacon and Sir Oliver Cromwell, from whose nephew, then a lad at Huntingdon School, the world was by and by to hear. On the list we find the names of 659 persons, of whom 21 were peers, 96 were knights, 11 were clergymen and physicians, 53 are described as captains, 28 as esquires, 58 as gentlemen, 110 as merchants, while the remaining 282 are variously designated or only the name is given. "Of these, about 230 paid £37 10s. or more, about 229 paid less than £37 10s., and about 200 failed to pay anything."¹ It should be borne in mind that £37 10s. at that time was equivalent to at least \$750 of to-day. Besides these individuals, the list contains the companies of mercers, grocers, drapers, fishmongers, vintners, brewers, masons, bowyers and fletchers, armorers, and others, — in all 56 companies of the city of London. Such a list, as well as the profusion of sermons and tracts on Virginia that were poured forth at the time, bespeaks a general interest in the enterprise. The Company was incorporated under the name of "The Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London for the First Colony in Virginia." Nothing was said about the Second Colony, so

that by this charter the London Company was unyoked from the Plymouth Company.

The jurisdiction of the reorganized London Company was to extend two hundred miles south and two hundred miles north of Old Point Comfort, which would not quite contain all of North Carolina, but would easily include Maryland and Delaware. The government of this region was vested in a supreme Council, sitting in London, the constitution of which was remarkable. Its members were at the outset appointed by the king, but all vacancies were thereafter to be filled by the vote of the whole body of 659 persons and 56 trade guilds constituting the Company. The sole power of legislation for Virginia, with the right to appoint all colonial officers, was vested in the Council. Besides thus exercising entire sovereignty over Virginia, the Company was authorized to levy and collect custom-house duties and to wage war for purely defensive purposes. Thus this great corporation was made virtually independent of Parliament, with a representative government of its own.

As for the local government in Virginia, it was entirely changed. The working of the local Council with its elected president had been simply ludicrous. Two presidents had been deposed and sent home, while the councilors had done nothing but quarrel and threaten one another's lives, and one had been shot for mutiny. Order and quiet had not been secured until President Smith became autocratic, after the other members of the Council had departed or died. Now the new charter abolished the local Council, and the direct rule was to be exercised by governor, with autocratic power over the settlers, but responsible to the supreme Council in London, by which he was appointed.

For the Company as thus reorganized the two most important executive offices were filled by noteworthy appointments.

¹ Brown's *Genesis*, i. 228.

The treasurer was the eminent merchant Sir Thomas Smith, the promoter of Arctic exploration and first governor of the East India Company. For governor of Virginia the Council appointed Thomas West, third Baron Delaware, whose younger brother, Francis West, we have seen helping John Smith to browbeat the Indians at Werowocomoco and Pamunkey. This Lord Delaware belonged to a family distinguished for public service. On the mother's side he was nearly related to Queen Elizabeth. In America he is forever identified with the history of Virginia, and he has left a name to one of our great rivers, to a very interesting group of Indians, and to one of the smallest States in our Union. With New England, too, he has one link of association, for his sister, Penelope West, married Herbert Pelham, and their son was the first treasurer of Harvard College. Thomas West, born in 1577, was educated at Oxford, served with distinction in the Netherlands, and was knighted for bravery in 1599. He succeeded to the barony of Delaware in 1602, and was a member of the Privy Council of Elizabeth and James I. No one was more warmly enlisted than he in the project of founding Protestant English colonies in the New World. To this cause he devoted himself with ever-growing enthusiasm, and when the London Company was remodeled he was appointed governor of Virginia for life. With him were associated the sturdy soldier Sir Thomas Gates as lieutenant-governor, and the old sea-rover Sir George Somers as admiral.

The spring of 1609 was spent in organizing a new expedition, while Smith and his weary followers were struggling with the damage wrought by rats. People out of work were attracted by the communistic programme laid down by the Company. The shares were rated at about three hundred dollars each, to use our modern figures, and emigration

¹ Doyle's Virginia, page 128.

to Virginia entitled the emigrant to one share. So far as needful, the proceeds of the enterprise "were to be spent upon the settlement, and the surplus was either to be divided or funded for seven years. During that period the settlers were to be maintained at the expense of the Company, while all the product of their labors was to be cast into the common stock. At the end of that time every shareholder was to receive a grant of land in proportion to his stock held."¹ Doubtless the prospects of becoming a shareholder in a great speculative enterprise, and of being supported by the Company, must have seemed alluring to many people in difficult circumstances. At all events, some five hundred people — men, women, and children — were got together. A fleet of nine ships, with ample supplies, was entrusted to Newport; and in his ship, the *Sea Venture*, were Gates and Somers, who were to take the colony under their personal supervision. Lord Delaware remained in London, planning further developments of the enterprise. Three more trusty men he could hardly have sent out. But a strange fate was knocking at the door.

On the 1st of June, 1609, the fleet set sail and took the route by the Azores. Toward the end of July, as they were getting within a week's sail of the American coast, the ships were "caught in the tail of a hurricane;" one of them was sunk, and the *Sea Venture* was separated from all the rest. That gallant ship was sorely shaken and torn, so that for five days the crew toiled steadily in relays, pumping and baling, while the water seemed to be gaining upon them. Many of the passengers abandoned themselves to despair and to rum; or, as an eye-witness tells us, "some of them, having good and comfortable waters in the ship, fetched them and drank one to the other, taking their last leave one of the other until their more joyful and happy meeting in a more blessed world."² The

² Plain Description of the Bermudas, page 10.

company were saved by the skill and energy of the veteran Somers, who for three days and nights never once left the quarter-deck. At last land was sighted, and presently the Sea Venture was driven violently aground and wedged immovable between two rocks, a shattered wreck. But all her people, a hundred and fifty or so, were saved, and most of their gear was brought away.

The island on which they were wrecked was one of a group the early history of which is shrouded in strange mystery. If my own solution of an obscure problem is to be trusted, these islands had once a fierce Carib population, whose first white visitors, Vincent Pinzon and Americus Vesputius, landed among them on St. Bernard's day, in August, 1498, and carried off more than two hundred slaves. Hence the place was called St. Bernard's Archipelago, but on crudely glimmering maps went wide astray and soon lost its identity. In 1522, a Spanish captain, Juan Bermudez, happened to land there, and his name has remained. But in the intervening years Spanish slave-hunters from San Domingo had infested those islands and reaped and gleaned the harvest of Carib flesh till no more was to be had. The ruthless cannibals were extirpated by the more ruthless seekers for gold, and when Bermudez stopped there he found no human inhabitants, but only swine running wild, a sure witness to the recent presence of Europeans. Then for nearly a century the unvisited spot was haunted by the echoes of a frightful past, wild traditions of ghoulish orgies and infernal strife. But the kidnapper's work in which these vague notions originated was so soon forgotten that when the Sea Venture was wrecked those islands were believed to have been from time immemorial uninhabited. Sailors shunned them as a scene of abominable sorceries, and called them the Isles of Demons. Otherwise they were known simply by the Spanish skipper's name, as the Bermoothes, afterward more completely an-

glicized into Bermudas. From the soil of those foul goblin legends, that shuddering reminiscence of inexpiable crime, the potent sorcery of genius has reared one of the most exquisitely beautiful, ethereally delicate works of human fancy that the world has ever seen. The wreck of the Sea Venture suggested to Shakespeare many hints for his *Tempest*, which was written within the next two years, and performed before the king in 1611. It is not that these islands were conceived as the scene of the comedy; the command to Ariel to go and "fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes" is enough to show that Prospero's enchanted isle was elsewhere; doubtless in some fairy universe hard by the Mediterranean. But from the general conception of monsters of the isle down to such incidents as the flashing light on the shrouds of the ship, it is clear that Shakespeare made use of Strachey's narrative of the wreck of the Sea Venture, published in 1610.

Gates and Somers found the Isles of Demons far pleasanter than their reputation; and it was well for them that it was so, for they were obliged to stay there nearly ten months, while with timber freshly cut and with bolts and beams from the wreck the party built two pinaces, which they named *Patience* and *Deliverance*. They laid in ample stores of salted pork and fish, traversed the seven hundred miles of ocean in a fortnight, and arrived at Jamestown on the 10th of May, 1610. The spectacle that greeted them was enough to have appalled the stoutest heart. To explain it in a few words, we must go back to August, 1609, when the seven ships that had weathered the storm arrived in Virginia and landed their three hundred or more passengers, known in history as the Third Supply.

Since the new dignitaries and all their official documents were in the Bermuda wreck, there was no one among the newcomers in Virginia competent to succeed

Smith in the government; but the mischief-makers Ratcliffe and Archer were, unfortunately, among them, and the former instantly called upon Smith to abdicate in his favor. He had persuaded many of the new-comers to support him, but the old settlers were loyal to Smith, and there was much confusion until the latter arrested Ratcliffe as a disturber of the peace. The quality of the new emigration was far inferior to that of the older. The older settlers were mostly gentlemen of character; of the new ones, far too many were shiftless vagabonds, or, as Smith says, "unruly gallants, packed thither by their friends to escape ill destinies." They were sure to make trouble, but for a while Smith held them in check. The end of his stay in Virginia, however, was approaching. He was determined to find some better site for a colony than the low, marshy Jamestown; so in September he sailed up to the Indian village called Powhatan, and bought of the natives a tract of land in that neighborhood near to where Richmond now stands, — a range of hills, salubrious and defensible, with so fair a landscape that Smith called the place Nonesuch. On the way back to Jamestown a bag of gunpowder in his boat exploded, and wounded him so badly that he was completely disabled. The case demanded such surgery as Virginia could not furnish, and as the ships were sailing for England early in October he went in one of them. He seems also to have welcomed this opportunity of answering sundry charges brought against him by the Ratcliffe faction. Some flying squirrels were sent home to amuse King James.

The arrival of the ships in England, with news of the disappearance of the Sea Venture and the danger of anarchy in Virginia, alarmed Lord Delaware, and he resolved to go as soon as possible and take command of his colony. About the 1st of April he set sail with one hundred and fifty persons, mostly mechanics. He had need to make all haste.

Jamestown had become a pandemonium. Smith left George Percy in command, but that excellent gentleman was in poor health and unable to exert much authority. There were now (October, 1609) five hundred mouths to be filled, and the stores of food diminished with portentous rapidity. The "unruly gallants" got into trouble with the Indians, who soon responded after their manner. They slaughtered the settlers' hogs for their own benefit, and they murdered the settlers themselves when opportunity was offered. The worthless Ratcliffe and thirty of his men were slain at one fell swoop, as they were sailing up toward Nonesuch. As the frosts and snows came, more shelter was needed than the cabins already built could furnish. Many died of the cold. The approach of spring saw the last supplies of food consumed, and famine began to claim its victims. Soon there came to be more houses than occupants, and as fast as one was emptied by death it was torn down for firewood. Even palisades were stripped from their framework and thrown into the blaze; for cold was a nearer foe than the red men. The latter watched the course of events with savage glee, and now and then, lurking in the neighborhood, shot flights of arrows tipped with death. A gang of men stole one of the pinnaces, armed her heavily, and ran out to sea, to help themselves by piracy. After the last basket of corn had been devoured, people lived for a while on roots and herbs, then they had recourse to cannibalism. The corpse of a slain Indian was boiled and eaten. One man killed his own wife and salted her, and had eaten a considerable part of her body before he was found out. This was too much for people to endure; the man was tied to a stake and burned alive. Such were the goings-on in that awful time, to which men long afterward alluded as the Starving Time.

When Smith left the colony in October, it numbered about five hundred souls.

When Gates and Somers and Newport arrived from the Bermudas in May, they found a haggard remnant of sixty, all told, men, women, and children, scarcely able to totter about the ruined village, and with the gleam of madness in their eyes. The pinnaces brought food for their relief, but with things in such a state there was no use in trying to get through the summer. The provisions in store would not last a month. The three brave captains consulted together, and decided, with tears in their eyes, that Virginia must be abandoned. Since Raleigh first began, every attempt had ended in miserable failure, and this last calamity was the most crushing of all. What hope could there be that North America would ever be colonized? What men could endure more than had been endured already? It was decided to go up to the Newfoundland fishing-stations and get fish there, then cross to England.

On Thursday, the 7th of June, 1610, to the funereal roll of drums, the cabins were stripped of such things as could be carried away, and the doleful company went aboard the pinnaces, weighed anchor, and started down the river. As the arching trees at Jamestown receded from the view, and the sombre silence

of the forest settled over the deserted spot, it seemed indeed that "earth's paradise," Virginia, the object of so much longing, the scene of so much fruitless striving, was at last abandoned to its native Indians. But it had been otherwise decreed.

That night a halt was made at Mulberry Island, and next morning the voyage was resumed. Toward noonday, as the little ships were speeding their way down the ever-widening river, a black speck was seen far below on the broad waters of Hampton Roads, and every eye was strained. It was no red man's canoe. It was a long-boat. Yes, Heaven be praised! the governor's own long-boat with a message. His three well-stocked ships had passed Point Comfort, and he himself was with them!

Despair gave place to exultant hope, words of gratitude and congratulation were exchanged, and the prows were turned up-stream. On Sunday the three stout captains stood with their followers drawn up in military array before the dismantled ruins of Jamestown, while Lord Delaware stepped from his boat, and, falling upon his knees on the shore, lifted his hands in prayer, thanking God that he had come in time to save Virginia.

John Fiske.

THE END OF THE TERROR.

A COLONIAL INCIDENT: BEING THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM HARLESTON, GENT., OF WAMBADEE PLANTATION, NEAR CHARLES TOWN, IN THE PROVINCE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

So often have I been urged by my friends to put into writing the incident of the destruction of the pirate schooner *Terror*, in the year of grace 1719, in which I, William Harleston of Wambadee, was personally engaged, that I have at last determined to do so. For being now, on this 27th day of November, 1735,

my birthday, an old man, as age is counted in this province, I think that if the story is to be told at all it had best be told now.

As we all remember, the government of the Lords Proprietors had at that time become very unpopular in this province, and men were beginning to clamor

for a change, desiring a governor by the royal appointment who should be directly responsible to the Crown. Governor Robert Johnson had been much disturbed by these oppositions, which were very strong in the Assembly, and found it necessary to send a confidential messenger to London for conference with their lordships, to which highly honorable and responsible duty I had the good fortune to be assigned. My mission being accomplished, and I ready and anxious to return to the province, it was found that no vessel was like to sail for Charles Town for more than a month to come, and therefore for greater expedition, since my matters were very urgent, their lordships advised that I take passage in a brig just sailing for the Barbados, having procured for me a royal warrant for any of his Majesty's ships that might be lying there to bring me on to Charles Town at the earliest day that wind and weather would permit. Accordingly, on arriving at Bridge Town I was fortunate enough to find H. M. corvette the *Nightingale* lying at her anchors in Carlisle Bay, in port for fresh water and some new spars, her royal masts and yards having been carried away by a hurricane a few days before; these terrific winds being very prevalent in those latitudes, and sometimes doing immense damage to the lives and property of the people of that island. For nearly two centuries these seas had been infested by buccaneers and pirates of every class and character, from those who, like Drake and Hawkins, sailed under the protection of letters of marque nominally to prey on the commerce of the Spaniards, but actually on any merchant vessel, flying any flag, which was not strong enough to resist capture, to those diabolical villains whose crimes had made them *hostes humani generis*, like Teach and Evrard, and whom the laws of all nations permitted to be strung up to the yard-arm by a drum-head court-martial or gibbeted on the nearest tree, by any that might take them on sea or land.

These wretches would often come ashore at the coastwise plantations and towns, which they plundered and burned at will, having more than once been bold enough to levy tribute on Charles Town itself. Barbados, being a very small and rich island, in easy reach of their haunts, had always been looked at by these sea-kites with covetous eyes, but was, from its situation, perfectly safe from their attacks, guarded by impassable coral reefs on every side except the roadstead of Carlisle Bay, which is its only harbor, and which is well protected by the batteries on Needham Point and elsewhere, making any assault on Bridge Town impossible.

The *Nightingale*, commanded by Lord William Campbell, a cadet of the noble house of Argyle, was cruising between the Floridas and the British West Indies in quest of these very gentry of the black pennant, who had lately been committing many outrages in these waters, under the notorious Teach, more commonly known as "Blackbeard," and Steed Bonnet, a retired major in the royal service, who, for some unaccountable reason, had taken to sea-roving, and had made his name a terror to all who traded between New York and the Spanish Main. It is unnecessary for me here to relate particularly how, in this very year, Teach was attacked in his Cape Fear nest by Governor Spottiswoode, of the Virginias, himself killed and his piratical horde exterminated, or how Bonnet and his entire crew were captured by Colonel William Rhett, of Charles Town, and hanged at White Point with thirty-eight others of his villainous gang. On presenting my credentials to Lord William I found him very ready to perform the duty required of him, he having not long since been married to a lovely and very wealthy lady of Charles Town, and being not unwilling to any business which would take him back to that port.

Two days later we sailed out of Carlisle Bay and stood away to the nor'west,

Lord William thinking to coast the Floridas as near inshore as he could make a safe offing; that being a way to perform two duties, and possibly pick up a prize without undue delay to his voyage. Our progress was slow, however, since the corvette's best point of sailing was close-hauled, while we had nothing but beam winds and half-hurricanes, which made long tacks necessary to avoid the dangers of the shore, so that it was near two weeks before we made the low outlying islands of the Carolina coast. It was the morning of the tenth day out when we found ourselves some five miles off the mouth of Charles Town harbor, the weather being rough, with a chopping sea, such as is always made on that bar when the wind blows against or across the tide, and the shore line completely hidden by a dense fog, which had lifted to seaward, where the whitecaps were having a merry dance on the combs of a long, rolling swell. Shoreward we could hear the distant roar of breakers and the noisy tumble of the shoals which make the bar of Charles Town so dangerous. Schools of porpoises were slowly heaving their black backs above the water, in the manner which makes me think them to be responsible for the stories of a great sea-serpent which mariners bring to us from time to time. The presence of these fish — being, indeed, more like pigs than like other fishes — was itself enough to show that we were near inshore, for they never go out to sea, like the dolphins, from which they differ in their darker color and more sluggish movements, never leaping, like them, from the water, nor racing before the ship's cutwater. Now and then a flock of those large black ducks which we call "tarpots" would come flying heavily out of the fog, flapping along just above the wave crests, and drop lazily into the sea, — another certain indication of the land. The sun was about an hour high, and the ship was just coming about for a long board on the starboard tack, when the

lookout aloft hailed the deck and reported a sail two points on the starboard bow. A midshipman scrambled up to the crossrees with a telescope nearly as long as himself, and soon reappeared on the poop deck to report the strange sail as a low schooner, with very slender masts and long spars, making out to sea under all sail as fast as her legs could carry her, flying no colors, and about two leagues away. Exactly what to do under the circumstances was an awkward question to settle, for it was doubtful which would be the more acceptable to the authorities, proprietary and royal, — the speedy return to Charles Town of the private agent of both, or the capture of perhaps a desperate rover, just at a juncture when such a stroke might have an important influence in extirpating all such wretches from our seas. The destruction of Blackbeard, together with the wholesale hanging of Bonnet and his crew under the stern sentence of Mr. Chief Justice Nicholas Trott, had produced two very opposite effects. The pirates had for the most part abandoned the waters of the provinces as no longer wholesome, and betaken themselves to the Caribbean Islands and the Costa Rica, so that navigation was now far more safe than for many years before. But one or two of the most desperate of the villains — the foulest scum which even piracy had thrown off in disgust — were known to be still cruising on the forbidden ground; and these, being the worst and most reckless of them all, had lately been reported as guilty of some most atrocious murders and cruelties, partly from revenge, and partly from pure hopeless deviltry. These scoundrels never omitted scuttling or burning a prize after murdering all on board, on the principle that "dead men tell no tales." But *dying* men sometimes do, as we shall see. The appearance and behavior of the strange sail were so very suspicious that Lord William soon decided to give chase. He offered me the choice of accompanying the ship, or of

going into Charles Town in the pinnace, by which means both objects of his voyage might be accomplished. Now I have never, to my knowledge, been accused of cowardice, and twice I have been out with gentlemen who were willing to give me satisfaction for such affronts as the requirements of my honor forbade me to pass over. One of these left me a rapier scar on the left arm by which to remember the occasion, and the other carries on his body a bullet mark of similar reminiscent effect. But I name neither, since we all have long since been good friends again, — as in truth we were when we fought, — and have cracked many a good bottle together since then over a neighborly game of picquet. But I never had any special taste for fighting, nor any strong desire to risk my life except for good and sufficient cause, and I took not the least interest in the world in this matter of the pirates. I therefore promptly accepted Lord William's offer to put me ashore, little thinking to what result it was to lead.

The pinnace was soon lowered away and her crew told off, being an old Scotch quartermaster, and three seamen and a marine who were in the sick bay, but not too ill for such light duty. These were put on board with me and my luggage; my skipper and crew looking as glum as discipline permitted at the idea of losing their chance for a hand in the row. As we ran up the lugsail and cast off from the corvette's side, the ship went about in a perfect pandemonium of drums beating to quarters, whistles piping the watches to their posts, orders shouted through the trumpets, cordage rattling through the blocks, and sails flapping with reports as sharp as pistol-shots. The confusion was all in my mind, however, for everything was done with the precision of machinery, and before we could look into her stern-ports the ship was in fighting trim and the decks as quiet as a churchyard. In five minutes

the fog had swallowed us up, and we lost sight of her as she stretched away after her chase, while our stanch little craft danced merrily in towards the harbor, the wind blowing a topsail breeze on our larboard bow and the tide running out on the young ebb, so that it was almost as hard to hold our course in the fog as to keep our jackets dry in the dashing spray. As we had our bearings all right, however, when we dropped away from the ship, and as all of us were familiar with our sailing-ground, it seemed a very easy matter for us to make our port, notwithstanding the thickness of the weather, and after an hour's run we began to look out pretty sharply for the land-lift of Sullivan's Island, which should have been showing up on our starboard bow. But we sailed on for an hour more without making it, and it soon began to look very much as if we had been thrown off our course in the fog by the set of the currents, which are very strong on this bar, and are constantly changing with the channels as the heavy deposits from the Ashley and the Cooper are shifted by the tides.

The wind began to veer round to the northeast, and the swash of a heavy surf was growing every minute more distinct, when suddenly the fog lifted and commenced to roll away, revealing to our startled eyes two things which made us look at one another in blank amazement. "Ha-a-a-rd a-port!" shouted the old skipper without another word; and as I jammed down the tiller and the boat swung round before the wind, he let go the sheet, and in three minutes the mast was unstepped, the sail furled, and all stowed snugly along the thwarts, while the men seized the oars and ran them out. No orders were given, and none were necessary, for every man took in the situation at a glance. Right ahead of us was a long white line of washing surf, breaking on the flat beach of an island that I saw at once must be the long spit of sand which flanks the sea-

ward side of Sullivan's Island, we having made some six miles of northing in the fog. The tide being ebb, there was a rod or two of beach backed by high, shifting sand-hills, behind which was a dense growth of myrtle and young palmetto; and just above the tide line lay the hull of a large vessel that had beached broadside on, having evidently been wrecked there a long while ago. Her larboard side, which lay toward the water, had been entirely skinned by the breakers, leaving her ribs all bare, while the wet sand that was banked behind her had preserved the planking on the shore side from like destruction. The old skipper had seized the stroke oar, and seeing that I was heading her straight for the wreck he rapped out, "Ay, sir, beach her there! Right over the breakers, messmates, as if the deil was after ye! And he *will* be, too, directly," he added grimly, "gin he be na too busy wi' his hell's wark to see us, and that's about our ae chance to keep our weasands whole. Lord! gin the Nightingale had only knawed aboot this ane!" A dozen strokes of the oars while this was saying had been driving us toward the beach with that long, steady sweep that only man-o'-war's men can give to the bending blades. A gruff "Ay, ay!" was the only response from the disciplined seamen, who well knew, every man of them, that the skipper's words were true; for there in the offing, not two miles away, lay a large brig, with her sails flapping loose against the masts, while grappled alongside her, with interlocking yards, like some ugly little spider clinging to a huge moth, was a low-railed, wicked-looking schooner, from whose truck was blowing out a long, forked pennant as black as night. It was too far off for us to see more than that there was some bustle on the deck of the brig, and now and again there seemed to be a splash as something went over her side. I had with me a pocket-telescope, but there was no time now to use it. Holding the tiller, I of

course had my back to the brig, but the oarsmen never took their eyes from her as they bent with straining muscles to their task. Suddenly one of the men ground his teeth together, with a look of the blackest rage I ever saw, and said in a hoarse whisper, "By God! they're makin' 'em walk the plank!" Not another word was uttered. Every moment we looked for a boat to put off from the pirate and give us chase, and we all knew that in that case there would be nothing for us but to die like brave men, with arms in our hands, after the best fight we could make, or be murdered in cold blood after probably the most brutal torture. As the boat flew over the rollers, and I bent low with every stroke, this thought flashed through my mind just once, and after that I thought of nothing but the work before us, every faculty of mind and body being absorbed in the one idea of shooting those breakers and reaching the shore. Nearer and nearer we drew to what every man of us knew to be at the best an even chance of life or death; for a broken oar, a single false stroke, a single turn of the wrist on the helm, would certainly swamp the boat and leave us at the mercy of the undertow. But I do not believe there was one of us who gave that a thought. And still no boat from the schooner, the murdering devils being evidently too busy with their bloody employment to notice us in the thick atmosphere, and their lookout no doubt intent on looking seaward for sails. As we climbed the crest of a long curling swell, old Futtocks glanced sideways and said to me, "Keep her steady so, sir. Now all thegither, my hearties!" The pinnacle shot upward on the roller, the men feathering to prevent the oars from being wrenched from their hands. For an instant we seemed to hang motionless on the top of the green slope of water, and then, with one tremendous effort which buckled the oar blades until I thought they must snap, we spun forward on the now reced-

ing wave, and struck the beach with a shock that jerked us from the thwarts and left the pinnacle stranded within a fathom of the old wreck. No orders were needed by the well-drilled Nightingales, and the next moment we were dragging the boat over the wet sand to the wreck, bending low by her sides so as to make as little show as possible. It is taking me very much longer to write all this — or at least it seems so now — than it did for us to haul the pinnacle behind the wreck, which concealed her completely, open the arm-locker and buckle on cutlasses, each man sticking two brace of pistols in his belt, and throw ourselves flat behind the scrub-covered sand-hills to await the course of events with such patience as we could muster. There could be no certainty that we had not been seen, and now that the excitement was over the men lay resting on the sand, all breathless from their terrible exertions. A breaker of water was cautiously opened, and while the others were eagerly drinking I got out my telescope, and, stretched at full length on the sand, brought it to bear on the brig. What I saw I have no heart to describe in detail on these sheets, and I would to God I could blot out utterly the memory of it that haunts me still after all these years. Sufficient to say that what that glass revealed, indistinct as it was from the distance, worked in me a change which I never could have believed possible in a nature such as mine. There was a fascination in the horrid sight that glued my eye to the lens. To lie there helplessly, an eyewitness to cold-blooded, deliberate, and diabolical murder, was the most fearful experience of my life, absolutely powerless as I was to raise a hand in succor of the wretched victims, and even now I can scarce control myself to write of it. As I brought the brig into focus and realized what was doing on her deck, a cold, clammy sweat broke out upon my forehead, a deathly sickness came

over me, and my heart almost stopped its beating; and then, as the reaction came and a great rage took entire possession of me, I could scarce repress a scream of impotent fury. Then every tremor left me, and I could feel myself hardening like scorching leather, until each muscle and sinew in my body was strained to its utmost tension, as if locked in a death-struggle with some ferocious beast. Indeed, the beast that lurks in all our natures was so roused within me that I believe I could have sunk my teeth in the throats of those wretches and drunk their spouting blood; and I would have given all the broad acres of Wambadee to have been on that deck, with cutlass drawn and a score of brave fellows at my back. And then I, who in my wildest mood have ever shrunk from profanity, dashed the glass from my hand and sprang to my feet, shaking my clenched fist like a maniac, and hurling at the cowardly devils a storm of such curses as it makes my blood creep to remember. And I *do* remember with a marvelous distinctness things that at the moment I neither heard nor saw. A flock of little sandpipers ran out on the beach close on the line of receding water, scurrying back as the frothy surf came in upon them. Some white terns and gray-backed gulls were calmly flying about and circling in the glancing sunlight, and a large shark was paddling and splashing as he fished among the shallows, while the scream of an eagle came from the sky above me, where his white head and tail were flashing like silver as he slowly wheeled in the rays of the morning sun. But I was suddenly gripped by four brawny arms and dragged down into sense and concealment, and I lay there glaring and almost foaming at the mouth as the glass was passed from hand to hand, and curses, such as only the fo'castle can boast of, gave vent to the feelings of the men. I honestly believe that the boat, which a moment before we had so much dreaded, would have been hailed

with cheers by the brave fellows, who, like myself, would have asked for nothing better than a chance to avenge that outrage on humanity.

"God in heaven! it's a woman!" yelled the man who had the glass, and as I snatched it from his hand the true-hearted British tar, hard and rough as the ship's hawser, burst into tears and sobbed like a child. I could see something projecting from the rail of the brig, and on it a white figure with fluttering drapery that moved forward in short jerks as men prodded it with pikes. Then there was a great splash, and still I *must* look. Another splash, from the stern of the brig this time, and a small black object appeared in the water, apparently a man swimming. The next instant there was a flash from the schooner's deck, a puff of white smoke drifted seaward on the wind, and the black thing was gone. Just beyond the breakers I could see a sharp black blade cutting the water with a swift, steady motion towards the vessels. Then another, and still another appeared close behind it, and there was no more paddling and splashing where the shark had been fishing awhile ago. Had these ravenous monsters some mysterious instinct by which they knew of the ghastly work that was going on at such a distance? I closed the glass deliberately and put it in my pocket. Without a word I sat down on the sand and began to load my pistols, putting two bullets into each, and carefully picking and wiping the flints. Every man at once followed my example; and it was like the sudden breaking of a spell, the mere act of doing something suggestive of hostile action seeming to relieve the fearful tension. None of us could guess how it all was to end, but the consciousness of being well armed and able to make a good fight put new vigor into us all, and we began calmly to discuss the situation. By this time we felt certain that we had not been seen, and as there was

little likelihood of the pirates coming ashore, except in pursuit of us, we felt easy on that score. But we were not in a talkative humor, and no unnecessary words were said. The condition of things was not conducive to appetite, but as we had put off from the ship without breakfasting, a bag of biscuit and a kid of boiled junk had been put into the boat for the crew, and the ward-room steward had lowered in for my use a hamper of cold provisions and a couple of bottles of wine, with a jug of special Hollands. These, in default of any more substantial enemy, we proceeded to attack, and the taste of the food seemed to kindle up our hunger, so that a pretty hearty meal soon brought all of our manhood back to us.

I knew that the island was very narrow at one point, and it came to my mind that if we could get the pinnace into the backwater we could make the upper end of Sullivan's Island and reach Charles Town in time to give the alarm and start an expedition to capture the murderous villains whom we had caught red-handed in the very act of most atrocious piracy. After a short consultation with old Futtocks, we decided to leave the seamen and the marine to keep a sharp lookout, while we two should cautiously crawl through the scrub on an exploring tour. As we worked on painfully through the myrtles and saw-palmettos, the utter hopelessness of my plan became more and more evident. Although our craft was not really a pinnace, she was a long ten-oared boat such as usually goes — though incorrectly — by that name, and even a full crew of able seamen could not possibly have dragged her across those bush-covered sand-hills. Indeed, how we six men, four being just out of hospital and one more than sixty years old, had ever hauled her to where she then lay is a mystery solvable only by the old saw that "Needs must when the devil drives;" and I began to doubt whether, that necessity be-

ing over, we should ever get her back into the water without the help of a spring-tide, for which this was not the season. However, I said nothing, and after much toiling we managed to cross the ridge, this proving to be very narrow, and found ourselves on the back beach, to the great dismay of some thousands of those strange, small crabs called "fidlers," that scuttled away to their holes in the mud, holding up their enormous right claws from which that name is given them. There, sure enough, was the narrow inlet, and right across it the Sullivan's Island shore, thickly overgrown with myrtles making down close to a narrow strip of beach, on which were feeding a flock of those birds, with long and curving bills, known as Spanish curlews. But we could not hope even to swim across, it being impossible to reach the water on account of the quicksands and the soft pluff mud. There was nothing for it but to get back as quickly as we might to the men and wait for night to hide us; and so back we went, with what speed we could make, and with very bad consequences to our smallclothes. We had been gone something more than an hour, and as we came out into the open our surprise may be imagined at finding neither brig nor schooner in sight. The mystery was soon explained by the men, whom we found still concealing themselves behind the sand-hills. Just after we had left them, they saw the schooner cast off from the brig and drift away from her on the current. The wretches had finished their horrid work, and afterwards scuttled the ill-fated craft; for in a little while she began to settle by the head, and then suddenly heeled over to starboard, her stern cocking up out of water, and, plunging her bows, went down all standing, leaving nothing to show that she had ever been except a few hencoops, hatches, and other light hamper that the glass showed tossing on the swirling sea. But dreadful as is always such a sight to a sailor's eyes, it was an actual relief to us after

all the horrors we had witnessed that morning.

Meanwhile there was some great commotion on board the schooner. Every rag of canvas disappeared like magic, and even her bare topmasts were unfurled and sent down. Two boats were lowered, and our Nightingales believed that our time had come at last. They crawled behind the wreck, determined to stand them off while the powder should last, and then "Boarders away!" for a death-charge with cutlasses. But as the villainous craft swung round, and long sweeps, like a spider's legs, came thrusting through her ports, it was seen that the boats were towing her shoreward, helped for all they were worth by the steady pushing of her crew; and, sure enough, there she was, creeping stealthily inshore towards a clump of tall palmettos that we could just make out to the north of us, whether on our island or not we could not tell. I have already said that I am no coward, but my heart went into my sea-boots as I looked at her, when a thought suddenly struck me. Had something frightened these sea-tigers from their prey, and were they sneaking in for concealment in some well-known hiding-place until the danger should be over? Jumping to my feet, I swept the horizon with the glass, and, right enough, there was a blur of white against the blue of the sky, — the upper canvas of a large ship, still hull down, in the distance! I passed the glass to Futtocks, and the old fellow looked through it so long that the blur became to the naked eye a distinct patch of white canvas before he jumped into the air and cracked his heels together in a regular fo'castle hornpipe step, shouting, "Glory to God! it's the auld Nightingale hersel'! I'd swear to the set o' thae to'gallant yards outen a whole fleet!" Then, shaking both fists at the schooner that was crawling inshore, like some huge venomous insect, as fast as sweeps and tow-lines could take her, he yelled, "We've got ye noo, ye

damned murtherin' deevils! ye bloody, shark-hearted dogs o' hell! ye woman-killin' scum o' the scuppers! I doot na ye did n't knaw that Nightingales have claws, but ye 'll knaw it noo! It's jolly fun ye have drownin' honest sailormen, is it? But we 'll dress your ship for ye, we will, an' we 'll man your yards for ye, too, wi' ane o' ye hangin' frae every earring, fore an' aft, up to the royals!" Exactly how this threat was to be enforced on a schooner-rigged craft we did not stop to inquire, for the ship was looming larger every minute, sailing close up to the wind on her larboard bow, which was precisely where we wanted it to cross her track before she could make the harbor. There was nothing to fear from the pirate, who was quite too busy with his own affairs to notice us, and who would not dare to send a shot after us, his object being evidently to conceal himself behind the palmettos until the king's ship should be safely out of sight; so, at least, we thought. But opinions sometimes differ. How we got the pinnace down the beach and afloat we could no more tell than we could how we had ever dragged her ashore, but it seemed like half a lifetime before we were once more pulling through the surf. It was tougher work than getting in, but we cleared the white water safely. We then stepped the mast, ran up the sail, and headed straight for the ship's forefoot, she being now full in sight under easy sail, all unconscious of the awful tragedy that she might so easily have prevented. Suddenly we saw her come about on the other tack, and at the same moment, almost, her royals were set, the reefs shaken out of her courses, and in less time than I can write it the lines of her spars and rigging were lost in a cloud of canvas. The next minute there was a dull boom behind us, and a round-shot came ricochetting over the water within a half cable-length of our stern. A glance at the schooner showed her with topmasts in place and all sail set, the

Jolly Roger fluttering at her peak, and the long black pennant blowing out from her truck as stiff as a piece of painted tin, while her slender bowsprit pointed out to sea and her long upper spars bent like whip-sticks before the wind. A flash from her stern-port, and another shot came dancing after us; but it fell shorter than the first, for she was fast leaving us in her reckless effort to outrun the ship. Evidently the corvette's movements had told the pirate that he was sighted, and that, all chance of concealment being over, his only safety lay in a clean pair of heels. In sheer bravado he had shown his colors to the king's ship, probably thinking that he could easily shake her off, as no doubt he had often rid himself of others like her. But it looked as if we were to be left in the lurch altogether, when the Nightingale came up into the wind, backed her sails, and lay to waiting for us to run alongside. In another half-hour we were on board, our fearful story was told, and the corvette, whose previous chase proved to be only an innocent slaver, was dashing the foam from her cutwater in full chase of the schooner, with the wind on her best point; the pirate evidently making for the dangerous shoals off the North Carolina coast, where her light draught would easily enable her to give us the slip.

I need not dwell on the next five or six hours, during which the ship was got ready for the desperate job in hand. The horrible story had spread like wildfire among our crew, and every face I looked at was glowing with the excitement of the hunt, while the hard, determined set of every mouth and the glitter of every eye showed the bitter hatred such as only an honest sailorman can feel towards his natural enemy the pirate. Even the little reefers gripped their dirk handles and fairly shrieked the orders they were sent to carry. The men looked lovingly at the boarding-pikes and battle-axes which they were setting in their racks about the masts, and at the piles

of shrapnel, cases of canister, and heaps of bar and chain shot that they were putting handily in place near the guns. Lord William had called me into his cabin, and listened gravely to the details of the bloody sights I had seen that morning. "It must be that infernal devil Gonzago Gomez," he said, "in the Terror. The murderous wretch has been for two years the scourge of the Spanish seas. I have chased him twice before, and he has slipped me each time, but I think he is on his last cruise now. I will follow him to New York if he keeps the sea, or cut him out with the boats if he runs inshore. He's not at home on these shoals and flats as he is among the keys of the southern Floridas, and he would not be here now if he had known of your fortunate requisition on this ship, which he thinks is cruising south of the Barbados."

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, the chase having been constantly in sight, that the lookout forward sung out something, and a midddy came tumbling aft, in his excitement almost forgetting to salute, with the report that the pirate seemed to be aground about three miles away on the larboard quarter. As we sprang up the companion-ladder to the deck, we saw at a glance what had happened. The treacherous shoals along this coast stretch far out to sea, and the schooner, keeping purposely as near in as she dared, had, sure enough, run aground on one of them, and four boats were already tugging at her as she lay rolling and lurching in the swell. "Crowd on everything, Mr. Maidman," shouted Lord William to the lieutenant in charge of the deck, "and send two men to heave the lead! Open on him as soon as the range will allow. If it is Gomez," he added, turning to me, "he'll fire his magazine and blow her out of the water, if he fails to get her off; but I am greatly mistaken if he does n't wait to make a fight first, in the hope of doing us some mischief before he goes."

We were fairly surging through the water now, the ship lying over until her lee scuppers were running with the seas she was shipping, every stayline and stunsail boom straining with bellying canvas, and still the pirate's boats were tugging at her, first one way, then another. Nearer and nearer we drew, the leadsmen chanting their monotonous song, until we could see the schooner's decks swarming with bustling, hurrying forms, and one wild-looking figure clinging to the foremast shrouds as he leaned over apparently directing the efforts of the men in the boats. "Try the range, Mr. Maidman, with the bow-chaser," said his lordship. In a moment more the long eighteen-pounder was trained, a cloud of white smoke and a heavy report followed, and a round-shot went skipping over the water, falling far short of the stranded vessel. There was no reply, and a moment after three of the boats ranged close to the schooner's side and were soon swinging at the davits, while their crews leaped to the deck. One boat, however, seemed to be parleying with the man in the shrouds; then it headed shorewards and shot away from the schooner, the men bending desperately to their oars. It was a ten-oared gig, fully manned, and was steered, as the glass made out, by a man in a red shirt, with his head bound up in a handkerchief. This boat had gotten about two cable-lengths away when a puff of smoke rose up, and before the dull report could reach us we saw that a heavy charge of grape had gone crashing into her, sweeping the oarsmen from the thwarts, splintering the oars, and crushing in the planking like an egg-shell. The red-shirted coxswain sprang up and fired a pistol at the schooner, and the next minute was struggling in the water along with three of his men, while the shattered boat went down with all the others, who had evidently been killed or hopelessly wounded by the discharge. "By Heaven! that's pirate's discipline with a vengeance!" said an

officer who stood near me. "Those scoundrels were trying to save their bacon by deserting, and the desperate villain turned his guns on them. See there! at that rate there'll not be many for the yard-arm." As he spoke a smaller puff spurted out, as from a musket-shot, and red-shirt flung up his hands and disappeared. A second man, who had nearly reached the vessel, went down, probably helped by a pistol-ball, while the other two swam to the schooner's stern and clambered up ropes that were flung to them from the deck. But just then a shot came howling over our quarter-deck, and then another slap through our fore-course. The corvette's long bow-chaser bellowed out a reply, and this time we saw the splinters fly just above the schooner's water-line amidships. "I think we may give him the broadside now," said Lord William, as calmly as if he had said, "I think we'll have another bottle, steward." The order was passed, "Luff her up! steady so!" to the man at the wheel. The ship swung half round and heeled over to starboard as her larboard battery spoke out all together. For a moment the heavy smoke cloud hid everything from sight, and as it slowly drifted away we saw the pirate schooner a hopeless wreck, her after-bulwarks gone, her mainmast cut clean in halves, the upper part hanging in a tangle of ropes and broken spars, and her foresail flapping unmanageably, the boom shattered by a round-shot. No colors were visible, but a moment later a man went shinning up the foremast, and the black flag fluttered out in the wind as he nailed it to the topmast. Had it been the colors of any nation under heaven, our brave fellows would have cheered themselves hoarse in honor of a gallant enemy; but they only cursed more deeply. The schooner, being hard aground, was of course entirely at our mercy, — or would have been if we had had any, — but the corvette was obliged to come about again to bring her starboard battery into action, and this ma-

nœuvre left us for a moment exposed to a raking fire; the range, by this time, was short enough for grape, and the murderous pirates were not slow to seize the advantage. Their long stern gun spoke out as our bows swung past, with a roar which told that they had crammed it to the muzzle, and a storm of shot swept the deck from stem to stern, cutting shrouds, splintering woodwork, and killing three poor fellows outright, four more having to be carried, badly wounded, to the cockpit. One of these was poor old Futtocks, whose right arm was smashed at the elbow; but the game old sea-dog shook his left fist at the wreck as he passed down the shivered companionway, and growled out, "There's one left to help run ye up to the yard-arm, ye bloody, murderin' deevils! Drown sailormen like blind puppies, will ye? Stretchin' your craigs is too good for such bloody dogfish! Ye ought to be drowned in bilge water!" "There'll be none to hang when this row is over," remarked Lord William, as he lowered his glass. "If he does n't blow up his magazine, I'll do it for him. To board him would be only a useless sacrifice of the lives of our brave fellows. There! what did I tell you!"

A heavy report came from the schooner, as a cloud of smoke and fire, mixed with huge splinters, tore up her deck. She lurched over until her coppers showed above the water, and righted again, seeming little the worse for the explosion. "By Heaven, he's failed! thrown away his last trump and lost the rubber!" said his lordship. "Bear down on him, Mr. Maidman, and give him all you've got." We were now so near that we could see the terrible effects of our fire. The pirate's deck was littered with dead and dying men. Her guns were all silenced, but the few wretches left alive began to open on us with small arms, which, however, did no damage. The next instant the Nightingale's broadside roared out on the evening air, and was followed by a

fearful crash of timbers. As the smoke cleared off, we saw where the schooner had been only a shapeless mass of smashed wood and ragged cordage, the foremast gone, the hull torn and gaping and cut down almost to the water-line. In deeper water the whole thing would have gone to the bottom. The sea was littered with wreckage, but the bowsprit still projected from a few square feet of the forward deck that remained clinging to the stem. On the heel of the spar two men were standing: one, a large, red-bearded ruffian, his face covered with smut and blood; the other, a small, wiry, black-whiskered, tawny-skinned Spaniard, with large gold hoops in his ears and an old-fashioned bell-muzzled blun-

derbuss in his hands. The burly villain suddenly jerked a white handkerchief from his belt and waved it toward the *Nightingale*. The next moment, before he could know what had hurt him, he went down with a great splash into the sea, riddled with bullets from the Spaniard's gun, his clothing on fire from the burning powder. A musket-shot flashed from the corvette's foretop, and Gomez, the scourge of the Caribbean, dropped into the hungry water with a bullet through his brain. The *Terror* and her bloody-hearted commander were but a nightmare story of the past, and the lusty cheers that went up from our deck were the strangest *Nightingale's* song that the world had ever heard.

Robert Wilson.

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

AN officer of the American navy has lately aroused widespread interest in the influence of sea power upon history. For England the subject has a very special significance. Supremacy at sea is the only safeguard of her world empire. Will she be able to maintain this supremacy against all possible combinations of her powerful rivals? Thoughtful Englishmen, endeavoring to answer this question by learning the lessons of the past, are to-day turning their attention to the beginning of their glorious naval history, to the great crisis of the sixteenth century, from which, thanks to her fleet, England emerged grandly victorious.

Froude and Motley have described with great brilliancy the defeat of the Ar-

mada, but nobody has drawn a complete and accurate picture of the battles. An endeavor, therefore, to weave the authentic Spanish and English evidence¹ into an impartial description of an event so momentous will not seem superfluous.

The acquisition of England had always been one of the principal aims of Philip II. He at first attempted it by the peaceful method of marriage. As Mary Tudor's husband he had been titular king of England, and had afterwards sued for the hand of Elizabeth. Baffled in this suit, he began to entertain the idea of acquiring the country by force of arms, but halted long on his proverbial "leaden foot" before he deemed the time come to realize it. During the nineteen years of her captivity,

¹ The Spanish materials consist chiefly of the documents published by Cesáreo Fernandez Duro in his *La Armada Invencible*. Froude copied, at Simancas, several important Spanish manuscripts not published by Duro, and deposited his transcripts in the British Museum,

where I made use of them. The English materials consist of manuscripts in the British Museum and London Record Office. These have just been edited in two volumes for the Navy Records Society, London, by Professor J. K. Laughton.

Mary Queen of Scots inspired Catholic Europe to form endless plans for invading England; but they all came to naught, because Philip, whose aid was regarded as essential, steadily refused to take part in an enterprise which promised only to serve the ends of the great rival power, France. Guise, one of the most zealous advocates of the invasion, was a Frenchman. His father had beaten Philip's father at Metz. Mary Stuart's mother was a Guise, and she herself had once been queen of France. Since the formation of the League, however, Guise had become Philip's ally against the French king and the Huguenots. France, torn by civil war, was no longer in a position to interfere in the conquest of England. Philip's dread of Mary Stuart's French sympathies had also been relieved when she bequeathed him her rights to the throne of England. Her death brought about what she had vainly hoped and striven for in life. No sooner had Philip heard of the tragedy at Fotheringay than he decided irrevocably upon the invasion, since it could now be undertaken for the aggrandizement of Spain alone.

In sending forth the Armada, Philip appeared to Catholic Europe as the avenger of a saintly martyr to the Catholic cause. In reality he was hastening to enter upon his inheritance. Yet his religious motives must not be overlooked. In his mind, greed of power and zeal for Holy Church were inseparably confused. While the conquest of Great Britain meant a vast increase of his empire, it meant also the restoration of the country to the true faith, and was thus, he easily persuaded himself, a service especially acceptable to the Almighty.

Both because the war was a religious one and because the anxious king wished to make sure of Heaven's favor for his ambitious project, he proclaimed that his chief object in sending the Armada was to serve the Lord and deliver the souls of oppressed English Catholics. Officers

and men were exhorted to live blameless lives, as became soldiers of the Church. Severe penalties were fixed for blasphemy against "our Lord, our Lady, or the saints," for brawling or dueling, for unchastity. Even the flags, showing, besides the arms of Spain, the figures of Christ and the Virgin, symbolized the double nature of the invasion. Every evening, at sunset, the ships' boys were to chant, at the foot of the mainmast, the Ave Maria, and every Saturday evening the Salve as well.

The Armada was to be commanded by the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the most distinguished officer in the Spanish navy, a weather-beaten old hero who was said never to have lost a battle. But Santa Cruz died in the midst of his preparations. Philip chose as his successor the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, whose only claims to distinction were high birth and enormous wealth. He knew absolutely nothing of naval warfare, having been on the water only enough to know that he was subject to seasickness. What induced the king to make this fatal choice is an unsolved riddle.

Medina-Sidonia's instructions bade him sail straight to Margate roads. The Duke of Parma was to come across from Flanders with his army and join him here as soon as possible after the arrival of the Armada. As he sailed up channel, he was not especially to seek or to avoid an engagement. In case, however, an English fleet off Margate should prevent Parma's transports from crossing, the admiral was to risk a decisive battle.

The Armada left the mouth of the Tagus on May 30th. The high-built, clumsy galleons made no progress against the northerly winds. After tacking out and in for a whole fortnight, they were still in the latitude of Lisbon. Not till June 10th did they get a fair wind. On the 19th it was blowing a gale, and Medina-Sidonia put for shelter, with part of his ships, into Coruña. The rest expected to enter the harbor the next

morning, but were scattered and crippled during the stormy night. The inexperienced admiral was discouraged, and wrote advising the king, since the fleet was dispersed and many of the men were ill, the provisions bad and scanty, crews and officers inefficient, to seek an honorable peace with England. Here was a startling revelation of his character. He was longing to abandon the expedition before he had seen an enemy or so much as left the shores of Spain. It was a piece of inexcusable folly that Philip did not seize this opportunity to retrieve his error, and appoint in Medina-Sidonia's stead an efficient veteran; Recalde, for instance, who had served under Santa Cruz, and was regarded, since the latter's death, as the first sea-warrior in Spain.

The king, however, with characteristic tenacity, refused to acknowledge his mistake, and bade the admiral collect and repair the fleet and start afresh. Soon all was in order. After several days of stormy weather, it began, in the evening of July 21st, to clear. The sun rose next morning upon a scene impressive and singularly beautiful. The mightiest fleet ever built in Christendom was floating majestically, before a light, south-westerly breeze, down the harbor and past the fair vineyards of Coruña. The great sails hung listlessly from the yards. Early in the afternoon the wind had fallen to a calm. It seemed as if the Armada, with a foreboding that only a shattered remnant of these proud ships and high-spirited warriors would ever return, was leaving Spain with sad reluctance.

Soon the wind came up from the south, and the galleons could be laid upon their course for England. The blue hills of Spain gradually sank into the sea. On the 27th the Armada encountered a fearful storm. The Spanish sailors declared they had never known such a high sea at that time of year. The next morning forty sail were missing. It was found

that they had simply been driven ahead. On the 29th, after the ships had been got together again, there was a cry of "Land!" The men on the lookout had descried the gray ridge of the Lizard. It was a solemn moment. With mingled feelings of hope and anxiety, the chivalry of Spain now caught a first glimpse of the country which they had set forth to conquer for their king and their Church. Amidst the roar of cannon, Medina-Sidonia ran a flag up to his foretop, embroidered with a Christ on the cross, the Virgin, and the Magdalene. Officers and men fell on their knees for thanksgiving and prayer. Soon the Spaniards saw along the shore the glare of beacon-fires flashing from hill to hill the news that the invaders of England were upon her.

The English admiral, Lord Howard, got the startling tidings in Plymouth, the day that the Armada sighted the Lizard. That very night he worked his fleet out of harbor in the teeth of a southwester, and ran out the next day as far as the Eddystone. It was dark and rainy. At last the English sailors, peering with ill-concealed excitement through the gloom, made out the indistinct outlines of the great Armada.

Before the fighting begins it will be essential to give some description of the fleets. The Spaniards had a hundred and thirty-two vessels, with seven thousand sailors and seventeen thousand soldiers. Of these ships, fifty-nine were first-rates, averaging seven hundred and twenty-six tons and carrying an average of twenty-six guns. The other vessels had much fewer guns, except the four galleasses, which had fifty each. The Spanish first-rates, though somewhat lightly built, had two huge masts with very large sails, besides two smaller masts at bow and stern. The largest galleons drew from twenty-five to thirty feet. The galleasses were very large galleys, each propelled by three hundred rowers.

The English fleet consisted, in the Ar-

mada year, of one hundred and ninety-six vessels and fifteen thousand men. The greatest number of ships present in any fight was one hundred and thirty, with perhaps ten thousand men. Of these ships, the twenty-three largest varied from one thousand to three hundred tons.

Though the Spaniards had many more heavy ships than their opponents, several of the English ships were equal in tonnage to the largest galleons. The latter, however, looked bigger on account of their higher poops and forecastles. The English ships also were very high, according to our present ideas. The largest of them, no bigger than a good-sized yacht of to-day, measured one hundred feet on the keel. Their greatest length, owing to an overhang fore and aft, was one hundred and fifty feet. Lower built and better rigged, they easily outsailed the Spaniards. The queen's best ships had four masts, two forward, each with two yards, the others with one each. There was also a little mast on the bowsprit.

Unfortunately, the data are not adequate to an accurate comparison of the English and Spanish armaments. The hardest fighting was done by about twenty-two Spanish and fourteen English ships. These two squadrons had on the average about the same number of guns. Since the guns of the Spanish squadron were not very inferior in weight, their absolutely greater number was a considerable advantage. It may, however, be accepted that the armament of the English fleet as a whole was somewhat heavier than that of the Armada. Yet the English owed their great success, not to a slight superiority of armament, but to their splendid artillery practice. They greatly surpassed the Spaniards in both quickness and accuracy of fire.

Such were the fleets which were just heaving in sight of each other. The cautious Spanish admiral thought the day too far spent for a battle, and lay to for the night. In the small hours of the morning the moon came out, and by her

light the Spaniards could see English ships flitting past and getting to windward. By sunrise on the 31st of July about sixty of them had got the weather-gauge. The rest, a little squadron of eleven, now joined these, saucily tacking past the Armada and exchanging shots with it.

Meanwhile, Medina-Sidonia had given the signal to clear for action. His fleet extended from north to south in a line which, curving from its centre gradually westward, resembled a crescent. Leyva, who was to succeed Medina-Sidonia in case of mishap, commanded the ships which formed the northern horn, Recalde the south wing, and Medina-Sidonia himself the centre.

It was now nine o'clock. The Lord Admiral Howard, with a touch of chivalrous formality, let his pinnace *Disdain* sail towards the Armada "to give the Duke of Medina defiance." Then the whole English fleet, led by Howard in the *Ark*, bore down in admirable order before the westerly wind. When within cannon-shot they turned to the south, and, as they glided by with wind abeam, poured forth their broadsides. In a moment they had rushed past, and were now opposite the southern division of the crescent. The ships of this division retired hastily towards the centre, leaving their commander, Recalde, to fight alone. He held his ground nobly. Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and many others pounded him with their heavy guns, but refused, in spite of the odds in their favor, to close and fight hand to hand. Soon the battle had become general. Leyva left the northern wing, and, after a rash attempt to engage Howard, was quickly surrounded and exposed to a galling fire. Meanwhile, Howard had found in *Pimentel*, captain of the *San Mateo*, a foe worthy of his mettle. The fray was still hottest on the southern wing, where Recalde continued to bear the brunt of it. Though nobody came to his rescue, he kept up the unequal contest for hours.

Medina-Sidonia, hoping he would retire, rounded to and waited for him instead of drifting along before the west wind, like the rest of the Armada. When the English saw the Spanish admiral thus lagging behind, three of their ships led down upon him and opened fire. Soon after midday Howard suddenly ran up to his masthead the signal for retreat. The whole English fleet turned and flew away, close-hauled, leaving the astonished Spaniards far to leeward.

Recalde had sustained his reputation as the best seaman that Spain possessed. He could not have held out much longer. The English guns had played such havoc that his crew were busy with repairs till noon of the next day.

Medina-Sidonia followed the retreating English with a few galleons, but soon saw how vain was the attempt to catch them. The Spaniards were amazed to see the English ships slipping away, as it seemed to them, in the very eye of the wind. The baffled Armada wore round and proceeded slowly up channel.

Though the first skirmish with the Armada had been in no way decisive, the English had certainly done more damage than they had suffered. It is curious to see Medina-Sidonia's impression of the encounter. After the smoke had blown away, he sat down and wrote a letter to Parma. He said that Recalde, though for a time in some danger, had by his undaunted resistance made the enemy withdraw. He did not call this flight, nor did he think the Armada had won a victory; on the contrary, the mysterious tactics of the English, who were still hovering in full view a few miles to windward, troubled him. He could not understand, if they were really formidable, why they had not risked a decisive engagement.

The Spaniards had constantly tried to grapple and board. It was a bitter disappointment to them that the English, who with their fast ships could fight as they chose, obstinately refused to come

to "hand strokes." For there was a large army on board the Armada. Had it been possible to grapple and send those splendid veterans into the enemy's ships, the Spaniards would have had excellent chances of victory.

The inability to board was not the only disheartening feature of the fight. The slowness of the galleons was to blame for that. There was, however, no excuse for the disgraceful cowardice of the captains who had fled and left Recalde to resist a whole fleet alone.

While the Spaniards were perplexed and dissatisfied, the English had a right to be pleased with their Sunday morning's work. On the shelves of the London Record Office are many autograph letters written by Howard, Drake, and other Elizabethan worthies during the stirring Armada days. They are yellow with age, and so badly scrawled that the recipients must have found great difficulty in deciphering them. One of Howard's and one of Drake's bear the date of the battle of Plymouth.

"I will not trouble you with any long letter," says Howard. "We are at present otherwise occupied than with writing." In the fight, he continues, perhaps slightly overestimating his success, "we made some of them to bear room¹ to stop their leaks." Nevertheless, the Armada had struck him as very formidable. "We durst not put in among them, their fleet being so strong." Scarred and weather-beaten Drake, too, who had spent his life fighting Spaniards on every sea, looked for a hard struggle. "They are determined to sell their lives with blows," he writes.

Not long after the unexpected retreat of the enemy, the Spaniards saw them drawing near again. The Armada rounded to. Immediately the wary English did the same. Howard was unwilling to expose his fleet till the forty ships still in Plymouth harbor had joined him. While the Spaniards were awaiting an at-

¹ To leeward.

tack, the air was suddenly rent by a terrific explosion. Anticipating a renewal of the morning's fight, the captain of the San Salvador had been getting his powder-casks ready, when, owing to careless handling, they ignited and blew up the castle-like structure of the stern. The water began to pour in. The rigging collapsed. Part of the crew sprang into the sea, others were brought off in boats. Many had been killed or mutilated by the explosion. Several galleons hastened to the rescue, and, after the fire had been mastered, took the shattered San Salvador in tow.

Nor was this the only accident of the eventful Sunday. After the fight, Recalde sent word to Don Pedro de Valdes, admiral of the Andalusia squadron, that "his galleon was sore beaten," and begged him to come to his relief. While, in compliance with this request, he was bearing down towards his old companion in arms, Valdes fouled successively two galleons, carrying away his bowsprit and suffering other serious damage. He immediately notified Medina-Sidonia, asking him to wait till his hurts could be repaired. Meanwhile the sea rose, and Valdes's crippled ship rolled so badly that her foremast broke clean off close to the deck. Valdes informed the duke of his new mishap, and discharged his guns as a signal of distress. The duke gave order that he should be taken in tow. This order was not carried out, and, as Valdes afterwards wrote from his English prison, Medina-Sidonia, "even as if we had not been your Majesty's subjects nor employed in your service, discharged a piece to call the fleet together and followed his course, leaving me comfortless." Valdes exchanged shots with the enemy during the night, "hoping still that the duke would not use so great inhumanity and unthankfulness towards me; for greater, I think, was never heard of among men." The next day he struck his flag to Drake, who sent the galleon to Dartmouth. Val-

des, however, and a few of his officers remained with Drake, and had the remarkable experience of witnessing the defeat of the Armada from his ship, the Revenge, which was always in the thickest of the fight.

Medina-Sidonia's incapacity had now cost him one of his best ships and one of his most distinguished officers. Valdes had commanded the Spanish fleet on the coast of Holland in Don Juan's time, and his knowledge of the Channel would have proved most useful. As if this loss was not enough, the ship which had exploded on Sunday afternoon also fell into the enemy's hands, the next day, after a bungling attempt to sink her, and proved a valuable prize. Lord Thomas Howard and John Hawkins went aboard her, "where they saw a very pitiful sight, — the deck of the ship fallen down, the steerage broken, the stern blown out, and about fifty poor creatures burnt with powder in most miserable sort." Both ships furnished Howard with ammunition, of which he was sorely in need.

These two mishaps had a most depressing effect upon the Spaniards, to whom they seemed an omen of complete disaster. Their confidence in their admiral was shaken. Fearing to share Valdes's fate if they allowed their ships to be battered by the enemy, they felt little encouragement to deeds of prowess.

Medina-Sidonia determined to hasten on his way towards Parma, and waste no more time upon an enemy who, attempting only to harass and impede him, would not fight a decisive battle. He united the north and south wings, thus forming a very strong rearguard, which was to keep the English at bay. He commanded his *sargentos mayores* to hang at once any captain who should leave the post now assigned him. The duke's decision to hasten up channel was quite justifiable. Nevertheless, it must have struck the Spaniards, humiliated and discouraged as they were by the occurrences of Sunday, that their present

course bore an unpleasant resemblance to flight.

Sunday night the English fleet had been ordered to follow Drake's ship, which was to carry a special light; but late in the evening Drake started off in pursuit of certain hulks which he mistook for Spaniards. Having thus lost their guide, most of the English fleet stayed behind, while Howard and a few others continued to follow the Armada. At sunrise the English admiral could see nothing of his fleet save a few topsails whitening here and there the western horizon. Very many of the stragglers, among them Drake, who stopped to capture Valdes, did not overtake Howard till late Monday evening. Had his fleet been together, he would perhaps have repeated the performance of Sunday. At all events, he would not yet have risked a great battle. His chief object was to keep the enemy from landing, and at the same time to weaken him as much as possible without great risk to his own fleet.

At sunrise, Tuesday, August 2d, the fleets were off the Isle of Portland. The wind was blowing from the northeast, so that the Armada was at last to windward. The English were all sailing close-hauled towards the shore, hoping to regain the weather-gauge. Medina-Sidonia was determined, if possible, to keep his advantage, and went off on the same tack, followed by the whole Armada. As the fleets, owing to the better weatherly qualities of the English, drew nearer and nearer, Howard, seeing that he could not get by on that tack, went about. When the English were in stays, the Spaniards slackened sheets and swept down upon them, hoping that their nimble enemy could no longer escape a hand-to-hand encounter.

It was an imposing spectacle. The countless oars of the galleasses were flashing in the sunlight. The towering galleons, as they bore down under full sail, looked as if they might ram and sink

the low-built English without firing a gun. The Regazona, largest of the galleons, was leading the Spaniards, and made directly for Howard, firing into him and trying to close. He allowed her to get very near, then filled and backed away in a twinkling. The other galleons had no better success. Medina-Sidonia's chief hope of boarding now rested with the galleasses. They attacked a little cluster of English ships, among them Frobisher's Triumph, which were already engaged in a hot fight with several big galleons; but the galleasses, rowed by unwilling slaves, could not get near enough to throw grappling-hooks into the enemy's rigging. They too had to content themselves with replying as best they could to the incessant fire of the English guns. Many ships on both sides were scarcely more than lookers-on.

Soon, as often happens in the Channel, the wind began to go round with the sun. It shifted to southeast, and soon to south-southwest, putting the English in their turn to windward. A strong division of them now charged the main body of the Armada, leaving to the southwestward Frobisher and his group still engaged with a Spanish detachment. They bore with free sheets straight down upon Recalde, who was always present where the hardest blows might be expected. Leyva hastened to his support, while Medina-Sidonia sent the ships about him to help Recalde, and started off close-hauled to the westward, hoping to tack through the enemy and succor the galleasses and galleons which were fighting Frobisher. He had already left the English, who were now engaged in a furious fight with Recalde and Leyva, somewhat to leeward, when Howard, seeing Medina-Sidonia's design, and fearing that Frobisher might be caught in a trap, suddenly left Recalde and hastened to the rescue. On his way he had to pass Medina-Sidonia, who was now quite isolated. When he saw Howard leading down upon him, he short-

ened sail and waited for him. Howard approached within musket-shot before firing a gun, and, as he sailed by, discharged a terrific broadside at this short range. He was followed by a long line of ships, which likewise fired into Medina-Sidonia as they passed; but he replied so fiercely that, as the Spaniards noticed complacently, the second half of the English line did not venture so near as the first. Recalde, Leyva, and Oquendo hastened to the support of their hard-pressed admiral, who was now attacked by a fresh group of English. The fighting became desperate. As a gentleman on board the *San Martin* wrote, Oquendo completely "hid his ship in the smoke of his guns and made Fame jealous." The Spaniards were inspired anew with the hope of grappling, but every attempt was foiled. This was maddening. It seemed, one of them said, as if their galleons were anchored, while the English vessels had wings. By this time Howard had succeeded in driving off the ships which were besetting Frobisher. It was now late in the afternoon. Medina-Sidonia, unable to close, and unwilling longer to expose the Armada to a fire so much more deadly than his own, collected his scattered ships and started up channel again.

The next day there was but little fighting. Howard, whose ammunition had been nearly exhausted by the quick firing, decided to await a fresh supply. Meanwhile he arranged his fleet in four squadrons, commanded by himself, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher. Medina-Sidonia, on the other hand, took advantage of the favorable wind and weather to hasten on towards Parma.

Thursday morning, August 4th, the fleets had reached the Isle of Wight. The wind had fallen to a calm. A galleon which had lagged behind during the night was drifting along not far ahead of Hawkins's squadron. Hoping to make a prize of her, Hawkins ordered boats lowered, and had a number of his ships

towed so near that the boats were beaten off with musket-shot. The galleasses, however, darted over the smooth water to the rescue. The lord admiral and his kinsman, Lord Thomas Howard, immediately towed within range of the galleasses, and raked them so effectively with their heavy guns that they had not the courage to close. "One of them was fain to be carried away upon the careen," wrote an Englishman who saw the fight, "and another, by a shot from the *Ark*, lost her lantern, which came swimming by, and the third his nose." The galleasses "were never seen in fight any more, so bad was their entertainment in this encounter." Both fleets looked on, until "at length it began to blow a little gale" from the south. This enabled Leyva to bring a few ships to the relief of the galleasses. At the same time, Frobisher, followed by some of the best ships of his squadron, bore down upon Medina-Sidonia, who had sailed back with part of his vanguard to take part in the fight. He now formed with his consorts the north wing of the Armada. Frobisher and his companions came closer than any English ships had done as yet, and they hulled Medina-Sidonia's galleon so often that he thought they were using bigger guns than hitherto and firing from a lower deck. Soon, Recalde, Oquendo, and others came up and drove their ships between their admiral and the English. In the confusion of battle Frobisher's *Triumph* fell away to leeward of these Spaniards. The duke and Recalde at once bore down upon him and cut him off entirely from his consorts. He was in great danger. The eager Spaniards thought he could not elude them, but suddenly a number of boats dropped like a flash over the side of his ship, and their crews got her clear with a few vigorous strokes. Her sails filled again, and she spurted away from her amazed and disappointed pursuers. They had never seen ships handled in this fashion before. Meanwhile, How-

ard, seeing Frobisher's danger, had sailed into the Spaniards with such unwonted rashness that they again hoped he would close and furnish them with what they now called *solo el remedio de la victoria*, their only chance of victory. But this was not to be; and Medina-Sidonia, with a heavy heart, laid the Armada once more upon its eastward course.

As an officer on the San Martin wrote the king, the progress of the Armada up channel was "like an intermittent fever." There had been a battle every other day. Medina-Sidonia had again been inveigled into wasting time upon the enemy. It was St. Dominic's Day. The Armada's flags were flying in his honor. The superstitious Spaniards thought they must surely beat the impudent heretics on the day of this saint, whom the duke was said to count among his ancestors, and to whom he was especially devoted. St. Dominic, however, had been deaf to the prayers of his votaries. The Spaniards had wasted three precious days, and, what was far more serious, the greater part of their ammunition. After the battle the duke wrote Parma, begging him to send ships with a fresh supply.

Howard's magazines were also well-nigh depleted. He determined to fight no more till he arrived in the Downs, when he was to be joined by Seymour's fleet. In the mean time he could supply his needs from the shore.

All day Friday it was very calm, and the fleets drifted along in sight of each other. The duke sent off a message to Parma, requesting forty or fifty light craft which could outsail the English and enable him to grapple and board. He was getting anxious, and felt that something must be done to shake off the constantly increasing English fleet, which clung to the Armada like a shadow.

How different was Howard's position! All day long, ships were bringing him men and ammunition. He, like every English sailor, was inspired by the feeling that he was defending his own fire-

side. Receiving constant aid and encouragement from the shore, he was never allowed to forget that the mighty sympathy of a nation on fire with patriotic indignation was behind him.

While the fleets were drifting lazily along, the crew of Howard's flag-ship witnessed a scene which must have deeply impressed them with its noble simplicity. "His lordship," says an eye-witness, "as well in reward for their good services in these former fights as also for the encouragement of the rest, called the Lord Thomas Howard, the Lord Sheffield, Sir Roger Townshend, Sir Martin Frobisher, and Sir John Hawkins, and gave them all the order of knighthood aboard the Ark." The English admiral was satisfied with the way in which his officers and sailors had met the great Armada, and looked forward with manly hopefulness to the great struggle which was yet to come.

Saturday morning the fleets were very near each other, sailing with a fair wind into the Straits of Dover. "The Spaniards went always before the English army like sheep." Before noon the French coast arose above the horizon. At four o'clock the Armada was off Calais. Medina-Sidonia proposed waiting for Parma there instead of sailing on to Dunkirk. He seems long since to have given up the idea of going directly to Margate. His best officers urged him not to stop, but the pilots declared that if he tried to wait off Dunkirk, wind and current were very likely to sweep the Armada out into the North Sea. Alarmed at such a possibility, the duke hurriedly gave orders to drop anchor in Calais roads, and sent an officer to the governor of the town to assure him of his friendly intentions. Not many minutes later, the English fleet, now increased by Seymour's thirty sail, was also riding at anchor a little to windward of the Armada. Howard now had about one hundred and forty ships, and Medina-Sidonia one hundred and thirty.

The anxiety and perplexity of the Spanish admiral were fast increasing. He begged Parma to join the Armada in Calais roads without delay, when they would make for some safe harbor. Medina-Sidonia, who was to clear the passage for Parma's transports, was now imploring aid from him. This was discouraging to both. It was especially maddening to the admiral, who felt that he could annihilate this *endemoniada gente*, the devilish English, if he could only get at them. The Spaniards, as they set out from Coruña, would not have believed that they could fight three battles without thoroughly beating the English fleet. Yet instead of sweeping the enemy from the Channel, they had met with very serious losses, while the English had suffered no damage, and were now twice as strong as in the first encounter. The absolute ignorance as to Parma's movements greatly increased the difficulties of the Spanish admiral, who had been constantly sending dispatches since the 25th of July, and had as yet got no reply, though Parma was now within a few hours' sail. A feeling of uncertainty and dread pervaded the whole Armada. As the ships' boys chanted the *Salve* that Saturday evening, their voices must have trembled with the fervor of heartfelt supplication.

The next morning, as the two fleets lay watching each other, "both riding still," Howard "put out his flag of council." It was decided that, on account of the "great and hugeness of the Spanish army," it could be removed only "by a device of firing ships." Howard resolved to put the plan in execution that very night, and sent Sir Henry Palmer to Dover for "such vessels as were fit to be fired and materials apt to take fire."

This same morning Medina-Sidonia got discouraging news from Parma. A messenger who had left Dunkirk the day before reported that Parma had not arrived there, and that neither troops nor supplies had been put on board the

transports. Medina-Sidonia at once dispatched another message to Parma, urging him to make haste. He admitted that he had already failed in his appointed task. He was incapable of clearing the passage for Parma's transports. "It is impossible," he wrote, "to do anything with the Armada." He hoped, however, that when Parma joined him with his flotilla they could fight their way together across the Channel.

The Englishmen were completing arrangements which soon frustrated this hope. It was impossible for Sir Henry Palmer to get back Sunday evening, but as "occasion would not be overslipped" Howard decided to use some of the worst craft in his fleet as fire-ships. He was determined that the Spaniards should not be allowed to rest and renew their supplies, and, above all, that they should not effect a junction with Parma. The conduct of the English had been consistent from the beginning. They would not permit the enemy to take refuge either on the English coast or in dangerous proximity to it.

Medina-Sidonia had been warned against fire-ships, and was naturally on his guard, since the fleets lay for the first time at anchor, and the wind was blowing straight from the English fleet towards the Armada. Noticing, in the evening, unwonted movement among the English ships, he ordered one of his officers to spend the night in a pinnace, and in case a fire-ship appeared to throw a grapple aboard and tow it ashore, where it could do no damage. He also warned all captains to have boats ready to tow their ships out of harm's way, if the pinnace should fail.

About midnight Howard's preparations were completed. At a given signal, eight ships, all abreast, left the English fleet. Under full sail, and as yet scarcely visible in the darkness, they swept with wind and tide down upon the silent Armada, which was huddled together in a circle. Their crews gave a last look

to make sure that the fire had caught well, then sprang into their boats and rowed back to the fleet. The Spanish watches descried the black vessels moving towards them, and aroused their sleeping comrades, who rushed, half dazed, up the hatchways. The fire soon broke out at the port-holes, and leapt in little tongues of flame along the shrouds, till hulls and sails burst into a lurid mass of conflagration. The guns had been loaded, and added to the startling effect by going off in the flames. The memory of those awful floating mines at Antwerp flashed through the brains of the panic-stricken Spaniards. What if these ships too should be supplied with mines! The Armada might be blown to atoms. In taking his precautions, Medina-Sidonia had not dreamt of so many. Quick as thought cables were cut and sails hoisted. As soon as the burning vessels had passed, the duke signaled his fleet to anchor. The confusion was such that few heard the signal-gun, and only those ships nearest him obeyed. The rest were swept along by wind and tide towards the dangerous coast of Flanders.

Not a storm, as Medina-Sidonia had dreaded, but the skill and activity of the enemy had driven his galleons from Calais roads, and exposed them to the dangers which he had so anxiously tried to avoid. The losses and disappointments during the sail up channel, the increasing strength of the English fleet, the bad news from Parma, the precariousness of their anchorage, had already filled the Spaniards with dark forebodings of disaster. The moment for producing a panic could not have been better chosen. By burning a few small ships the English captains had accomplished more than they could have hoped to do in days of hard fighting.

At sunrise on Monday, the 8th of August, the English saw the scattered Armada far off to leeward. As they were hastily making sail, the chief galleass, which, in the confusion of the night,

had fouled a galleon and carried away her own rudder, caught their attention. She had stayed behind and dropped anchor close under Calais. Howard, followed by several ships, sailed towards the crippled Spaniard, while the rest of his fleet darted off before the wind in pursuit of the discomfited Armada. The galleass rowed ashore in order to escape the English guns, but Howard sent off his long-boat and a pinnace, which, "after a pretty skirmish with our small shot against theirs,"¹ won a "victory above all hope or expectation." The captain of the galleass was killed within the first half-hour by a musket-shot, whereupon most of the crew leapt overboard and fled to the beach. Many of them were drowned. Other English boats now approached, and the few remaining Spaniards "put up two handkerchiefs upon two rapiers, signifying that they desired truce." The victorious English clambered eagerly up the high side of the galleass, "each man seeking his benefit of pillage." They had not been on board long when the governor of Calais sent two French officers, who said the English had by their gallantry earned the right to plunder, but forbade them to take away the ship or her artillery. The English officers gave them a friendly, somewhat evasive answer; but before the Frenchmen could leave the galleass they were seized by a band of rough English sailors, who "fell to spoiling them, taking away their rings and jewels as from enemies." No sooner had they escaped to the shore and indignantly told their story than Calais fort opened fire upon the galleass, forcing the Englishmen to abandon their well-earned prize.

Howard, who had wasted too much time over this stray vessel, now hastened after his fleet, which, as the smoke and the roar of cannon told him, was already engaged in a hot fight.

The westerly wind, before which the

¹ Letter of Richard Tomson, who was in the pinnace.

fire-ships had sailed down upon the Armada, had increased during the small hours of the morning, and, aided by the strong current, had now driven the greater part of the Spaniards far along the coast to the northeastward of Medina-Sidonia. Drake, whose squadron was leading the chase, saw at a glance the possibilities of the situation, and swooped down upon the duke and the cluster of ships which had stayed by him. The Spanish admiral at once weighed anchor, hoping to collect his scattered flock and regain Calais roads. If he sailed after the ships which had gone ahead, his pilots said, he would have to fight on the shoals, where the whole Armada might be driven ashore and lost. He determined, therefore, by standing his ground to give his ships time to get away from the treacherous coast, and sent jolly-boats ahead to warn them of their danger.

It was only six o'clock when Drake reached the duke's little group and began to pound them with his heavy guns, coming near enough to use small arms as well. Medina-Sidonia responded with great spirit, and his gallantry was not without avail. His ships sailed away from the coast and began to collect about him. Leyva, Recalde, Oquendo, and many others were soon pouring their broadsides into the English. Drake had not been long engaged when Frobisher and Hawkins came up with their squadrons and joined in the attack. The fleets were carrying on a running fight, drifting with wind and current constantly eastward. When Howard arrived at nine o'clock they were off Gravelines. The English fleet was now united, and Howard was determined to drive the Armada far out into the North Sea.

The Spaniards, who also were now together again, had formed themselves in a long line running north and south, but so curved that the ends were considerably farther west than the centre, giving, as at Plymouth, the appearance of a crescent. The centre was much

stronger than the wings, although the latter contained many big ships.

Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher were pounding the left wing and the centre, which had grouped itself about Medina-Sidonia. The right wing, or northerly horn of the crescent, had been formed by a large number of galleons, which, after getting clear of the shoals, had kept their northerly course and sailed out behind the Armada. After passing the centre they had sailed closer to the wind, and, about the time of Howard's arrival, were ready to take part in the fight. Howard joined Drake and the others who were engaged with centre and left wing, while Seymour and Winter, followed by a cluster of their ships, bore down upon this newly formed right wing.

The conflict on the Spanish centre and left became very hot. The Spaniards felt the great importance of recovering Calais roads. The English were determined to prevent them, and sailed constantly within musket-shot, discharging their guns at this distance with great effect. The San Martin was a target which they particularly sought. Her rigging was badly cut up, and she was so often hit between wind and water that she began to leak very badly. Many of the big galleons, seeing that the fight on the north wing had been extremely violent, and hoping to get a chance there to close and grapple, were one by one leaving the centre. Medina-Sidonia, however, held out valiantly until three o'clock, when those English who had been fighting the centre all day also bore away towards the Spanish right. They evidently wished to use their store of ammunition, which the rapid fire was fast exhausting, where it would do most good, and therefore, having wrought considerable havoc among the ships of Medina-Sidonia and his consorts, now fell upon the right wing, which by this time had become very strong.

As the fury of battle around Medina-Sidonia abated, he knew by the roar of

cannon and the sharp crack of small arms that his right wing was engaged in a terrific combat at short range. The men in his tops could see through the clouds of smoke only that two Spanish ships were surrounded and hard pressed by the enemy. In spite of the crippled state of the *San Martin*, he wore round and sailed to the rescue.

The fight on the Spanish right was the most important feature of the battle of Gravelines. It had begun at nine o'clock, when Seymour and Winter made their charge. They had not fired a gun till very near, when their broadsides were so destructive that a great part of the wing turned and fled towards the centre, like the left wing in the battle of Plymouth. In the confusion of retreat, several galleons fouled each other and became entangled. That was exactly what the English wanted. They surrounded these isolated ships in overwhelming numbers and riddled them with shot. Their tactics were not chivalrous, perhaps, but they were prudent, skillful, deadly. "Myself," wrote Seymour soon after the battle, "with the *Vanguard*, the *Antelope*, and others, charged upon the tail, being somewhat broken, and distressed three of their great ships, among which my ship shot one of them through six times, being within less than musket-shot." The *maestre de campo*, Toledo, sailed out to help his hard-pressed comrades, endeavoring in vain to board the English, who, in their eagerness to chase the Armada into the North Sea, were venturing very near. "When I was furthest off in discharging any of the pieces," wrote Winter, "I was not out of the shot of their *harquebus*, and most times within speech one of another." The Earl of Cumberland, Winter, Seymour, and others lost no time in surrounding Toledo, who got into such a plight that a second *maestre de campo*, Pimentel, sailed to his assistance. Instead of driving the English away, Pimentel was soon in as great distress as Toledo, until Recalde and others

came up. The English then filled and got away, whereupon Toledo and Pimentel, accompanied this time by a number of galleons, charged them anew, coming near enough to use their muskets, and now and then almost succeeding in grappling.

It was now three o'clock. The battle was raging almost exclusively on the right wing. As Medina-Sidonia approached with ships from his centre and left, he saw that the English had concentrated their forces upon Toledo and Pimentel, who, in their efforts to board, had driven their galleons far in among the enemy's fleet. They paid dearly for their courage. The English did not cease pouring their broadsides into them until, in the words of a Spaniard present, their ships were "knocked in pieces, and the crews nearly all dead or wounded." It is impossible to suppress a feeling of sympathy for the chivalrous Spaniards. For more than a week they had been exposed to the galling tactics of an enemy whom they could not grasp. At last the English allowed them to get nearer than ever before, yet just as the Spaniards seemed on the point of closing they whirled about and were gone. Enraged and baffled, the Spaniards hissed out after them, "Cowards!" "Lutheran hens!" daring them to come on again. It was all in vain.

After silencing Toledo's and Pimentel's guns the English suddenly broke off the fight; for, says Winter, "every man was weary with labor." Both Spaniards and English had nearly used up their ammunition. Howard had already driven the Armada far from Calais roads, and, since the Spaniards no longer showed any disposition to force their way back, but were fast sailing away from Parma, wisely decided to save his little store of powder and balls for any emergency that might arise. He hurried off a messenger, requesting a new supply at once, and then, as he wrote Walsingham, "set on a brag coun-

tenance and gave them chase, as though we had wanted nothing."

It was of the utmost importance for the Spaniards to return to Calais. Had their commander been a man of heroic mould, he would have made every effort to beat back that night. He would have persevered till there was not a man left to work a gun or haul a sheet. Such a course, even if it had resulted in defeat, would have retrieved the honor of Spain. But the case was not so desperate. Had the Spaniards continued the fight, the enemy's guns must soon have fallen silent from want of cartridges. Nothing but boarding, for which the Spaniards had so longed, could then have prevented the duke from sailing back into the Channel. The next day might have seen the Armada riding at anchor once more in Calais roads.

Medina-Sidonia, however, was no hero. He thought no longer of fighting, but only of getting the crippled Armada together again. Seeing that Pimentel was in trouble, he sent boats to bring off all hands; but Pimentel and part of his crew refused to desert the ship, which was drifting, a helpless wreck, towards the breakers of the low Dutch coast.

Meanwhile, Toledo got his sinking San Felipe alongside the hulk *Doncella* and went aboard her with all his crew. Suddenly the cry arose that the hulk was foundering as well, whereupon Toledo, who preferred going down on his own ship, sprang back again. It was not discovered that the alarm had been false till Toledo had drifted, like Pimentel, far away towards the Dutch coast. Soon night closed in, and the Spaniards sailed on, leaving to their fate two chivalrous comrades. Such was Medina-Sidonia's mode of rewarding and encouraging conspicuous gallantry.

Toledo's ship ran ashore on Nieuport beach. He thus found himself among friends. Pimentel had a different fortune. Drifting along off the coast between Ostend and the Sluys, his ship was

reported to Lord Willoughby, general of the queen's army in the Low Countries, who sent out three men-of-war against her. After a sharp fight of two hours Pimentel struck his colors. The "best sort" among the prisoners were spared for their ransoms, while the others were cast without mercy into the sea.

Medina-Sidonia was too fully occupied in keeping his own vessel afloat to think much about the misfortunes of others. Amidst the groans of the wounded, his weary sailors were working the pumps, splicing ropes, and plugging shot-holes. Recalde, Leyva, and Oquendo, who had fought with only less conspicuous courage than Toledo and Pimentel, also found that their galleons had greatly suffered. Besides the galleass on Calais bar and the ships of the two heroic maestres de campo, several others were missing when Medina-Sidonia counted his fleet the next morning. "There is three of them a-fishing in the bottom of the seas," wrote Howard. "Their force is wonderful great and strong," he said, "and yet we pluck their feathers by little and little."

The number of killed and wounded was very small in comparison with the importance of the results. No battle had ever decided more momentous questions than did this of Gravelines. "The fate of mankind hung in the balance," says Ranke. Yet not over five hundred Spaniards were killed in the fight, and still fewer English. "God hath mightily protected her Majesty's forces," wrote Captain Thomas Fenner of the *Nonpareil*, "with the least losses that ever hath been heard of, being within the compass of so great volleys of shot, both small and great. I verily believe there is not three score men lost of her Majesty's forces." Amazing as this statement is, it really seems that the day of Gravelines cost the English less than a hundred men, and it is certain that, if we except the fire-ships, they lost not a single vessel.

They had ceased fighting on Monday

evening with a feeling of great satisfaction. Especially Drake, whose trade was fighting Spaniards, and who knew of what stuff they were made, realized in its full importance the success achieved. In high glee he wrote after the battle, "God hath given us so good a day in forcing the enemy so far to leeward as I hope in God the Prince of Parma and the Duke of Sidonia shall not shake hands this few days; and whensoever they shall meet, I believe neither of them will greatly rejoice of this day's service." It was very fortunate for Howard that the wind had been westerly Sunday night and all day Monday. Had it blown fair for the Spaniards, he could hardly have prevented them from returning to Calais. But the English, though favored by circumstances, had made the most of their opportunities from the time of the first appearance of the Armada on their coasts, and owed their success to a splendid display of energy, skill, and courage.

Both fleets sailed through the night along the coast of Flanders. The wind gradually edged to the northward, and in the morning was blowing hard from the northwest. This was a fair wind for Calais, but Medina-Sidonia had no heart for another battle. Owing to their crippled state, the Spanish ships, bad sailers at best, were now falling off rapidly to leeward towards the low line of shoals which skirt the coast of Zealand. The anxious Spaniards could see the great waves breaking into foam on the treacherous sands. The enemy did not offer to attack them, believing, the Spaniards thought, that the Armada was drifting of itself to sure destruction. On ships which drew twenty-five feet the lead was already giving only thirty. "It was the fearfulest day in the world," a gentleman on board the San Martin wrote to the king. "The Lord made the enemy blind and kept him from attacking us." Suddenly, by a miracle as the Spaniards fondly thought, the wind veered to the southward. The Armada,

rescued from the shoals only to suffer a more terrible fate, eased sheets and sailed out into the North Sea, closely followed by the English.

There could be no doubt about it. The proudest fleet that had ever whitened the sea was fleeing. Rations were so shortened that men died of hunger and thirst. All horses and mules, which a wise commander would have kept for food, were cast overboard to save water. As if the Spaniards were not miserable enough already, they had to see one of their comrades, an officer who had been accused of inefficiency, hanged at the yard-arm.

The English did not realize that they had fought their last battle with the Spanish Armada, that England was saved. Even Drake still expected "to wrestle a pull," but hoped "ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange-trees." Soon, however, it became evident that the Spaniards were simply trying to escape. On the 12th of August, when the fleets were thirty-two leagues off Newcastle, Howard decided to abandon the chase, and take in a supply of provisions and ammunition, of which there was "wonderful need." "If our wants of victuals and munition were supplied," he declared, "we would pursue them to the furthest that they durst have gone." Leaving certain "pinnaces to dog the fleet until they should be past the Isles of Scotland," he sailed back to the Channel. When the rent topsails of Medina-Sidonia's galleons disappeared beneath the horizon, Elizabeth's seamen had seen the Invincible Armada for the last time. The mighty fleet which came to conquer England was reeling homewards, battered and miserable, without having so much as sunk one of the enemy's cock-boats. In his anxiety to avoid facing the terrible English again, Medina-Sidonia was fleeing with his half-ballasted, top-heavy galleons into the greater dangers of the wild Irish coast.

W. F. Tilton.

DOROTHY.

I WAS standing in the old Florentine monastery of San Marco, in the quiet company of Fra Angelico angels, when a child entered who might well have been a Fra Angelico angel herself, rounded face and floating hair being of such fair and delicate coloring. She crossed the cell, surveyed one of the faded frescoes gravely, and said aloud, "Is this mentioned in Baedeker?"

I replied that I would look, and opened my guidebook.

Thus began my acquaintance with the little English girl Dorothy.

Amy and Frederick Alexander came in shortly after this, stopped to chat for a moment, then passed on to consider the other rooms of the convent.

"Your friends are very nice ones," observed Dorothy, as the two disappeared. "Will you please tell me their names?"

I told her; also that Amy and I sometimes called Mr. Alexander "the Lord Byron Boy," because we thought he resembled youthful portraits of that poet; that we had met him several months before in Venice, and had been meeting him constantly ever since, which was of course perfectly natural when three persons were traveling in the same direction.

"Perfectly natural," assented Dorothy, now proceeding to give me a brief account of her own affairs. She had spent her seven years in Italy, with the exception of a summer in England, where her papa and mamma were at present. Her papa was a sculptor; his studio was in Florence; they lived in an apartment; she had a German governess. "In fact," said the child, "while papa and mamma are away, I seem to have two of them, because Fräulein Klara has a friend visiting her. I believe they are engaged or married, I am not sure which. I am not sure, either, whether they are girls or women. Mamma calls

them girls, and they call themselves 'uns Mädchen.' I just left them in Savonarola's cell; they always linger so everywhere. How old does one have to be to become a woman?"

"Sometimes no older than seven," I answered; "sometimes one is never old enough: it depends on the person."

Dorothy continued her description of the Fräuleins: "They dress exactly alike, and the other day they bought some books, and had them marked with their initials all mixed in together."

"Interwoven," I suggested.

"Interwoven," repeated Dorothy, as she put the word in the safety of a mental corner for future needs. "Is n't it rather queer for two women to be engaged or married? I thought, for that, the persons had to be a pretty young lady and a very handsome young man, like your friends."

I remarked that it was not unusual for one woman to give a lifelong devotion to another; cases of such devotion had become famous in history; there were even stranger things in the way of engagements and marriages, — had she ever been in Venice?

Oh yes, twice, and she was going again, she and the Fräuleins; they were only waiting for the moon to be full.

"A very curious thing used to take place in Venice, in the days when a Doge lived in the palace on the Piazza. Every year, at the feast of the Ascension, the Doge went out beyond the Lido, borne by a magnificent barge, and followed by a train of richly dressed people; and there were roses in golden bowls, and clouds of incense, and a ceremony as if for a wedding, and the Doge, extending his hand over the water, let fall a ring, saying, 'With this ring We thee wed.' He did not speak these words for himself, but for Venice, for this was her

marriage with the sea. Now these weddings no longer occur on Ascension Day, and although people are continually losing their hearts to Venice, she herself always remains faithful to the memory of the days of the Doges."

"I suppose you know a great many things," said Dorothy, who had listened with flattering attention. "Do you know about Florence, — are you worthy to see it? Have you been shown the old, old map of the world in the library of San Lorenzo? It has n't any America on it, because it was made before that sentence got into the geography where it says, 'The earth is round like a ball or an orange.' Everything is quite flat, and the four winds are blowing themselves very red in the face. There is a wind in each corner. It must have been very interesting to go to school when they made maps in that way."

"Is there a turtle on the old map in San Lorenzo?" I asked. "Before people knew that the earth was round, some of them thought it was carried about on the back of a turtle."

"Did they?" said Dorothy. "Fräulein Klara never spoke of that. I had two little turtles once; their names were Shadrach and Abednego. They came from Venice. You can buy two for half a franc on the Piazza in front of St. Mark's. You did n't tell me if you were worthy to see Florence."

I replied that I had n't the least idea what she meant, but without knowing would confess that I was most unworthy; that Florence seemed to me like a dull town on a dull river bordered by dull houses. Still, I had only come the evening before, and it took time to form correct impressions. Of course I knew it was not a dull town, because I had read so much about it.

"Have you read about the little boy who went to ride at midnight on the back of the bronze boar?"

I was again obliged to confess ignorance.

"Dear Hans Christian Andersen wrote it. You can see the boar for yourself at the Mercato Nuovo. It is really a fountain. If you will tell me where you live, I will bring you the book."

I said that would be very kind, and that Frederick Alexander would be delighted to read the story to Amy and me; he was very fond of reading to us.

Dorothy asked for more information regarding Frederick Alexander. Did he speak Italian, and what was he going to be?

Yes, he spoke Italian, and he was going to be an architect. At present it occupied all his time to explain pictures to us and to bring us flowers. In Rome he had brought roses; in Naples, armfuls of yellow laburnum; here in Florence he brought lilies, tall white lilies, fresh every morning.

After dinner, that night, as I opened my books, trying if possible to learn how best one might become worthy to see Florence, Amy came in and sat down by my side for a moment without saying anything; then she went into the next room, and I heard her at the piano playing a happy little tune to herself in the dark. After this Frederick Alexander knocked at my door, took possession of the chair Amy had just left, unfolded his hopes, his happiness, stated his age, which was twenty-five, his worldly prospects, which were most favorable, and concluded these glad and not wholly unexpected confidences by fervently thanking me for my good wishes and willingness to accept him as the lover of the party. But indeed, what could I do otherwise, since he had asked Amy to marry him and she had said yes, and there was absolutely no reason for objecting to either question or answer?

When Dorothy and I exchanged addresses in the monastery of San Marco, we made the joyful discovery that we were living on adjacent floors in the same house; and when, later in the day, Dorothy appeared at my door with the pro-

mised copy of Andersen's fairy tales, in true neighborly fashion, she offered her services as an occasional guide to various delightful places in and about Florence, provided these services would be agreeable.

Before accepting the tempting proposal, I suggested conscientiously that possibly Dorothy's mamma or the Fräuleins might not wholly approve of these attentions so generously bestowed upon an utter stranger.

"But you are not a stranger," returned Dorothy. "I knew you at once. Did n't you know me at once? You acted as if you did."

"If I acted so," I said, "it must have been for the reason that a good many people are something like mechanical toys: you pull certain strings, and certain things happen. You pulled the string which made me act as if I knew you at once; whereas, on the contrary, I did not know you at all, and was wondering to myself, What kind of a little girl is this who inquires if one is worthy to see Florence, and why should she ask such a question?"

"I asked," explained Dorothy, "because just before I met you I was at Santa Maria Novella with the Fräuleins, and some American ladies were reading aloud before two old pictures; and what they read and the pictures together made them say they were not worthy to see Florence, and never should be. They did n't seem to care very much. The book is by Mr. Ruskin. Fräulein Klara has one; I will ask her to lend it to you. Then you can read what the American ladies read, and see if you are worthy."

There was a reception in the salon of our pension that evening, and I had the pleasure of meeting the Fräuleins. They were charming and gracious, and assured me I need feel no hesitation in accepting Dorothy's proposal, provided the child's presence did not disturb my own plans.

This matter comfortably settled, the next day, when Dorothy's lessons were

over, we went together to the smaller cloister of Santa Maria Novella, where, half hidden behind an old tomb, are two frescoes from the hand of Master Giotto. Referring to one of these, Mr. Ruskin says, "If you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence. But if not — by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it."

"Are you going to be pleased?" asked Dorothy in rather a responsible tone.

"They are very interesting," I answered cautiously.

At this point Amy and Frederick Alexander appeared, and passed on, unmindful alike of our presence and of Master Giotto's frescoes, although they had included the latter as an important part of their afternoon programme. I mentioned the engagement, and how happy we were about it.

"Counting the Fräuleins, that makes four engaged," said Dorothy thoughtfully. "What else is there besides being engaged? Of course we don't want to do exactly the same thing."

I proposed a club.

What was that?

A number of persons who met regularly for a certain object, as, for instance, in order to take walks. A club always had a name. We might call ours the Italian Ramblers, because our object was rambling. Dorothy approved; and thus was established, in the smaller cloister of Santa Maria Novella, before Master Giotto's frescoes, a delightful association, having no bylaws, no fees, no restrictions, except those common to all men, women, and children trying to conduct themselves in a proper manner.

After this we rambled almost every afternoon, going many times again to the place of our first meeting, the old monastery of San Marco, with its memories of Fra Angelico and Savonarola; climbing Dante's narrow stairway in the Via San Martino, assisting at the noon-day feeding of stray pussies in the hos-

pitiable close of San Lorenzo, refreshing ourselves at the fountain of the bronze boar, and gazing untiringly at the lovely babies of the House of the Innocents. One day we went up from the town to Fiesole, fair Fiesole, where Fra Angelico, walking in the gardens, worked out in thought his tender fancies, or lost himself in loving remembrance of the Master.

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forespent, forespent;
Into the woods my Master came,
Forespent with love and shame.
But the olives, they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
As into the woods He came."

"What is that you are saying over?" asked Dorothy. "Are you making a poem?"

I repeated the lines, explaining that they were written by a poet who was dead; that they reminded me of Fra Angelico. I thought he would have liked them.

"A great many people are dead," observed Dorothy, "such nice people, — your poet, and Fra Angelico, and dear Hans Christian Andersen. The Fräuleins never say 'dead;' they call it *heimgegangen*. How can one be *heimgegangen* and at the same time waiting in the tomb for the Day of Judgment? I don't care for Day of Judgment pictures, do you? There is such a lot of horrid things going on. When I die, I want an angel to hurry down to me with a little golden crown and a palm branch. What do you think of Day of Judgment pictures, dearest Rambler?"

I replied, cautiously again, that many of them seemed to me not unlike the old map of which she had spoken, the one without any America, or perhaps an even older map, dating from the time when people believed that the earth was carried about on the back of a turtle, — interesting, but highly imaginary; and, speaking of turtles, if there were any left in Venice, I promised myself the pleasure of presenting her with two on the occa-

sion of our first Venetian ramble. For as affairs had developed we were going to Venice together, — the four engaged persons, Dorothy and I. A few days later we said *a rivederci* to beloved Florence, and journeyed on and on until we crossed fields that in the moonlight shone like a sea of silver; then we had the smell of the real sea, then the sea itself, then the long bridge, and then the guard calling at our carriage door, "Venezia! Venezia!"

We left the train and entered our gondola. A sound of music drifted in welcome across the water; a moonbeam played with Dorothy's hair; the moon itself, round and golden, looked out of the sky as if saying, "Venice spelled with a *c* and Venise spelled with an *s*, Venedig spelled in German and Venezia spelled in Italian, — let the world name her what it will, I alone have the right to name her *bellissima*, since it is through me and for me that she becomes 'the most beautiful.'"

The following day we started forth, a pilgrim-like procession, in the direction of St. Mark's. Various distractions, however, separated us on the way, among others the replacing of the lost Shadrach and Abednego; and once separated, we did not meet again until dinner. This was our first and last attempt at seeing things in complete company, and Dorothy and I were able to pursue our rambles with even fewer interruptions than in Florence.

One morning, and, as it chanced, the feast of the Ascension, we had been in the church of St. James of the Deep Stream, in the market-place at the foot of the Rialto. As we came out I said, "When you are older, and read Mr. Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, remember this church in the market-place, for it was exactly here that once upon a time the very first stone of all was laid in the name of St. James the Fisher; it was here that little Venice must have lived and played when she was about your age, before she grew up and became a signorina."

"And married the sea," continued Dorothy. "Don't you remember, you told me the Doge went out in a magnificent barge, with incense burning and with roses in golden bowls, and let fall a ring, saying, 'With this ring We thee wed;' and although people have kept losing their hearts to Venice ever since, she herself is always missing the Doges, and sad because there can be no more weddings?"

I complimented Dorothy on her excellent memory, and we crossed the market-place, stopping for a moment to buy flowers and cherries, when we noticed, directly at my companion's feet, a silver heart, doubtless lost from some neck ribbon. "How curious," I said, "that just as we were talking about losing hearts to Venice, we should find one which Venice had lost for you!"

"Perhaps it is her little-girl heart," returned Dorothy, quick to follow out a fancy; "you were saying she lived somewhere near here when she was a little girl."

I replied that it was true there were happy little-girl hearts, and fluttering young-lady hearts, and quiet hearts that came later when people had been through a good deal. I was sure that Venice must have had all three kinds.

"Like St. Paul's three skulls," said Dorothy. "Mr. Alexander has seen them: St. Paul's little-boy skull and his young-man skull in Rome, and his old-man skull in some other place. But the Fräuleins tell me it is impossible to have three skulls, and that Mr. Alexander was talking nonsense. I suppose hearts and skulls are quite different, — or are you talking nonsense?"

"Not exactly; that is, not as much as Mr. Alexander, because, as you say, hearts and skulls are quite different;" and I added that it was a very pretty adventure to find a heart in Venice on Ascension Day.

After our walk I did not see Dorothy again until supper-time, when she brought me a bunch of jasmine from the garden

trellis, and asked if I would go out with her a little while that evening; it was something very important.

Supper finished, therefore, we went down to the water-door of the house, where Pietro, our pet gondolier, was waiting. He wore a fine new blue sash, had a pink rose in the band of his hat, and there were roses fastened in a decorative way to the side of the gondola.

We glided through the side canal behind the house, in and out among all the mystery and shadows of the canals beyond, past silent doors and gateways, under palace and garden wall; Dorothy chatting with Pietro in soft Italian sounds falling on the ear like the cooing of doves, I leaning back among the cushions and enjoying that peculiar feeling of repose which can come only in Venice and in a gondola, when we emerged from the twilight and stillness into the life of the broad river just beyond the Rialto, and in the neighborhood of the little church of St. James.

"I was telling Fräulein Klara what happened this morning," began Dorothy, now addressing herself in my direction, "and she said, just as you did, that it was a very pretty adventure; and then she went out with me to buy the roses and a new sash for Pietro, and a little silver heart which I am going to give in exchange for the one I found. It's all my own idea, only Fräulein Klara encouraged it."

I loosened the jasmine bouquet, and made a wreath for Dorothy's hair.

"What a pity Shadrach and Abednego were not invited to come with us!"

"They were invited," said Dorothy, "and they are here." She produced a small pasteboard box in which the two turtles were peacefully reposing on a lettuce leaf. "Do you know a nice verse about hearts? Not having a ring, we can't say, 'With this ring We thee wed,' the way the Doges did."

I knew a very nice verse, only it was too beautiful except to use seriously.

Dorothy assured me there could be nothing more serious than her present intentions. I said I thought I understood, and that the ceremony about to be performed meant from henceforth Dorothy would always have a particular fondness for things Venetian, would study their history, would make sketches of boats and bridges and doorways like Amy, would write poems about Venice like the Lord Byron Boy, — a habit lately discovered, — or perhaps even like Lord Byron himself.

"So sweet of you to plan ahead," said Dorothy. "I had only planned as far as the ceremony; it seems to take a number of persons to plan for everything. Now please be ready with your verse when I say 'Amen.'"

"Dearest Venice," the child began in Italian, and she let fall into the water the heart procured for this purpose, while Pietro, with ready response to the spirit

of the moment, lifted his hat, and stood uncovered and smiling, — "dearest Venice, I love you forever and ever, and forever after that. Amen."

"Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again,"

I responded.

Pietro turned the gondola and guided it slowly homeward down the Grand Canal, singing, —

"O Venezia benedetta,
No le vogio piu lazar!"

Other gondolas drifted about us to listen, and thus we had music and flowers and a throng of attendants, all according to tradition; but only Dorothy with the jasmine wreath resting on her fair hair, and Pietro with his rose, and Shadrach and Abednego, and myself knew the secret of the hour, — that once again a romance and an espousal had been enacted with Venice on Ascension Day.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

THE HAMADRYAD.

THE large moon smoulders on the misty hills;
A chill wind gathers through the desolate garth;
And, driven in moody spasms, the wet leaves wheel,
Or, batlike, cling against the casement pane.
Upon the hearth the pine log's dying fire
Leaps up anon in eager flash of flames,
Stirred by the passing of the night's wild sounds,
While from the ashes comes a burring note,
Continuous; an azure coil of smoke
Lies charmed in sleep, dispelling from its dreams
Warm memories of the balsam-breathing woods;
Athwart the walls the shadows, hand in hand,
Swirl in the measure of a mystic dance, —
I gazing in the fire; when through the flames
A gradual vision shows.

Upon one knee
She crouches 'mid the ashes, a young hand
Upraised against her ear which strains to catch
The sounds shrilling without, the other held

Unto the heaving beauty of her breast ;
 Along her shoulder falls her hair, cone-crowned,
 In color flamelike ; deep as dusky glens
 Her lifted eyes, and full of mortal pain.
 She, kneeling, listens ; then her languid lips
 Sigh forth the music of entreating words :

“Is it thy voice, O North Wind, that I hear?
 My spirit from some darkened swoon awakes
 At thy bleak calling, O my love of old!
 Is 't I whom, through the hollow-stretching night,
 Thou seekest, wanderer, with impatient arms,
 With voicings of despair on finding not?
 O North Wind, is it I, thy love of old?
 Too long, too long, perchance, hath fateful night
 Enthrall'd my sense, since that dread hour I felt
 The mortal anguish of successive blow
 Cleave through my bark, until with utter pain
 My being failed me! Lo, from sleep I wake,
 O Wind Love, yearning for thy clasping arms.

“My soul is full of visions! All the past
 Presses its joys against my falling lids:
 I see again the gloomed and dreary wood;
 The stars that watched our covert of content,
 Where waited I thy passage and return,
 Where mourned thee 'mid the verdant break of spring.
 Oh, sore to me the blush of budding leaves, —
 The world's awakening tore thee from my arms;
 Sombre with weeds of my worn widowhood,
 My sighings hushed the robin's thrill of joy.
 Haunted was I by soul of alien seas,
 Of roaring forelands and wave-whitened strands,
 Where thou didst wander ; with my boughs I breathed
 Deceits of ocean sound to lure the gull
 And straying sea-fowl, and from them I gleaned
 Hope's tidings-word.

“Thus dreamful of frore days,
 I thrilled and waited through the summer suns,
 Cheered by the gradual signs of thy approach.
 Reared high upon the mountain's craggy steep,
 I leaned, and heard the awful prophecies
 Of gathering storms search through the wasting vales,
 Where fell the leaves aflame with phantom fears
 Of winter's coming dearth ; while lightnings reeled
 And vanished into far, abysmal darks.
 Faint grew my soul with love's foreshadowing bliss!
 The wonder-spirit of thy blest return
 Flitted with feet snow-shod along the air,

And thou wert come! With spoil of boreal realm
 (The jagged brilliants of the pendent ice,
 Wrought of sea-spells and frost's hoar wizardry)
 Decking my gloomèd branches like a bride!
 O Wind! hast thou forgot thy love of old?

"Lo, now my being from these gyves of flame
 Is loosening! And to thee and thy dear arms
 My shade prepares to mount. Oh, flee not, Love!"

Upon her pleading eyes the wan lids droop,
 And through her lips escapes a lingering sigh;
 From flushing hues to gradual change of death,
 The vision fades and slowly melts away:
 A wreath of smoke drifts upward from the hearth;
 The flaking ashes lie, gray, desolate —
 One last spark breaks, burns redly, and is gone.

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN EUROPE.

I.

ON THE DANUBE.

A LONG spring day upon the Danube; an early start from Vienna, under a cloudless but delicately hazy sky that forebodes hot weather ashore for the season, — April 8, 1894, — though out in midstream, after we have emerged from the canal which skirts the Prater, and fairly embarked upon our eastward voyage, the breeze blows crisp and cool. Close to so populous a city, and moving along one of the world's great water highways, one wonders at the seeming solitude of the river-banks and the soft monotony of the prospect. The great stream lays itself out lazily, embracing with its wide-flung arms numbers of willowy islands, appearing even to lag and loiter in its course, though we know that the hidden currents are terrifically strong.

Towns of the first rank upon the Danube, between Vienna and Budapest, there are none; and even the modest

little villages keep well back from the treacherous edge of the tremendous flood, peeping through groves of sheeny white aspens and elms not yet in leaf, or lifting the round belfries of their ugly little churches over the first low range of hills. Still less are there any visible monuments to mark the fact that we are passing one of the world's most famous arenas, the sanguinary Marchfeld, which fairly teems with reminiscences of

"old, unhappy, far-off things,

And battles long ago."

For it was here that Rudolf of Hapsburg defeated Ottocar of Bohemia, and so laid the foundations of the Austrian Empire. Hitherto, but no farther, came the last great wave of Mohammedan invasion in the seventeenth century. Here the ancestral sceptre was all but wrenched out of Austria's hands by the first Napoleon, on the fierce days of Aspern, Essling, and Wagram, — days not yet a hundred years gone by, and lately restored for us with startling reality in the naïf pages of General Marbot. Here again,

upon the right bank of the stream, in the very dawn of our era, the Eastern barbarian, whose hour was not yet come, fell back before the advance of the Roman eagles; here, to celebrate the conquest of Pannonia, Augustus built an edifice that still exists under the name of the Heathen Tower, and the great Roman city of Caruntum arose and flourished for a few hundred years, until suddenly effaced by the Scourge of God. Here, too, by the selfsame monotonous route of the full but featureless river, came Marcus Aurelius to the conquest of the Quadi, and to those long nights in camp, of starless and solitary vigil, when the Thoughts visited him which have supplied courage to his spiritual progeny for all the ages since. "His ennuï was infinite," says Renan, "but he knew how to endure it all."

If, however, the borders of the Danube hereabout are tame in outline, there is no end, in this hour of bursting leafage, to the beauty of their color. The willows along the river's edge make a continuous flame of light, clear green. The grass, by contrast, deepens into emerald. The frequent groves that clothe the gentle slopes beyond show every conceivable *nuance* of luminous umber, primrose yellow, and warm olive gray; these mellow tints all mingling in the distance, and seeming to dissolve into the universal golden mist that suffuses the wide horizon. The sky is blue at the zenith only. The vast and incessantly widening river, belying its fame in song and story, is never blue at all, but clear umber or beryl green. The only time I ever came this way before, it was high summer, and the sky was overcast, and the foliage along the banks parched and dusty. Why, then, should all this glad and lucent color strike me as so strangely familiar? What ethereal and elusive memory is this that the slowly unrolling panorama awakens of the desperately long ago? A vision — a cadence — a rhyme — I have it! Certain fugitive

stanzas, forgotten for God knows how many years, but which captivated my fancy as a child, and on which I doted with unreasoning admiration. I used to go about singing them, I remember, to a foolish little tune of my own making, or stealing, that moved like an old-fashioned three-time waltz, and comes back along with the words: —

"Ah, how long shall I delight
In the memory of that morn
When I climbed the Danube's height,
By the fountain of the Thorn,

"And beheld its waves and islands,
Flashing, glittering, in the sun,
From Vienna's gorgeous towers
To the mountains of the Hun!

"There was gladness in the sky,
There was verdure all around,
And where'er it turned, the eye
Looked on rich historic ground.

"Over Aspern's field of glory
Noontide's distant haze was cast,
And the hills of Turkish story
Teemed with visions of the past."

Not such very bad poetry, after all! The stanzas glow with life and sunshine, and I find a simple distinction about them still that agreeably justifies my juvenile preference. Whoever among my possible readers may chance to know their author's name and where to find them, which I certainly do not, may very likely be able to correct, in some trifling points, my transcription from memory.

Here, meanwhile, is the identical scene that they foretold to my young imagination, and I wonder I did not recognize it on that other voyage to Budapest. The eminence described with vague romanticism as the "Danube's height" was, no doubt, the Bisamberg, which overlooks the Marchfeld; but of the fountain under the thorn-tree I find no longer any trace in local nomenclature.

The "mountains of the Hun" loom suddenly upon the horizon, about an hour's sail from Vienna, and come trooping down toward the river at Presburg, much as the gallant Hungarian gentry

rallied to the same spot, a century and a half ago, in defense of their menaced "king," Maria Theresa. At that time there was a stately and well-fortified royal palace on the high hill of Presburg, which remained intact until destroyed by fire in 1811. Or rather, it was not completely destroyed, but reduced in a day to the condition of a very striking ruin; for the blackened walls and corner towers of the great quadrangle still crown the height and predominate over the modern town.

It was in the cathedral of Presburg that the kings of Hungary used always to be invested with that primitive regalia of St. Stephen, the massive sceptre and the iron crown, regarded by all true Magyars with a kind of mystic devotion; defended, stolen, reclaimed, concealed, discovered, buried, and rediscovered through a series of incredibly romantic accidents and adventures extending over some thousand years. Now that Austria and Hungary are ostensibly one and indivisible, these historic gewgaws are kept in the castle of Buda, under so strict a guard that it is next to impossible to get a glimpse of them; while as for the artificial mound near the end of the bridge that here spans the contracted river, up which the newly crowned monarch used to ride and wave his drawn sword to the four points of the compass, as a sign that he would defend his realm from dangers upon every side, it has long since been leveled before the march of modern improvement. They tell me that one of the chief distinctions of Presburg to the man of to-day is the possession of an ideal restaurant; one of those establishments that do indeed add a steady and benign lustre to the crown of the dual empire; where eating and drinking become a pious function, and the art of cookery touches the sublime. One takes a return ticket from Vienna to Presburg now, not to revel in a vision of the fair young empress in her weeds and the plumed and jeweled glories of the Hun-

garian "insurrection,"¹ but purely and simply to go and dine and return.

Beyond Presburg the hills recede as suddenly as they assembled, and the river once more widens greatly over a level tract of country. It is here that we begin to notice one of the most picturesque and peculiar features of the *Donaufahrt*, the floating grain mills, of which we shall see hundreds before the day is done. They are all constructed on exactly the same principle as those which Belisarius set up in the Tiber during the siege of Rome in the sixth century. Two solid, flat-bottomed boats are anchored side by side. A huge water-wheel, with floats, is suspended and revolves between them, the grinding-machinery being protected by a shelter-hut on the boat that lies nearest the shore. The miller's white figure passes and re-passes across the dark doorway of this hut. Another man, and very likely a dog, lie asleep in the sunshine outside. The tiny skiff which took them over from the mainland is tied loosely to the prow of one of the anchored boats, and bounds lightly over the long green billow that is lifted by our passing steamer.

Where the river Raab falls in upon our right, the town of the same name being twelve miles inland and far out of sight, we mark for the first time, amid the idle groups that lounge about the steamboat-landing, tall peasant forms, in dirty sheepskin cloaks and leggings, with straight hair of raven gloss, swarthy skins, high cheek-bones, and eyes of sparkling jet. These men are no longer of Europe. There is no perceptible trace about them whether of Latin or of Teuton. Nor is theirs exactly the gypsy type, though the country whose frontier we have crossed abounds, we know, in those mysterious nomads. The obvious resemblance of the Hungarian peasant *pur sang* is to the higher types of the North American Indian; and there have even been fanciful philologists who maintained that the

¹ *Insurrectio*, levy in mass.

true affinity of the comparatively isolated Hungarian language is with the strange, indigenous dialects of that New World which is the Old. But what will not a fanciful philologist maintain?

From this point onward, throughout the "all-golden afternoon," our republican party impresses itself to remember that we are moving among the last and most fiercely contested battlefields of the Hungarian war of independence. Here they fought, only forty-five years ago, and here they seemed most tragically to fail, those reckless idealists, belated heroes of an epic mould; never dreaming that they were in at the death of an era, that the principle for which they exulted to perish would soon cease to be accounted sacred, and that only after their cause was lost could their ends be won. The single man among the leaders of that day sagacious enough to divine something of all this would now appear to have been Arthur Görgey, one of the ablest of the patriot generals, who capitulated and surrendered a hitherto victorious army immediately after Russia had intervened on the Austrian side. He was cursed as the blackest of traitors by the remnant of his own party, and later, under stress of the passionate appeals for sympathy of his exiled comrades, by the whole civilized world of the west. One remembers hearing, as a child, the thrilling legend of the Honvéds, or Hungarian cavalrymen, who shot themselves in the ranks rather than lay down their arms on the bitter day of the capitulation. Yet now, after almost half a century, one questions whether, in truth, that hastily branded soldier had not a clearer prevision of his country's needs, a saner grasp of her possibilities, than the indomitable and impracticable old rebel of ninety who has just breathed his last at Turin, Louis Kossuth, of the godlike, youthful presence and the golden tongue.

The great fortress of Komorn, on the left bank of the Danube, was held by the patriots under General Klapka up to

the time of Görgey's surrender, but had, of course, to be yielded then. They say, in fact, that it has never been captured at all, and cannot be; that it is one of the very few strongholds of the world which may be described with literal truth as impregnable. To the uninitiated eye it is not in the least imposing, a mere assemblage of earthworks, and the might of Komorn lies in its position.

As the sun descends through the clear spaces of a crocus-colored sky, we approach the finest point in this section of the Danube, Gran, the seat of the primate of Hungary. The wayward river, whose direction from Vienna has been mainly eastward, here makes a last abrupt bend or loop toward the north before turning its course definitively toward the Pontic Sea, and the cathedral stands high upon a noble promontory nearly encircled by the golden flood. It is not a venerable church, dating only from the early part of the present century, but it was built on a magnificent scale and at great cost, the revenues of the see having been about a hundred thousand pounds sterling before they were cut down one half by the reforming Hungarian diet of 1848, and its effect is curiously imposing. With its central dome and wide façade and two tall flanking towers, it looks much more like a Greek than like a Latin church, and appeals to the fancy as the visible gateway of the East. Hard by stands the archbishop's palace, an object only less grand and conspicuous than the cathedral, and the great curve of the river enables one, after almost circumnavigating the point that they crown, to look back and see these two structures for a marvelous distance, with their admirably massed outlines clearly defined against the evening sky. There is also a group of very tall and slender trees on the spit of low land at the foot of the promontory; pollarded poplars, most likely, but which take on, in the glowing dusk, a vague resemblance to palms, and so assist the Oriental illusion.

All at once the night infolds us. Mists begin to muffle the river-banks and thin vapors to obscure the stars. The dizzy six-story tower of the mediæval castle of Visegrád is barely discernible as we glide beneath it, and the voyage becomes a mere dreamy sameness of rushing waters between invisible shores. It is eight o'clock in the evening when the renowned view of the twin cities of Buda and Pesth as approached from the Danube — really one of the most magnificent that Europe has to show — resolves itself into terrestrial constellations of gaslights on this side and on that, studding like stars the tall pyramid of the Blocksberg on the right, and running in long lines of fire down the quays of the modern capital on the left, their yellow radiance overpowered and extinguished at intervals by a blazing blue planet of calcium or electric light.

II.

THE KOSSUTH LEGEND.

Our first move, on awaking the next morning, was to run to our high front windows, in the sumptuous Hotel Hungaria, for a glance at the dramatic view, so well remembered, of the crowded quays, the sealike river, and the phenomenally long bridges, with a stern old castle and a shining modern palace looking superciliously down from their respective eminences beyond the stream. But for all the visionary beauty of the vernal day, and the clear green of the leafage in Buda's palace gardens and along the tree-planted embankments on either side of the river, we experienced a shade of disappointment. The stately dual city appeared indefinitely more commonplace than of old, and our subsequent explorations convinced us that here, as in some places nearer home, effect is being ruthlessly sacrificed to enterprise; and that Budapest (as it is now the fashion to write it) is, in fact,

suffering from a peculiarly malignant attack of the fever for modern "progress." The mighty Danube is presently to be fettered by two more iron bridges, and the last of the pretty, low, old-fashioned family mansions, with their smiling courtyards, their double ranges of dormer-windows along the street front, and the bright brass knockers on their hospitable doors, will soon have given place to a seven-story structure in yellow stone, surmounted by fantastic iron spires, and rearing at the angle of the busy street a queer, balloon-like cupola. The electric light is everywhere, even at the head of one's bed in the grand hotel, as a palliative, no doubt, to the inevitable insomnia of so stirring a time; and the electric tram is rushing on. There is no help for all this even if one were fully minded to help it; and it so chanced that we also encountered at every step, upon that April morning, certain moving reminders of a more romantic past; for we had provokingly missed, and that by a few days only, one of the most striking and suggestive pageants of the century's end, the public obsequies of Kossuth Lajos. The greater part of the streets and public buildings of Budapest were still in mourning for him. Black-edged posters and programmes upon the walls announced, in the most inscrutable language of the civilized world, the order of the old patriot's funeral procession, and the wild native music that had been selected to accompany its march. In one or another shop window, crowned with laurel or swathed in crape, one saw his portrait at every stage of his fabulously long career: now as a beautiful and dreamy child; now as a smart young official of the thirties, with whiskered cheeks and braided surtout; now wearing the black velvet and shadowy plumes, and the air of tragic distinction with which he subjugated England and America in 1851 and 1852; afterwards as an old, and then a very old man, in

a nimbus of thick white hair, sad and stern, one might almost say stubborn, but keen and vigilant always. "Late, late in the gloaming" of the century with which he was so nearly coeval, the exile of almost fifty years, the clarion-voiced orator who had once made two hemispheres ring with the story of his country's wrongs, had come back silent and cold. To the very last of earth, he had been rigid, irreconcilable, incredulous of the regeneration he had done so much to effect. We heard the funeral eloquently described, and all the bearings of the scene discussed with great animation and acumen, one evening before we left Budapest, in a circle comprising some of the most active minds, both men and women, of the new generation. They said it gave one a vivid notion of what a barbarian incursion must have looked like, to see the hordes of semi-savage men who came pouring into the trim capital from the remotest recesses of Hungary for that solemn function. There were shepherds from the *puzta* and miners from the mountains, folk in elf locks and shaggy mantles, with flaming eyes, uncouth gestures, and barely intelligible speech, defiant of the anxious officials who strove to regulate their movements, yet all melted by a common emotion, bowed by a common sorrow, and bringing — most affecting circumstance of all — from every county in the kingdom a handful of earth to fling into the open grave. Most of our friends spoke English so much better than we spoke anything else that it afforded us a certain consolation when one Herr Professor (but he, I think, was of German extraction) testified to the agitation of the assembled thousands in these ingenuous terms: "Zey weep! Ze nation weep! I hear tell. I did not believe. So I make — what you call ze cortége? — from here to ze cimetar, und dere vere zey all, *mit larmes!*"

"Ah yes," answered our sympathetic hostess rather sadly. (Her faultless Eng-

lish was to some extent explainable by the fact that her parents were living as exiles in London through all her school-girl years.) "It was so, and they were sincere. And yet they hardly knew for whom the muffled drums were beating. Only the aged, and of those, of course, but few, had ever seen him in life. To me and my brothers, the old hero, though dimly remembered, was still a reality. We had sat on his knee and heard that matchless voice of his; long after the great days, to be sure, when our father was in banishment in England. But to the majority of those wild folk he was merely the tutelary genius of an imaginary state; a sort of demigod, to whom it was meet and prudent to bring a pious offering on the day of his *festa*. He had been a legend in his own adored fatherland for a full generation before he passed away."

"But that was his own fault," some one objected. "He might have come back years ago, if he would have bated one jot of his impossible pretensions, made the simplest and most reasonable concessions! He might have come back and seen, as the Scripture says, 'his children's children and peace upon Israel.'"

"He had no faith," she answered, "in the validity of our peace. He would have said, in some transcendental sense of his own" (and she, too, quoted textually from the English Bible), "'I am for peace; but when I speak, lo, they are for war,' — meaning by 'they' moderate liberals, like our ignoble selves. He was a born irreconcilable: wrathfully useless in common, compromising times like these; fully himself, quite clear and at rest, only in the quiet centre of terrific storm."

"And then we must never forget," added another voice, "that there were two irreconcilables. The Emperor was just as bad. He vehemently refused, at first, to admit even the dust of Kosuth into Hungary, and yielded only to a sharp sense of expediency. The

Emperor and the outlaw, — those two remembered all. They stood facing each other gloomily upon their severed heights, while the swollen stream of so-called progress tore its turbid way between them. Men do sometimes outlive themselves in this way, though not often for so many years. But the legend, — that endures from generation to generation."

III.

THE QUARNERO.

In the white dawn of a certain summer-like morning, after a fifteen-hours' railway journey southwestward from Budapest, we got our strange, visionary, first glimpse of a hitherto unknown country. Twilight had closed in upon us amid the pleasant Croatian villages, where the long, low mud cottages, with their thatched verandas, are made spick and span with whitewash, and the tidy little gardens, now in mid-April, were sweet with peach and cherry bloom. At midnight our train had halted for half an hour in a smart new station, flaming with electric light, at Agram, the capital of Croatia. The modern town is built at the foot of a hill that almost deserves to be called a mountain, and of which the outline looked majestic under a crescent moon. But of the cathedral, and the ancient archiepiscopal city standing high upon the hillside, we could see nothing at all, except a line of lights bordering a sinuous roadway, that had the effect of a huge fiery serpent wriggling along the slope. So we rattled on, until we finally awoke from the troubled slumbers of the train to find ourselves laboring slowly up the last, steep grades of the mountain range that prolongs itself into the promontory of Istria.

It was a weird-looking world upon which our eyes opened, — treeless, and almost herbless; where fantastic shapes of ash-colored rock thrust themselves up

out of a vivid red soil, while far, far below us, to the right, we could just discern a slender line of white breakers upon a sandy beach, and the vague purple of the Adriatic. Trieste lay that way, and Treviso, and Aquileia, and Venice, and all the dear, familiar world of Italy. But we, when we had passed the height of land, rattled rapidly down among terraced vineyards and twinkling little white towns to Fiume on the Gulf of Quarnero.

Fiume, in the territory of Croatia, is the single seaport that naturally appertains to the folk beyond the Leitha; and the one consuming ambition of the place is to surpass and extinguish Trieste, which is essentially Austrian. Now, all the world has associations of one kind or another with Trieste, derived largely, it may be, from Lever's later novels and the yet more sensational Burton Memoirs, but still interesting and concrete. What Fiume proposes to do, if enterprise, enthusiasm, and a reckless expenditure of money in self-advertisement and self-adornment can effect it, is to divert the world's attention to herself. The harbor is, no doubt, both beautiful and commodious, and more convenient for trade with the Orient than the more famous port on the further side of the peninsula. It is thronged, at all events, with graceful shipping; and fishing-boats with dull yellow sails lie lazily about, while smart little local steamers dart like dragonflies across the blue water, and in and out among the bluer islands of the gulf, — Cherso, Vaglio, Lussin, and the rest. The afternoon sky, especially, is full of light, the high Istrian coast stretching away across the sunset in a lovely line; while Abbazia, with its terraced gardens and palatial villas, glorified at this moment by the presence of German royalty, blazes with varied color along the water's edge. All the quays and moles and water-side warehouses of Fiume appear to be brand-new, solid, and handsome. The Hôtel de l'Europe is built so close

to the sea that we can almost step from our own door on board one of the boats that ply hourly between the port and Abbazia; and we tell the time during the night-watches by the bells on a huge Glasgow steamer which is unloading a cargo of jute from Calcutta beneath our very windows. Our interest in this performance had been wrought up to such a pitch, and we had become so familiar with the *personnel* of the crew, that when, on a fine, festive Sunday morning, one of the engineers tumbled casually overboard, our agitation and suspense were extreme. They were soon relieved. A pair of natives who happened to be passing dropped easily into a boat, and fished up the bewildered Jack Tar quite at their leisure; the while a motley crowd collected on the quay, recruited from all the nations, and shrieking in one breath all the lingo of the known world. High above this babel of ineffectual speech presently sprang the sharp and naughty expletives of one of the ship's officers, who scolded the dripping sailor for his awkwardness, while he cynically underrated the value of the service performed by the Italian boatmen who had rescued him. But he ended by adjusting, after some abatement, their claim for remuneration.

Confusion of tongues is, in fact, constant at Fiume. The majority of the population is really Italian in race and language; but the Hungarian and Croatian dialects — not in the least related to each other, by the way — strive hard to establish an ascendancy; and German is an accomplishment that is negligently affected by all classes. Italian serves one best, however, in the shops and restaurants, and among the sympathetic and communicative boatmen.

And Fiume is not all painfully modern. There are villas with entrancing old gardens on the noble semicircle of hills that infolds the port, and the canal by which the town's eponymous river, the Fiumara, enters the sea has its bor-

ders overshadowed by venerable though still vigorous plane-trees, beneath whose broad canopy, on a market-day, booths are set up for the sale of the most miscellaneous articles. Here are exposed prints and gingham and gay silk handkerchiefs, *objets de piété*, oranges from Turkey, and large, fair apples from north Hungary, red, yellow, and russet, and so very like some of our most cherished old New England varieties that the effect is quite bewildering. One may also become possessed, at a moderate cost, of a most attractive kind of shoe, with a wooden sole and a leather top, gayly embroidered, and tied with scarlet woolen tassels. In the regular market-place, upon a Saturday, fish and fowl are sold alive, and also a particularly ferocious-looking crab, resembling a young devil-fish in size and expression of countenance, and evidently esteemed a luxury. The market-place is at one end of the shady quay aforesaid; the canal is so closely packed with boats having their gay sails closely furled that it is a marvel how one of them ever gets out of it; and at the other end of the quay is a small paved piazza, whence one passes under an archway, and climbs, if so minded, the four hundred and eleven stone steps which lead to the far-famed sanctuary of Tersatto.

That steep and toilsome acclivity can never have lacked pilgrims in the days when the old plane-trees below were in their prime. For did not the House of Nazareth pause here upon the mountain top from the 12th of May, 1291, to the 10th of December, 1294, when it moved on, with its angel guard, across the Adriatic, and found its final rest at Loretto? The Counts Niccolò and Martino Frangipani, lords of the fine old feudal castle hard by, whose machicolated towers look down into the deep ravine of the Fiumara, had at any rate ample opportunity to behold and attest the miracle; and it was they who built the memorial church, now transformed by restoration

out of all its original semblance, where for exactly six hundred years the sailors of the Adriatic have been paying their vows to Mary, Star of the Deep. Even Sir Richard Burton, that expert in so many religions, had a great reverence for the shrine of Tersatto, and used — so his wife tells us in her memoir — to come over from Trieste, where he was consul for so many years, and arrange all his more perplexing affairs with the benign Madonna here. But the pious fable, one surmises, has pretty well lost its power over the wide-awake population that shouts its astonishing polyglot along the noisy *marina* of Fiume.

A great many short excursions may be made from Fiume. You may go any day to Ika or Louranna in Istria, or to exquisite little Buccari, in its green and deeply sheltered bay, upon the Croatian mainland. But the most interesting of the water-trips from this point occupies two days, and can be made on a Wednesday only. Accordingly, we embark, at six A. M., upon a smallish boat, for the southern extremity of the island of Lussin, where the twin ports of Lussinpiccolo and Lussingrande seem to have been so distinguished by Italian ingenuity because the former is about twice as large as the latter. It is an eight-hours' sail to Lussin, and after the morning mists have lifted the day becomes for a time divinely fair. The shores look a little pallid under the light spring haze, but their outlines are beautiful and perpetually changing. Some of the long hillsides are indeed rather desolate in aspect, for they were terraced at some time with immense labor; but either the vines for which the ground was thus prepared were never set there at all, or they have been uprooted since the visitation of the phylloxera. A lighthouse, a hoary and hollow-eyed castle, a coast-guard station, a crumbling watch-tower, a "little gray church on a wind-swept hill," — such are all the incidents of our calm voyage. But they suffice for our *divertimento*,

and when the fort is at last pointed out that defends the mouth of the harbor of Lussinpiccolo, we wonder how the hours can have passed so quickly.

There is an elbow-like bend in the narrow channel by which we enter the port, and the instant we have rounded this the dreaming world seems to awake. A brisk breeze that we did not feel at all outside flecks with spray the dark blue waters of the basin; small pleasure-boats, admirably handled, are darting hither and thither, their white sails almost dipping as they fly. The houses that front the marina are many-colored, and their gardens are flaunting with flowers. There are even some pert Parisian toilettes to be discerned amid the noble old costumes of the fishwives and market-women; for Lussinpiccolo is coming into notice as a winter station, and the Viennese physicians have ordered a delicate archduchess hither, for the months of February and March, these three successive years. Hence German restaurants where *weisses Bier* and *Wienerschnitzel* never fail, and plenty of clean, fairly furnished lodgings like that which we presently secure for the night above the principal linen-draper's shop of Lussinpiccolo. The costume of the women here has one charming peculiarity: beside the short, wide stuff skirts, usually dark blue, the bright-hued belts and aprons, the sleeveless jackets, white blouses with bishop sleeves, and necklaces of beads in many rows, that are common all along the coast, many of the Lussinese wear a head-dress consisting of a long white linen scarf fringed and finished with open needlework at the ends, which they twist about their small, sleek heads so as to produce the effect of a huge chaplet or a Turkish turban, and then gather into an intricate knot at one side, letting the ends fall behind. They are a tall race, with broad hips and shoulders and classically massive necks. The turban helps, doubtless, to support the great weights which they carry on the head, and, like

most women accustomed from childhood to this form of gymnastics, they carry themselves superbly.

Between the relays of breaded veal cutlets on which we both lunched and dined, we had a fascinating walk of two miles or so, by a broad and easy path along the coast, now mounting among the olive orchards, now descending to the margin of the silent sapphire coves, to Lussingrande. It is very like the Mediterranean riviera, yet with a difference. The olive-trees here are not silvery, like those of Italy, — their color actually approaches more nearly to that of the ilex, — and there is no majestic mountain background, and there are no palms as yet. But there is wonderful balm in the air, and a certain sweet, wistful transparency. Vegetation is more than three weeks farther advanced than on the mainland. The earliest flowers and vegetables are quite gone by, and we see figs that cannot help coming to maturity almost a month earlier than one looks for them in Tuscany.

Lussingrande disclosed itself at the sharp turning of a headland, exactly like a scene in the opera, — another party-colored little town with steep streets and vine-hung terraces. A very deep and narrow basin held a fleet of butterfly boats; while the white church stands high and detached on a promontory that is almost an island, with its campanile set strangely at a considerable distance from the main building, like a lighthouse on the outermost rock. After some exploration of the town and a satisfactory experiment with its *caff  nero*, we left one of our trio sketching outside, while we crossed the narrow isthmus, and strayed idly into the open church, not in the least looking for what we were to find. For there, in that obscure and otherwise undistinguished little temple, we came suddenly upon the gorgeous trail of sovereign Venice. The pavement was in squares of Istrian marble, alternate pink and cream-white; the

altar steps were all pink, — some of the finest slabs I have ever seen, — and there was an altarpiece of extreme beauty, attributed, as we afterward learned, to Vivarini. The enthroned Madonna was that selfsame grave and mild Venetian maiden whom all the men of the Bellini school so loved to paint, but the heads of some of the adoring saints were very virile and noble, and plainly betrayed a Tuscan influence. The picture was absolutely untouched and unfaded, and we got a few moments' vivid light upon the canvas through a western window. Then, suddenly, that brilliant ray was quenched, and all the church fell into twilight; and we felt our way out through a side door, to find the sea turned colorless and the sky menacing, and our artist rapidly packing up his paraphernalia and emphatically counseling speed. We got back to our *Wienerschnitzel* without a wetting; but we were all awakened at midnight, in our rooms above the linen-drawer's, by what seemed to be a platoon fire of musketry directed against our dwelling. It proved to be only the sudden and simultaneous banging of all the heavy wooden shutters in our neighborhood, followed by a banshee howl of the wind in every narrow alley. But when, at the cheerful hour of five the next morning, we were joined upon the wharf by our artist, who is an experienced sailor, there was a dark look in his weather eye, of which we understood the import only too well, and I must beg to be excused from dwelling at length on the incidents of our return voyage to Fiume.

IV.

IN ISTRIA.

Whoever wants to get an impressive idea of a great nation's naval resources should go neither to Toulon on the Mediterranean, nor to Portsmouth on the

Channel, — nor even to Portsmouth in New Hampshire, — but to a certain deep, extensively ramifying and exquisitely bordered haven, near the southwestern extremity of the Istrian peninsula, sometimes called the Port of Roses, but oftener, of late, by the more formidable name of the Sevastopol of the Adriatic.

Thirty forts, on this side and on that, adorn the hills and islands, and are reflected on a fair summer morning, like that when we saw them first, in the blue waters of the harbor of Pola. They adorn, although their purpose is quite other than ornamental. Their reflections in the still water “look tranquillity,” at the same time that they suggest reflections that are by no means tranquillizing. Every green island has its tutelary saint as well as its defensive structures; and St. Peter mounts guard here, and St. Andrew there, and St. Catherine yonder. On the largest of all the islands, the beautiful Scoglio Olivi, the emblem of ancient peace diffuses its silver sheen over the most appalling magazines of modern war. Beyond this point, the bay divides into the military and the commercial haven. Gaudy fishing and trading boats occupy the latter, forests of masts and colonnades of red smoke-stacks the former. There are docks and shipyards, alive with infinite building; and supply and training vessels are anchored, like lesser islands, all about. We look, and admire, and shudder, and wonder no more that Austria should have swallowed at a single gulp the first gallant navy of united Italy, nor at the despairing tenacity with which Italy, with her long seacoast, now clings to the Triple Alliance.

Later, as our boat nears the shore, all thoughts of the present are, for the time, swept away by a sudden surge of associations with an almost interminable past. Six hundred years ago, Pola already appealed to the brooding imagination of Dante Alighieri as a vast conventicle of the dead, a representative place

of tombs, like only one other of which the poet knew: “As at Arles, where the Rhone is like a lake; as at Pola, hard by the Quarnero, which closes the gate and bathes the last boundary of Italy, the whole region *undulates* with graves.”¹

Tradition says that Pola was one of the towns founded by the Colchican search-party sent out after the Argonaut Jason! We know, at least, that the Romans were here in 175 B. C.; that the place adhered to Pompey and was destroyed by Julius Cæsar, but was afterward rebuilt by Augustus at his daughter's request, and for her named Julia's Piety (*Pietas Juliæ*), Pola. Doges of Genoa and Venice were disputing possession of the place in Dante's day. It finally fell, some fifty years after his death, to a Genevese Doria, who thus founded the great family of Doria d'Istria.

Halfway up a green hillside on the left of the town springs the outer wall of the great Roman amphitheatre, perfectly intact. It was built about the year 200, by the citizens of Pola, in fulfillment of we know not what vow (*voti sui compotes*). It accommodated from twenty to twenty-five thousand spectators, and was dedicated to Septimius Severus and Caracalla. I know most of the great Roman remains of Europe, though not, I am sorry to say, those African ones which are attracting so much attention just now. I have seen all the principal theatres, arches, baths, and temples of Italy and the Provincia, as well as the grass-grown camps and arenas of the “northern island, sundered once from all the human race.” I know Augustus's bridge at Rimini and the Pont-du-Gard at Nîmes; Turbia and the Tour Magne and the old lighthouse at Ravenna; the Porta Nigra and the Basilica at Trèves; Hadrian's villa at Tivoli and Diocletian's palace at Spalato. But by far the most symmetrical and satisfying monument of the great pagan past that

¹ Divine Comedy, *Inferno*, canto ix. 112-114.

I ever beheld is this same airy oval of the amphitheatre of Pola. Its outline is broken only by four projecting towers, two on either side, flanking the shorter axis of the ellipse. There must have once been stairways in these towers, giving access to the higher ranges of seats, which were of beautiful Istrian marble; and, most curious feature of all, there were windows in the towers, that are still filled with an open stone lattice-work, similar to what one sees in so many Mohammedan dwelling-houses, and evidently of the same age as the main building. The public square of modern Pola was also the forum of Julia's town; or rather a part of it, for surely there must have been a clear space left originally about the twin temples whose elegant Corinthian porticoes now look disdainfully out of the dimness of a narrow street leading from one angle of the Piazza. The more beautiful of these temples, nearly perfect still, was dedicated in the eighth year of our era to Augustus and Rome. The other, for uncertain reasons, is commonly called by the name of the "great goddess Diana." The street that leads southward from the forum is spanned by a majestic Roman arch; erected, so the inscription reads, by a woman, one Sabina Postuma, to celebrate the return of her husband, Sergius Lepidus, from a victorious campaign. Another arch, ruder, and plainly much older than the Sergian, is built into the town wall, and has an almost effaced figure above the gateway, bearing something which a very lively fancy might identify as a club, whence the name Porta Herculeæ. So much for Roman Pola.

An alluring vision of green foliage on the brow of a hill behind the town induces us to clamber slowly upward, clinging to the shady sides of the already burning streets. On the summit we find a public garden and pleasure-ground, and we sit down under a palm-tree, on the marble steps of a pompous new monu-

ment, whence the eye can take in at a glance the classic town and the modern town, and the everlasting beauty of the haven; the *avanzi* of that old empire that was for so many ages invincible, and the tremendous preparations which fling their secure defiance at the bold aggressor of to-day. Even the glaring stone structure at whose base we recline repeats the challenge of the thirty forts; for it commemorates Admiral Tegetthoff, who defeated Persano and almost annihilated the young Italian navy in July, 1866. We have no tears prepared to shed for the Austrian commander. Our thoughts, instead, stray sorrowfully back to a certain still and solitary *campo santo*, on an outlying point of the little island of Lissa, far down the Adriatic, where those of the Italian dead whose bodies were recovered, after that fierce midsummer day, are lying under the cross.

The boat by which we came to Pola steams out of the harbor while we sit upon the hill, waiting idly for the afternoon train that will take us to Trieste. It is a very slow train, for the railway is built along the high crest of the Istrian promontory, and it commands a series of exceedingly lovely views. One takes in at a glance, in passing, the accuracy of Dante's expression *termini*, the *ends* of Italy; for the whole peninsula is like a severed fragment of that sweet Ombrian country on the other side of the narrow water, whose charm at this season we know so well, — its oak forests and cherry orchards, its inland mountain peaks and clear horizon of gleaming sea. The view is often interrupted upon the highest levels by dense hedges and other barriers raised along the track to protect it from the winter violence of the terrible *bora* (Boreas), which has even been known, they say, to blow a train off the rails. To-day, on the contrary, the air is so still that the universal buzz of insects and sweep of the mower's scythe through the luxuriant grass are quite audible inside our carriage; and in

the glassy surface of the beauteous harbor of Trieste, of which we get a matchless view from the ridge of the encircling hills before plunging into the town, every

brilliant sail in the multitudinous fleet of anchored craft, red, orange, peacock-blue, or dazzling white, "floats double, sail and shadow."

Harriet Waters Preston.

AN IDLER ON MISSIONARY RIDGE.

I REACHED Chattanooga in the evening of April 26, in the midst of a rattling thunder-shower, — which, to look back upon it, seems to have been prophetic, — and the next morning, after an early breakfast, took an electric car for Missionary Ridge. Among my fellow-passengers were four Louisiana veterans fresh from their annual reunion at Birmingham, where, doubtless, their hearts had been kindled by much fervent oratory, as well as by much private talk of those bygone days when they did everything but die for the cause they loved. As the car mounted the Ridge, one of them called his companions' attention to a place down the valley where "the Rebels and the Yankees" (his own words) used to meet to play cards. "A regular gambling-hole," he called it. Their boys brought back lots of coffee. In another direction was a spot where the Rebels once "had a regular picnic," killing some extraordinary number of Yankees in some incredibly brief time. I interrupted the conversation, and at the same time made myself known as a stranger and a Northerner, by inquiring after the whereabouts of Orchard Knob, General Grant's headquarters; and the same man, who seemed to be the spokesman of the party, after pointing out the place, a savin-sprinkled knoll between us and the city, kindly invited me to go with him and his comrades up to the tower, — on the site of General Bragg's headquarters, — where he would show me the whole battlefield and tell me about the fight.

We left the car together for that purpose, and walked up the slope to the foot of the observatory, — an open structure of iron, erected by the national government; but just then my ear caught somewhere beyond us the song of a Bachman's finch, — a song I had heard a year before in the pine woods of Florida, and, in my ignorance, was unprepared for here. I must see the bird and make sure of its identity. It led me a little chase, and when I had seen it I must look also at a summer tanager, a chat, and so on, one thing leading to another; and by the time I returned to the observatory the veterans had come down and were under some apple-trees, from one of which the spokesman was cutting a big walking-stick. He had stood under those trees — which were now in bloom — thirty years before, he said, with General Bragg himself.

I was sorry to have missed his story of the battle, and ashamed to have seemed ungrateful and rude, but I forget what apology I offered. At this distance it is hard to see how I could have got out of the affair with much dignity. I might have heard all about the battle from a man who was there, and instead I went off to listen to a sparrow singing in a bush. I thought, to be sure, that the men would be longer upon the observatory, and that I should still be in season. Probably that was my excuse. If I made one; and in all likelihood the veteran was too completely taken up with his own concerns to think twice about the vagaries of a stray Yankee,

who seemed to be an odd stick, to say nothing worse of him. Well, the loss, such as it was, was mine, not his; and I have lost too much time in the way of business to fret over a little lost (or saved) in the way of pleasure. As for any apparent lack of patriotic feeling, I suppose that the noblest patriot in the world, if he chanced to be also an ornithologist, would notice a bird even amid the smoke of battle; and why should not I do as much on a field from which the battle smoke had vanished thirty years before?

So I reason now; at the time I had no leisure for such sophistries. Every moment brought some fresh distraction. The long hill — woodland, brambly pasture, and shrubby dooryard — was a nest of singing birds; and when at last I climbed the tower, I came down again almost as suddenly as my Louisiana friends had done. The landscape, — the city and its suburbs, the river, the mountains, — all this would be here to-morrow; just now there were other things to look at. Here in the grass, almost under my nose, were a pair of Bewick wrens, hopping and walking by turns, as song sparrows may sometimes be found doing; conscious through and through of my presence, yet affecting to ignore it; carrying themselves with an indescribable and pretty demureness, as if a nest were something never dreamed of by birds of their kind; the female, nevertheless, having at that moment her beak bristling with straws, while the male, a proud young husband, hovered officiously about her, with a continual sweetly possessive manner and an occasional burst of song. Till yesterday Bewick's wren had been nothing but a name to me. Then, somewhere after crossing the state line, the train stopped at a station, and suddenly through the open window came a song. "That's a Bewick wren," I said to myself, as I stepped across the aisle to look out; and there he stood, on the fence beside the track, his long tail striking

the eye on the instant. He sang again, and once again, before the train started. Tennessee was beginning well with a visiting bird-gazer.

There must be some wrennish quality about the Bewick's song, it would seem; else how did I recognize it so promptly? And yet, so far as I am able to give an account of my own impressions, it had in my ears no resemblance to any wren song I had ever heard. I think it never suggested to me any music except the song sparrow's. The truth is, I suppose, that we *feel* resemblances and relationships of which the mind takes no cognizance.

I wandered at a venture down the further slope, turning this way and that as a song invited me. Here were Southerners and Northerners fraternally commingled: summer tanagers, Carolina wrens, blue-gray gnatcatchers, cardinal grosbeaks, chats, Bachman finches, field sparrows, chippers, white-throated sparrows, chewinks, indigo buntings, blackpoll warblers, myrtle-birds, prairie warblers, a Maryland yellow-throat, a bay-breasted warbler, a black-and-white creeper, a redstart, brown thrushes, catbirds, a single mocking-bird, wood thrushes, red-eyed vireos, white-eyed vireos, wood peewees, a quail, and, in the air, purple martins and turkey buzzards. On the Ridge, as well as near the foot on our way up, a mocking-bird and a wood thrush sang within hearing of each other. Comparison as between birds so dissimilar is useless and out of place; but how shall a man avoid it? The mocking-bird is a great vocalist, — yes, and a great singer; but to my Northern ears the wood thrush carried the day with his *voice*.

Having climbed the Ridge again, — though climbing might be thought rather too laborious a word for so gradual a slope, — and started down on the side toward the city, I came to a patch of blackberry vines, in the midst of which sat a thrasher on her nest, all a mother's

anxiety in her staring yellow eyes. Close by her stood an olive-backed thrush. There, too, was my first hooded warbler, a female. She escaped me the next instant, though I made an eager chase, not knowing yet how common birds of her sort were to prove in that Chattanooga country.

In my delight at finding Missionary Ridge so happy a hunting-ground for an opera-glass naturalist, I went thither again the very next morning. This time some Virginia veterans were in the car (they all wore badges), and when we had left it, and were about separating, — after a bit of talk about the battle, of course, — one of them, with almost painful scrupulosity, insisted upon assuring me that if the thing were all to be done over again, he should do just as before. One of his comrades, seeing me a Northerner, interrupted him more than once in a vain attempt to smooth matters over. They had buried the hatchet, he said; let bygones be bygones. But the first man was not to be cajoled with a phrase. He spoke without passion, with no raising of the voice, quite simply and amiably: he too accepted the result; the thing never *would* be done over again; only let his position be understood, — he had nothing to take back. It was impossible not to respect such conscientiousness. For my own part, at any rate, I felt no prompting to argue against it, being myself sufficiently “opinionated” to appreciate a difficulty which some obstinate people experience in altering their convictions as circumstances change, or accepting the failure of a cause as proof of its injustice. If a man is not too obstinate, to be sure, time and the course of events may bring him new light; but that is another matter. Once, when the men were talking among themselves, I overheard one say, as he pointed down the hill, “The Rebels were there, and the Union men yonder.” That careless recurrence of the word “Rebel” came to me as a surprise.

The principal excitement of the morning was a glimpse of a Kentucky warbler, a bird most peculiarly desired. I had finished my jaunt, and was standing beside the bramble patch not far from the railway, where I had seen the hooded warbler the day before, when the splendid creature flashed into sight, saw me, uttered a volley of quick, clear notes, and vanished up the hillside. I ran after him, but might as well have remained where I was. “He is a beauty!” I find written in my notebook. And so he is, — clothed in lustrous olive and the most gorgeous of yellows with trimmings of black, all in the best of taste, with nothing patchy, nothing fantastic or even fanciful. I was again impressed with the abundance of chats, indigo-birds, and white-eyed vireos. Bachman sparrows were numerous, also, in appropriate localities, — dry and bushy, — and I noted a bluebird, a yellow-throated vireo, and, shouting from a dead treetop, a great-crested flycatcher.

My most vivid recollection of this second visit, however, is of the power of the sun, an old enemy of mine, by whom, in my ignorance of spring weather in Tennessee, I allowed myself to be taken at a cruel noonday disadvantage. Even now, in the deep frigidity of a Massachusetts winter, I cannot think of Missionary Ridge without seeing again those long stretches of burning sunshine, wherein the least spot of shade was like a palm in the desert. In every such shelter I used to stand awhile, bareheaded; then, marking the next similar haven, so many rods ahead, I would hoist my umbrella and push forward, cringing at every step as if I were crossing a field under fire. Possibly I exaggerate, but, if I do, it is very little; and though it be an abuse of an exquisite poem, I say over to myself again and again a couplet of Miss Guiney’s: —

“Weather on a sunny ridge,
Showery weather, far from here.”

In truth, early as the season was, the excessive heat, combined with a trying dog-day humidity, sadly circumscribed all my Tennessee rambles. As for my umbrella, my obligations to it were such that nothing but a dread of plagiarism has restrained me from entitling this sketch *An Umbrella on Missionary Ridge*. Nature never intended me for a tropical explorer. Often I did nothing more than seek a shady retreat and stay there, letting the birds come to me, if they would.

Improved after this indolent fashion, one of the hottest of my forenoons became also one of the most enjoyable. I left the car midway up the Ridge,— at the angle of the Y,— and, passing my thrasher's blackberry tangle and descending a wooded slope, found myself unexpectedly in a pleasant place, half wood, half grassy field, through which ran a tiny streamlet, the first one I had seen in this dry and thirsty land. Near the streamlet, on the edge of the wood, quite by itself, stood a cabin of most forlorn appearance, with a garden patch under the window,— if there *was* a window, as to which I do not remember, and the chances seem against it,— the whole closely and meanly surrounded by a fence. In the door stood an aged white woman, looking every whit as old and forlorn as the cabin, with a tall mastiff on one side of her and a black cat on the other.

"Your dog and cat are good friends," I remarked, feeling it polite to speak even to a stranger in so lonesome a spot.

"Yes," she answered gruffly, "they're good friends, only once in a while he wants to kill her."

She said nothing more, and her manner did not encourage further attempts at neighborly intercourse; but as I passed the cabin now and then during the forenoon, the birds leading me about, I heard her muttering often and at considerable length to her hens and ducks. Evidently she enjoyed conversation as well as

most people, only she liked to pick her own company. She was "Aunt Tilly," I learned afterwards, and had lived there by herself for many years; one of the characters of the city, a fortune-teller, whose professional services were in frequent request.

In this favored nook, especially along the watercourse, were many birds, some of them at home for the summer, but the greater part, no doubt, lying over for a day or two on their long northward journey. Not one of them but was interesting to me here in a new country, however familiar it might have become in New England. Here were at least eleven kinds of warblers: blackpolls of both sexes, black-throated blues, chestnut-sides, myrtle-birds, golden warblers, black-and-white creepers, redstarts (have we anything handsomer?), Maryland yellow-throats, blue golden-wings, chats, and Kentuckies. Here were blue-gray gnatcatchers, bluebirds, wood thrushes, veeries, an olive-backed thrush, catbirds, thrashers, Carolina wrens, tufted titmice, a Carolina chickadee, summer tanagers uncounted, orchard orioles, field sparrows, chippers, a Bachman sparrow (unseen), a cardinal, a chewink, flocks of indigo-birds and goldfinches, red-eyed vireos, white-eyed vireos, a yellow-throated vireo, kingbirds, and a crested flycatcher.

In an oak at the corner of Aunt Tilly's cabin a pair of gnatcatchers had built a nest; an exquisite piece of work, large and curiously cylindrical,— not tapering at the base,— set off with a profusion of gray lichens, and saddled upon one limb directly under another, as if for shelter. If the gnatcatcher is not a great singer (his voice is slender, like himself), he is near the head of his profession as an architect and a builder. Twice, in the most senseless manner, one of the birds—the female, I had no doubt, in spite of the adjective just applied to her conduct—stood beside the nest and scolded at me; then, having freed her mind and attracted my atten-

tion, she got inside and began pecking here and there at the rim, apparently giving it the final touches. The tufted tits whistled unseen with all their characteristic monotony. The veeries and the olive-back kept silence, but the wood thrushes, as was their daily habit, made the woods ring. One of them was building a nest.

Most admired of all were the Kentucky warblers, of which there were at least five. It was my first real sight of them, and, fortunately, they were not in the least bashful. They spent the time mostly on the ground, in open, grassy places, especially about the roots of trees and thorn-bushes, — the latter now snowy with bloom, — once in a while hopping a few inches up the bole, as if to pick off insects. In movement and attitude they made me think often of the Connecticut warbler, although when startled they took a higher perch. Once I saw one of them under a pretty tuft of the showy blue baptisia (*B. australis*), — a new bird in the shadow of a new flower! Who says that life is an old story? From the general manner of the birds, — more easily felt than defined, — as well as from their presence in a group and their silence, I inferred, rightly or wrongly, that they had but recently arrived. For aught I yet knew, they might be nothing but wayfarers, — a happy uncertainty which made them only the more interesting. Of their beauty I have already spoken. It would be impossible to speak of it too highly.

As I took the car at noon, I caught sight of a wonderfully bright blood-red flower on the bank above the track, and, as I was the only passenger, the conductor kindly waited for me to run up and pluck it. It turned out to be a catch-fly, and, like the Kentucky warbler, it became common a little later. "Indian pink," one of my Walden's Ridge friends said it was called; a pretty name, but to me "battlefield pink" or "carnage pink" would have seemed more appropriate.

I had found an aviary, I thought, this open grove of Aunt Tilly's, with its treasure of a brook, and at the earliest opportunity I went that way again. Indeed, I went more than once. But the birds were no longer there. What I had seen was mainly a flock of "transients," a migratory "wave." On the farther side of the Ridge, however, I by and by discovered a spot more permanently attractive, — a little valley in the hillside. Here was a spring, and from it, nearly dry as it was, there still oozed a slender rill, which trickled halfway down the slope before losing itself in the sand, and here and there dribbled into a basin commodious enough for a small bird's bath. Several times I idled away an hour or two in this retreat, under the shadow of red maples, sweet gums, sycamores, and tupelos, making an occasional sortie into the sun as an adventurous mood came over me or a distant bird-call proved an irresistible attraction.

They were pleasant hours, but I recall them with a sense of waste and discomfort. In familiar surroundings, such waitings upon Nature's mood are profitable, wholesome for body and soul; but in vacation time, and away from home, with new paths beckoning a man this way and that, and a new bird, for aught he can tell, singing beyond the next hill, — at such a time, I think, sitting still becomes a burden, and the cheerful practice of "a wise passiveness" a virtue beyond the comfortable reach of ordinary flesh and blood. Along the upper edge of the glen a road ran downward into the valley east of the Ridge, and now and then a carriage or a horseman passed. It would have been good to follow them. All that valley country, as I surveyed it from the railway and the tower, had an air of invitingness: beautiful woods, with footpaths and unfrequented roads. In them I must have found birds, flowers, and many a delightful nook. If the Fates could have sent me one cool day!

Yet for all my complaining, I have lived few more enjoyable Sunday forenoons than one that I passed most inactively in this same hillside hollow. As I descended the bank to the spring, two or three goldfinches were singing (goldfinch voices go uncommonly well in chorus, and the birds seem to know it); a female tanager sat before me calling *clippity, clippity*; a field sparrow, a mocking wren, and a catbird sang in as many different directions; and a pair of thrashers — whose nest could not be far away — flitted nervously about, uttering characteristic moaning whistles. If they felt half as badly as their behavior indicated, their case was tragical indeed; but at the moment, instead of pitying them, I fell to wondering just when it is that the thrasher *smacks* (all friends of his are familiar with his resounding imitation of a kiss), and when it is that he whistles. I have never made out, although I believe I know pretty well the states of mind thus expressed. The thrasher is to a peculiar degree a bird of passion; ecstatic in song, furious in anger, irresistibly pitiful in lamentation. How any man can rob a thrasher's nest with that heartbroken whistle in his ears is more than I can imagine.

Indigo-birds are here, of course. Their number is one of the marvels of this country, — though indeed the country seems made for them, as it is also for chats and white-eyed vireos. A bit farther down the valley, as I come to the maples and tupelos, with their grateful density of shade, a wood pewee sings, and then a wood thrush. At the same moment, an Acadian flycatcher, who is always here (his nest is building overhead, as, after a while, I discover), salutes me with a quick, spiteful note. "No trespassing," he says. Landowners are pretty much alike. I pass on, but not far, and beside a little thicket I take up my stand, and wait. It is pleasant here, and patience will be rewarded. Yes, there is a magnolia warbler, my second

Tennessee specimen; a great beauty, but without that final perfection of good taste (simplicity) which distinguishes the Kentucky. I see him, and he is gone, and I am not to be drawn into a chase. Now I have a glimpse of a thrush; an olive-back, from what I can see, but I cannot be sure. Still I keep my place. A blue-gray gnatcatcher is drawling somewhere in the leafy treetops. Thence, too, a cuckoo fires off a lively fusillade of *kuks*, — a yellow-bill, by that token. Next a blackpoll warbler shows himself, still far from home, though he has already traveled a long way northward; and then, in one of the basins of the stream (if we may call it a stream, in which there is no semblance of a current), a chat comes to wash himself. Now I see the thrush again; or rather, I hear him whistle, and by moving a step or two I get him with my eye. He is an olive-back, as his whistle of itself would prove; and presently he begins to sing, to my intense delight. Soon two others are in voice with him. Am I on Missionary Ridge or in the Crawford Notch? I stand motionless, and listen and listen, but my enjoyment is interrupted by a new pleasure. A warbler, — evidently a female, from a certain quietness and plainness, — and, as I take it, a blue-winged yellow, though I have never seen a female of that species, comes to the edge of the water, and in another minute her mate is beside her. Him there is no mistaking. They fly away in a bit of lovers' quarrel, a favorite pastime with mated birds. And look! there is a scarlet tanager; the same gorgeous fellow, I suppose, that was here two days ago, and the only one I have seen in this lower country. What a beauty he is! One of the finest; handsomer, so I think, than the handsomest of his all-red cousins. Now he calls *chip-cherr*, and now he breaks into song. There he falls behind; his cousin's voice is less hoarse, and his style less labored and jerky.

Now straight before me up a woody aisle, an olive-backed thrush stands in full view and a perfect light, facing me and singing, a lovely chorister. Looking at him, I catch a flutter of yellow and black among the leaves by the streamlet; a Kentucky warbler, I suspect, but I dare not go forward to see, for now the thrushes are in chorus again. By and by he comes up from his bath, and falls to dressing his feathers: not a Kentucky, after all, but a Canadian fly-catcher, my first one here. He, too, is an exquisite, with fine colors finely laid on, and a most becoming jet necklace. While I am admiring him, a blue yellow-back begins to practice his scales — still a little blurred, and needing practice, a critic might say — somewhere at my right among the hillside oaks; another exquisite, a beauty among beauties. I see him, though he is out of sight. And what seems odd, at this very moment his rival as a singer of the scale, the prairie warbler, breaks out on the other side of me. Like the chat and the indigo-bird, he is abundantly at home hereabout.

All this woodland music is set off by spaces of silence, sweeter almost than the music itself. Here is peace unbroken; here is a delicious coolness, while the sun blazes upon the dusty road above me. How amiable a power is contrast — on its softer side! I think of the eager, bloody, sweaty, raging men who once stormed up these slopes, killing and being killed. The birds know nothing of all that. It might have been thousands of years ago. The very trees have forgotten it. Two or three cows come feeding down the glade, with the lazy tinkle of a bell. And now my new friend, the blue-winged yellow warbler, sings across the path (across the aisle, I was going to say), but only two or three times, and with only two insignificant lisping syllables. The chary soul! He sings to the eye, I suppose. I go over to look at him, and my sudden movement startles the thrushes, who, finding themselves again

in the singers' gallery, cannot refrain from another chorus. At the same moment the Canadian warbler comes into sight again, this time in a tupelo. The blue-wings are found without difficulty; they have a call like the black-and-white creeper's. A single rough-winged swallow skims above the treetops. I have seen him here before, and one or two others like him. Compared with New England, this corner of Tennessee seems but poorly supplied with swallows.

As I return to the bed of the valley, a female cardinal grosbeak flutters suspiciously about a thicket of tall blackberry vines. Her nest should be there, I think, but a hasty look reveals nothing. Again I come upon the Canadian warbler. If there is only one here, he is often in my way. I sit down upon the leaning, almost horizontal bole of a large tupelo, — a new tree to me, but common in this country. The thick dark-colored bark is broken deeply into innumerable small geometrical figures, giving the tree a noticeable, venerable appearance, as wrinkles lend distinction and character to an old man's face. Another species, which, as far as I can tell, should be our familiar tupelo of Massachusetts, is equally common, — a smaller tree with larger leaves. The moisture here, slight as it now is, gives the place a vegetation of its own and a peculiar density of leafage. From one of the smaller tupelos (I repeat that word as often as I can, for the music of it) cross-vine streamers are swinging, full of red-and-yellow bells. Scattered thinly over the ground are yellow starflowers, the common Houstonia, a pink phlox, and some unknown dark yellow blossom a little like the fall dandelion, — Cynthia, I guess.

My thoughts are recalled by a strong, sharp *chip* in a voice I do not recognize, — a Kentucky warbler's, as presently turns out. He walks about the ground amid the short, thin grass, seemingly in the most placid of moods; but at every few steps, for some inscrutable reason,

he comes out with that quick, peremptory call. And all the while I keep saying to myself, "What a beauty!" But my forenoon is past. I rise to go, and at the motion he takes flight. Near the spring the goldfinches are still in full chorus, and just beyond them in the path is a mourning dove.

That was a good season: hymns without words, "a sermon not made with hands," and the world shut out. Three days afterward, fast as my vacation was running away, I went to the same place again. The olive-backed thrushes were still singing, to my surprise, and the Kentucky warblers were still feeding in the grass. The scarlet tanager sang (it is curious how much oftener I mention him than the comparatively unfamiliar, but here extremely common summer tanager), the cuckoo called, the Acadian flycatcher was building her nest, — on a horizontal limb of a maple, — and a goldfinch warbled as if he could never cease. A veery sang, also (I heard but one other in Tennessee), with a chestnut-sided warbler, two redstarts (one of them in the modest garb of his mother), a Carolina chickadee, a mocking wren, a pine warbler, a prairie warbler, and a catbird. In time, probably, all the birds for a mile around might have been heard or seen beside that scanty rill.

To-day, however, my mood was less Sundayish than before, and in spite of the heat I ventured across an open pasture, — where a Bachman's finch was singing an ingenious set of variations, and a rabbit stamped with a sudden loudness that made me jump, — and then through a piece of wood, till I came to another hollow like the one I had left, but without water, and therefore less thickly shaded. Here was the inevitable thicket of brambles (since I speak so much of chats and indigo-birds, the presence of a sufficiency of blackberry bushes may be taken for granted), and I waited to see what it would bring forth. A field sparrow sang from the hillside, — a sweet and modest

tune that went straight to the heart, and had nothing to fear from a comparison with Bachman's finch or any other. What a contrast in this respect between him and his gentle-seeming but belligerent and tuneless cousin whom we call "chippy"!¹ Here, likewise, were a pair of complaining Carolina wrens and an Acadian flycatcher. A thrush excited my curiosity, having the look of a gray-cheek, but showing a buff eye-ring; and while I was coaxing him to whistle, and so declare himself, — often a ready means of identification, and preferable on all accounts to shooting the bird, — there came a furious outburst from the depths of the brier patch, with a grand flurry of wings: a large bird and two smaller ones engaged in sudden battle, as well as I could make out. At the close of the *mêlée*, which ended as abruptly as it had begun, the thicket showed two wrens, a white-throated sparrow, and a female cardinal. The cardinal flew away; the affair was no business of hers, apparently; but in a minute she was back again, scolding. Then, while my back was turned, everything became quiet; and on my stepping up to reconnoitre, there she sat in her nest with four eggs under her. At that moment a chat's loud voice was heard, and, turning quickly, I caught the fellow in the midst of a brilliant display of his clownish tricks, ridiculous, indescribable. At a little distance, it is hard to believe that it can be a bird, that dancing, shapeless thing, balancing itself in the air with dangling legs and prancing, swaying motions. Well, that is the chat's way. What more need be said? Every creature must express himself, and birds no less than other poets are entitled to an occasional "fine frenzy."

My little excursion had brought me nothing new, and, like all my similar ventures on Missionary Ridge, it ended in

¹ If I could have my way, he should be known as the doorstep sparrow. The name would fit him to a nicety.

defeat. The sun was too much for me; to use a word suggested by the place, it carried too many guns. I took a long and comfortable siesta under a magni-

ficent chestnut oak. Then it was near noon, and, with my umbrella spread, I mounted the hill to the railway, and waited for a car.

Bradford Torrey.

NOTES FROM A TRAVELING DIARY.

I.

ŌSAKA-KYŌTŌ RAILWAY,
April 15, 1895.

FEELING drowsy in a public conveyance, and not being able to lie down, a Japanese woman will lift her long sleeve before her face ere she begins to nod. In this second-class railway carriage there are now three women asleep in a row, all with faces screened by the left sleeve, and all swaying together with the rocking of the train, like lotus flowers in a soft current. (This use of the *left* sleeve is either fortuitous or instinctive; probably instinctive, as the right hand serves best to cling to strap or seat in case of shock.) The spectacle is at once pretty and funny, but especially pretty, as exemplifying that grace with which a refined Japanese woman does everything, — always in the daintiest and least selfish way possible. It is pathetic, too, for the attitude is also that of sorrow, and sometimes of weary prayer, — all because of the trained sense of duty to show only one's happiest face to the world.

Which fact reminds me of an experience.

A male servant long in my house seemed to me the happiest of mortals. He laughed invariably when spoken to, looked always delighted while at work, appeared to know nothing of the small troubles of life. But one day I peeped at him when he thought himself quite alone, and his relaxed face startled me. It was not the face I had known. Hard lines of pain and anger appeared in it,

making it look twenty years older. I coughed gently to announce my presence. At once the face smoothed, softened, lighted up as by a miracle of rejuvenation. Miracle, indeed, of perpetual unselfish self-control.

II.

KYŌTŌ, *April 16.*

The wooden shutters before my little room in the hotel are pushed away, and the morning sun immediately paints upon my *shōji*, across squares of gold light, the perfect sharp shadow of a little peach-tree. No mortal artist — not even a Japanese — could surpass that silhouette! Limned in dark blue against the yellow glow, the marvelous image even shows stronger or fainter tones according to the varying distance of the unseen branches outside. It sets me thinking about the possible influence on Japanese art of the use of paper for house-lighting purposes.

By night, a Japanese house with only its *shōji* closed looks like a great paper-sided lantern, — a magic-lantern making moving shadows within instead of without itself. By day, the shadows on the *shōji* are from outside only; but they may be very wonderful at the first rising of the sun, if his beams are leveled, as in this instance, across a space of quaint garden.

There is certainly nothing absurd in that old Greek story which finds the origin of art in the first untaught attempt to trace upon some wall the outline of a lover's shadow. Very possibly, all sense of art, as well as all sense of the super-

natural, had its simple beginnings in the study of shadows. But shadows on shōji are so remarkable as to suggest explanation of certain Japanese faculties of drawing by no means primitive, but developed beyond all parallel, and otherwise difficult to account for. Of course, the quality of Japanese paper, which takes shadows better than any frosted glass, must be considered, and also the character of the shadows themselves. Western vegetation, for example, could scarcely furnish silhouettes so gracious as those of Japanese garden trees, all trained by centuries of caressing care to look as lovely as nature allows.

I wish the paper of my shōji could have been, like a photographic plate, sensitive to that first delicious impression cast by a level sun. I am already regretting distortions: the beautiful silhouette has begun to lengthen.

III.

Kyōtō, April 16.

Of all peculiarly beautiful things in Japan, the most beautiful are the approaches to high places of worship or of rest, — the Ways that go to Nowhere, and the Steps that lead to Nothing.

Certainly, their special charm is the charm of the adventitious, — the effect of man's handiwork in union with nature's finest moods of light and form and color, — a charm which vanishes on rainy days; but it is none the less wonderful because fitful.

Perhaps the ascent begins with a sloping, paved avenue, half a mile long, lined with giant trees. Stone monsters guard the way at regular intervals. Then you come to some great flight of steps ascending through green gloom to a terrace umbraged by older and vaster trees; and other steps from thence lead to other terraces, all in shadow. And you climb and climb and climb, till at last, beyond a gray *torii*, the goal appears: a small, void, colorless wooden shrine, — a Shintō *miya*. The shock of emptiness thus re-

ceived, in the high silence and the shadows, after all the sublimity of the long approach, is very ghostliness itself.

Of similar Buddhist experiences whole multitudes wait for those who care to seek them. I might suggest, for example, a visit to the grounds of Higashi Ōtani, which are in the city of Kyōtō. A grand avenue leads to the court of a temple, and from the court a flight of steps fully fifty feet wide — massy, mossed, and magnificently balustraded — lead to a walled terrace. The scene makes one think of the approach to some Italian pleasure-garden of Decameron days. But, reaching the terrace, you find only a gate, opening — into a cemetery! Did the Buddhist landscape-gardener wish to tell us that all pomp and power and beauty lead only to such silence at last?

IV.

Kyōtō, April 19, 20.

I have passed the greater part of three days in the national Exhibition, — time barely sufficient to discern the general character and significance of the display. It is essentially industrial, but nearly all delightful, notwithstanding, because of the wondrous application of art to all varieties of production. Foreign merchants and keener observers than I find in it other and sinister meaning, — the most formidable menace to Occidental trade and industry ever made by the Orient. "Compared with England," wrote a correspondent of the London Times, "it is farthings for pennies throughout. . . . The story of the Japanese invasion of Lancashire is older than that of the invasion of Korea and China. It has been a conquest of peace, — a painless process of depletion which is virtually achieved. . . . The Kyōtō display is proof of a further immense development of industrial enterprise. . . . A country where laborers' hire is three shillings a week, with all other domestic charges in proportion, must — other things being equal — kill competitors whose expenses are quad-

ruple the Japanese scale." Certainly, the industrial *jiujutsu* promises unexpected results.

The price of admission to the Exhibition is a significant matter, also. Only five sen! Yet even at this figure the enterprise is likely to pay for itself, so great is the swarm of visitors. Multitudes of peasants are pouring daily into the city, — pedestrians mostly, just as for a pilgrimage. And a pilgrimage for myriads the journey really is, because of the inauguration festival of the greatest of Shinshū temples.

The art department proper I thought much inferior to that of the Tōkyō Exhibition of 1890. Fine things there were, but few, — evidence, perhaps, of the eagerness with which the nation is turning all its energies and talents in directions where money is to be made; for in those larger departments where art is combined with industry — such as ceramics, enamels, inlaid work, embroideries — no finer and costlier work could ever have been shown. Indeed, the high value of certain articles on display suggested a reply to a Japanese friend who observed thoughtfully, "If China adopt Western industrial methods, she will be able to underbid us in all the markets of the world."

"Perhaps in cheap production," I made answer. "But there is no reason why Japan should depend wholly upon cheapness of production. I think she may rely more securely upon her superiority in art and good taste. The art genius of a people may have a special value against which all competition by cheap labor is vain. Among Western nations, France offers an example. Her wealth is not due to her ability to underbid her neighbors. Her goods are the dearest in the world; she deals in things of luxury and beauty. But they sell in all civilized countries because they are the best of their kind. Why should not Japan become the France of the Farther East?"

The weakest part of the art display is that devoted to oil-painting, — oil-painting in the European manner. No reason exists why the Japanese should not be able to paint wonderfully in oil by following their own particular methods of artistic expression. But their attempts to follow Western methods have even risen to mediocrity only in studies requiring very realistic treatment. Ideal work in oil, according to Western canons of art, is still out of their reach. Perhaps they may yet discover for themselves a new gateway to the beautiful, even through oil-painting, by adaptation of the method to the particular needs of the race genius, but there is yet no sign of such a tendency.

A canvas representing a perfectly naked woman looking at herself in a very large mirror created a disagreeable impression. The Japanese press had been requesting the removal of the piece, and uttering comments not flattering to Western art ideas. Nevertheless, the canvas was by a Japanese painter of some repute. It was rather boldly priced at three thousand dollars.

I stood near the painting for a while to observe its effect upon the people, — peasants by a huge majority. They would stare at it, laugh scornfully, utter some contemptuous phrase, and turn away to examine the *kakemono*, which were really far more worthy of notice, though offered at prices ranging only from ten to fifty yen. The comments were leveled chiefly at "foreign" ideas of good taste (the figure having been painted with a European head). None seemed to consider the thing as a Japanese work. Had it represented a Japanese woman, I doubt whether the crowd would have even tolerated its existence.

Now all this scorn for the picture itself was just. There was nothing ideal in the work. It was simply the representation of a naked woman doing what no woman could like to be seen doing. And a picture of a mere naked woman,

however well executed, is never art, if art means idealism. The realism of the thing was its offensiveness. Ideal nakedness may be divine, — the most godly of all human dreams of the superhuman. But a naked person is not divine at all. Ideal nudity needs no girdle, because the charm is of lines too beautiful to be veiled or broken. The living real human body has no such divine geometry. Question: Is an artist justified in creating nakedness for its own sake, unless he can divest that nakedness of every trace of the real and personal?

There is a Buddhist text which truly declares that he alone is wise *who can see things without their individuality*. And it is this Buddhist way of seeing which makes the greatness of the true Japanese art.

V.

These thoughts came: —

That nudity which is divine, which is the abstract of beauty absolute, gives to the beholder a shock of astonishment and delight not unmixed with melancholy. Very few works of art give this, because very few approach perfection. But there are marbles and gems which give it, and certain fine studies of them, such as the engravings published by the Society of Dilettanti. The longer one looks, the more the wonder grows, since there appears no line, or part of a line, whose beauty does not surpass all remembrance. So the secret of such art was long thought supernatural; and in very truth, the sense of beauty it communicates is more than human, — is superhuman, in the meaning of that which is outside of existing life; is therefore as supernatural as any sensation known to man can be.

What is the shock?

It resembles strangely, and is certainly akin to, that psychical shock which comes with the first experience of love. Plato explained the shock of beauty as being the Soul's sudden half-remembrance of

the World of Divine Ideas. "They who see here any image or resemblance of the things which are there receive a shock like a thunderbolt, and are, after a manner, taken out of themselves." Schopenhauer explained the shock of first love as the will power of the Soul of the Race. In our own day, the positive psychology of Spencer declares that the most powerful of human passions, when it makes its first appearance, is absolutely antecedent to all individual experience. Thus do ancient thought and modern, metaphysics and science, accord in recognizing that the first deep sensation of human beauty known to the individual is not individual at all.

Must not the same truth hold of that shock which supreme art gives? The human ideal expressed in such art appeals surely to the experience of all that Past enshrined in the emotional life of the beholder, — to something inherited from innumerable ancestors.

Innumerable indeed!

Allowing three generations to a century, and presupposing no consanguineous marriages, a French mathematician estimates that each existing individual of his nation would have in his veins the blood of twenty millions of contemporaries of the year 1000. Or calculating from the first year of our own era, the ancestry of a man of to-day would represent a total of eighteen quintillions. Yet what are twenty centuries to the time of the life of man!

Well, the emotion of beauty, like all of our emotions, is certainly the inherited product of unimaginably countless experiences in an immeasurable past. In every æsthetic sensation is the stirring of trillions of trillions of ghostly memories buried in the magical soil of the brain. And each man carries within him an ideal of beauty which is but an infinite composite of dead perceptions of form, color, grace, once dear to look upon. It is dormant, this ideal, potential in essence, cannot be evoked

at will before the imagination ; but it may light up electrically at any perception by the living outer senses of some vague affinity. Then is felt that weird, sad, delicious thrill which accompanies the sudden backward-flowing of the tides of life and time ; then are the sensations of a million years and of myriad generations summed into the emotional feeling of a moment.

Now, the artists of one civilization only — the Greeks — were able to perform the miracle of disengaging the Race Ideal of beauty from their own souls, and fixing its wavering outline in jewel and stone. Nudity they made divine ; and they still compel us to feel its divinity almost as they felt it themselves. Perhaps they could do this because, as Emerson suggested, they possessed all-perfect senses. Certainly it was not because they were as beautiful as their own statues. No man and no woman could be that. This only is sure : that they discerned and clearly fixed their ideal, composite of countless million remembrances of dead grace in eyes and eyelids, throat and cheek, mouth and chin, body and limbs.

The Greek marble itself gives proof that there is no absolute individuality, — that the mind is as much a composite of souls as the body is of cells.

VI.

Kyōtō, April 21.

The two noblest examples of religious architecture in the whole empire have just been completed ; and the great City of Temples is now enriched by two constructions probably never surpassed in all the ten centuries of its existence. One is the gift of the imperial government ; the other, the gift of the common people.

The government's gift is the Dai-Gyoku-Den, erected to commemorate the great festival of Kwammu Tennō, fifty-first Emperor of Japan, and founder of

the Sacred City. To the spirit of this Emperor the Dai-Gyoku-Den is dedicated : it is thus a Shintō temple, and the most superb of all Shintō temples. Nevertheless, it is not Shintō architecture, but a facsimile of the original palace of Kwammu Tennō upon the original scale. The effect upon national sentiment of this magnificent deviation from conventional forms, and the profound poetry of the reverential feeling which suggested it, can be fully comprehended only by those who know that Japan is still practically ruled by the dead. Much more than beautiful are the edifices of the Dai-Gyoku-Den. Even in this most archaic of Japanese cities they startle ; they tell to the sky in every tilted line of their horned roofs the tale of another and more fantastic age. The most eccentrically striking parts of the whole are the two-storied and five-towered gates, — veritable Chinese dreams, one would say. In color the construction is not less oddly attractive than in form ; and this especially because of the fine use made of antique yellow tiles in the polychromatic roofing. Surely the august spirit of Kwammu Tennō might well rejoice in this charming evocation of the past by architectural necromancy !

But the gift of the people to Kyōtō is still grander. It is represented by the glorious Higashi Hongwanji, or eastern Hongwan temple (Shinshū). Western readers may form some idea of its character from the simple statement that it cost eight millions of dollars, and required seventeen years to build. In mere dimension it is largely exceeded by other Japanese buildings of cheaper construction ; but anybody familiar with the Buddhist temple architecture of Japan can readily perceive the difficulty of building a temple one hundred and twenty-seven feet high, one hundred and ninety-two feet deep, and more than two hundred feet long. Because of its peculiar form, and especially because of

the vast sweeping lines of its roof, the Hongwanji looks even far larger than it is, — looks mountainous. But in any country it would be deemed a remarkable structure. There are beams forty-two feet long and four feet thick, and there are pillars nine feet in circumference. One may guess the character of the interior decoration from the statement that the mere painting of the lotos flowers on the screens behind the main altar cost ten thousand dollars. Nearly all this wonderful work was done with the money contributed in coppers by hard-working peasants. And yet there are people who think that Buddhism is dying!

More than one hundred thousand peasants came to see the grand inauguration. They seated themselves by myriads on matting laid down by the acre in the great court. I saw them waiting thus at three in the afternoon. The court was a living sea. Yet all that host was to wait till seven o'clock for the beginning of the ceremony, without refreshment, in the hot sun. I saw at one corner of the court a band of about twenty young girls, — all in white, and wearing peculiar white caps, — and I asked who they were. A bystander replied: "As all these people must wait here many hours, it is to be feared that some may become ill. Therefore professional nurses have been stationed here to take care of any who may be sick. There are likewise stretchers in waiting, and carriers; and there are many physicians."

I admired the patience and the faith. But those peasants might well love the magnificent temple, — their own creation in very truth, both directly and indirectly. For no small part of the actual labor of building was done for love only; and the mighty beams for the roof had been hauled to Kyōtō from far-away mountain slopes with cables made of the hair of Buddhist wives and daughters. One such cable, preserved in the temple,

is more than three hundred and sixty feet long, and nearly three inches in diameter.

To me the lesson of these two magnificent monuments of national religious sentiment suggested the certain future increase in ethical power and value of that sentiment, concomitantly with the increase of national prosperity. Temporary poverty is the real explanation of the apparent temporary decline of Buddhism. But an era of great wealth is beginning. Some outward forms of Buddhism must perish, some superstitions of Shintō must die. The vital truths and recognitions will expand, strengthen, take only deeper root in the heart of the race, and potently prepare it for the trials of that larger and harsher life upon which it has to enter.

VII.

KOBE, *April 23.*

I have been visiting the exhibition of fishes and of fisheries which is at Hyōgo, in a garden by the sea. Waraku-en is its name, which signifies "the Garden of the Pleasure of Peace." It is laid out like a landscape garden of old time, and deserves its name. Over its verge you behold the great bay, and fishermen in boats, and the white far-gliding of sails splendid with light, and beyond all, shutting out the horizon, a lofty beautiful massing of peaks, mauve-colored by distance.

I saw ponds of curious shapes, filled with clear sea-water, in which fishes of beautiful colors were swimming. I went to the aquarium where stranger kinds of fishes swam behind glass, — fishes shaped like toy kites, and fishes shaped like sword-blades, and fishes that seemed to turn themselves inside out, and funny, pretty fishes of butterfly colors, that move like dancing-girls, waving sleeve-shaped fins.

I saw models of all manner of boats and nets and hooks and fish-traps and

torch-baskets for night-fishing. I saw pictures of every kind of fishing, and both models and pictures of men killing whales. One picture was terrible: the death-agony of a whale caught in a giant net, and the leaping of boats in a turmoil of red foam, and one naked man on the monstrous back — a single figure against the sky — striking with a great steel, and the fountain-gush of blood responding to the stroke. Beside me I heard a Japanese father and mother explain the picture to their little boy; and the mother said, "When the whale is going to die, it speaks; it cries to the Lord Buddha for help, — *Namu Amida Butsu!*"

I went to another part of the garden where there were tame deer, and a "golden bear" in a cage, and peafowl in an aviary, and an ape. The people fed the deer and the bear with cakes, and tried to coax the peacock to open its tail, and grievously tormented the ape. I sat down to rest on the veranda of a pleasure-house near the aviary, and the Japanese folk who had been looking at the picture of whale-fishing found their way to the same veranda; and presently I heard the little boy say, "Father, there is an old, old fisherman in his boat. Why does he not go to the palace of the Dragon-King of the Sea, like Urashima?"

The father answered: "Urashima caught a turtle, which was not really a turtle, but the daughter of the Dragon-King. So he was rewarded for his kindness. But that old fisherman has not caught any turtle; and even if he had caught one, he is much too old to marry. Therefore he will not go to the palace."

Then the boy looked at the flowers, and the fountains, and the sunned sea with its white sails, and the mauve-colored mountains beyond all, and exclaimed, "Father, do you think there is

any place more beautiful than this in the whole world?"

The father smiled deliciously, and seemed about to answer; but before he could speak the child cried out, and leaped, and clapped his little hands for delight, because the peacock had suddenly outspread the splendor of its tail. And all hastened to the aviary. So I never heard the reply to that pretty question.

But afterwards I thought that it might have been answered thus: —

"Son, very beautiful this is. But the world is full of beauty; and there may be gardens more beautiful than this.

"But the fairest of gardens is not in our world. It is the Garden of Amida, in the Paradise of the West.

"And whosoever does no wrong what time he lives may after death dwell in that garden.

"There the divine Kujaku, bird of heaven, sings of the Seven Steps and the Five Powers, spreading its tail as a sun.

"There lakes of jewel-water are, and in them lotos flowers of a loveliness for which there is not any name. And from those flowers proceed continually rays of rainbow light and spirits of Buddhas newly born.

"And the water, murmuring among the lotos buds, speaks to the souls in them of Infinite Memory and Infinite Vision, and of the Four Infinite Feelings.

"And in that place there is no difference between gods and men, save that under the splendor of Amida even the gods must bend; and all sing the hymn of praise beginning, '*O Thou of Immeasurable Light!*'"

"But the Voice of the River Celestial chants forever, like the chanting of thousands in unison: '*Even this is not high; there is still a higher! This is not real; this is not peace!*'"

Lafcadio Hearn.

BEING A TYPEWRITER.

I AM moved to set down my reflections, because I believe the day is approaching when the typewriter — I have in mind the human being, and not the machine — shall have become nearly or quite extinct. Then this class of people, like the scribes of Jerusalem, will have a place assigned to them in history, and the records left by them will have a certain archaic interest. When it is remembered that the mechanical part of typewriting can be learned in a few days, and that, unlike music or shorthand, it imposes upon the student no system of representing ideas with which he is not already familiar, it does not take a great stretch of the imagination to suppose a time when whoever reads will run the typewriter; reversing not only the old saying, but the relations of typewriting to education and to society. It seems to me that as yet these relations are imperfectly understood. From all that has been said to me, I infer that most people imagine there would be no further need of typewriting if the necessity for speed were removed. This is a little like assuming that if dancing were prohibited there would be no further demand for music, — a gloomy outlook for all who play the piano and violin!

But, unlike the piano and violin, the typewriter was first used in the rush of business, and from this fact it has suffered almost as much as it has profited. Undoubtedly, its efficiency in affairs has been the immediate cause of its popularity; but, unfortunately, business has too largely dictated its construction, and given it the character of a mere time-saver and makeshift. In literature its use is even now hardly more than an afterthought, and its structure is essentially different from what it would have been had literature first discovered its merits.

Is it not a little curious, when we reflect upon it, that a machine which is beginning to supplement the labors of clergymen, lecturers, and contributors to the magazines should continue to be constructed almost entirely in accordance with the demands of business? Does it seem reasonable that the number of characters, the marks of punctuation, the entire typographical capacity of that piece of mechanism to which, directly or indirectly, the man of science confides his conclusions, should be prescribed by the flour merchant and the dealer in all kinds of property except manuscripts? A language-lover, to whom no syllable of his native tongue is without charm and significance, from the most classic to the most colloquial of its utterances, falls to wondering what sort of typewriter would have found favor at Athens, supposing Hermes to have lighted upon the invention, and Athena to have seen fit to bestow it. A machine without accents and with the fewest possible marks of punctuation (for it is only at the request of the purchaser that luxuries like the dash, the diæresis, and the exclamation point are provided), a machine that discarded the breathings, as an additional expense or hindrance to speed, and in which the minimum of attention had been paid to typographical excellence, would hardly have met the requirements of a public which could not endure the mispronunciation of a word on the part of an actor. After a twofold experience, covering a fifth of my life, and enabling me to look at typewriting from the standpoint of literature as well as of business, I do not hesitate to say that the development of the art of typewriting — if for the moment I may so characterize a mechanical invention — has been retarded by half a century.

At the same time, I am far from for-

getting that certain business houses — very often, yet not invariably, those of publishers — maintain a standard in letter-writing that many who make a profession of literature would do well to imitate. In neatness and verbal accuracy the average output of a business firm in New York will compare very favorably with the communications in typewriting received by the editor of a first-class journal. That these are too often specimens of what may be termed typewriting run wild is due not so much to the fact that ministers and men of genius are proverbially inconsequent, as to their inability to pay the salary or give the training that alone insures good work. It must also be taken into account that, as a rule, it is more difficult to prepare a brief article for publication than to transcribe a letter of almost any length; but as this is not clearly understood, even by those who are in the habit of employing an amanuensis, I shall have more to say about it later.

After all, the worst injury trade has dealt to the typewriter does not lie in liberties taken with language. If the tradesman cannot always capture the terse English of the military commander, still he is frank in acknowledging the delicacy of the tool he is handling, and if he happens to be a man of education his letters will often be admirably to the point. Even the merchant without education is aware of his inability to handle language, and according to his lights he is every whit as careful of his letters as of his cablegrams, though he may know that an error of statement will not cost him a sum of money. To my mind, the setback that the art of typewriting has received from business, and which is perhaps keeping the present machines as far behind the machine of the future as the clavichord and harpsichord fell behind the piano, is mainly owing to the supposition that speed is the chief end of typewriting, and not merely one of its many uses. There

could hardly be a more telling illustration of the erroneous nineteenth-century notion that nothing is worth doing unless it can be done quickly. I observe that a high rate of speed in travel, in letter-writing, in reading aloud, in the acquirement of knowledge, is precisely most prevalent and highly prized in that country where the arts are least flourishing, or when they do put forth blossoms, as painting is now doing in America, are least appreciated. Our citizens who visit Japan are moved to wonder by the long days, the simplicity of life, the amount of leisure; by shops that close at four in the afternoon, and houses which contain next to no furniture. They are furthermore impressed by the keen appreciation of the fitness of things in the lower classes, — by the workman who produces an exquisite bit of embroidery while claiming to be no artist: that the former phenomena have any bearing upon the latter seems not always to occur to my countrymen. Not long ago I confided to an American poet my intention of gathering into a little book a few choice examples of a kind of verse very popular with the Greeks, at one time popular in France, and of growing popularity in America. Nothing could have been more acute and sympathetic than his suggestions, till he spoilt it all by adding, "And it would n't take you very long to do it, either." Substitute the slow processes of nature for the methods of commerce, in the arts as they are understood in America, and whatever may be the quality of what we are getting, there can be no doubt that it would be raised, and that, in spite of the apparent contradiction, a lower rate of production would prove an impetus. We are lost in wonder at the wilderness of carving in the cathedrals of mediæval Europe. Modern workmen, we say, would have no time for an outlay so multitudinous and minute; yet it takes nature many more centuries to make a tropical forest, and longer to produce an

apple from a blossom, than it took the mediæval workman to design and execute one of the oval projections in a piece of egg and tongue moulding. Perhaps, when so great an art as the art of painting lies at the feet of commerce, it may seem a light thing that typewriting should lie there, too ; but can anything so closely linked to language and identified with it fail to exert an influence over it that is worth our serious consideration ?

I would not be understood as undervaluing the importance of speed, either in shorthand or in typewriting ; my point is merely that while speed is the main object of shorthand (and the only advantage, if I except the occasional convenience of a cipher or private record), in typewriting it is one of many advantages, among which, in my opinion, accuracy of record stands first. There is little doubt that if absolute accuracy of record were as easily attainable in shorthand as in typewriting, the English alphabet would be in a fair way to disappear, from commerce at any rate. But the truth is, although stenographers are not frank in acknowledging it, that shorthand is in its very nature incompatible with infallibility of record, for the reason that the same outline does not invariably mean the same word ; hence, in order to interpret it, the man who made it, when he is ready to transcribe it, must have recourse to his memory or to the context.

I have sometimes amused myself by tracing a faint analogy between the notes of a stenographer and a problem in algebra only partly worked out. As in the problem x is employed, as a matter of momentary convenience, to represent some quantity not yet ascertained, and in the next problem may represent another quantity altogether, so in a page of shorthand a particular outline may mean any one of two or more words, that the stenographer runs over in his mind, unless his memory tells him which

is the right one. In his struggles with shorthand a beginner is taken by surprise every time he attempts to read his notes. Outlines that seemed to him to mean only one thing when he employed them, in reality apply equally to several different words. It is all very well to put a white cross on the door of the house you wish to remember, as the dowager did in Hans Andersen's fairy tale ; but what are you going to do if, on your return, you find every house in the street marked in a similar way ? Many outlines, it is true, can have only one interpretation : the outline that, in the system I use, is generally employed to represent *cathedral* could hardly stand for any other word with which I am familiar. But since the tendency of shorthand is to level all words and to express the greatest number of sounds by the fewest possible strokes ; since in at least one system *a* can be distinguished from *and*, *edge* from *age* or *advantage*, *I* from *eye*, *why*, or *high*, only by the context, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the life of a stenographer is one long effort to dissociate words from outlines that fit them perfectly, but at the time of writing were intended for other words.

If a stenographer could afford the time to put in his vowels, or, in other words, to vocalize, the difficulty of interpreting his notes would be reduced by at least a third ; but, as a matter of fact, he occupies himself almost exclusively with the skeleton of the word he has in mind, leaving out the vowels, and reducing it to a string of consonants. The moment two words seemingly so different as *cushion* and *action* are deprived of their vowels, it is obvious that they become identical, and that the same outline will serve for both. The stenographer must then trust to his memory, or set up a distinction between *cushion* and *action*, either by vocalizing *cushion* and leaving *action* unvocalized, or by writing the former under the line and the latter above it, or by any other device or

variation he happens to hit upon ; for personal whim enters very largely into the matter, and in a measure accounts for the inability of stenographers to read one another's notes. In rare cases, stenographers using the same system and employed in the same office have been known to make out the notes of their associates ; but in every instance that has come under my immediate observation the illness of a secretary has rendered his notes valueless, and it has been necessary to await his recovery or to dictate the letters all over again to some one else. More than once a notebook has been handed me with the request to write out the letters contained in it ; this was a little like being asked to make an astronomical calculation inside of an hour. In other words, every stenographer builds his own block-house. At the start he is given a certain number of blocks carefully lettered, and these must not on any account be misplaced or ignored. But as soon as the foundation is laid he is thrown upon his own resources, and the chances are that through life he goes on developing, contracting, transposing, and otherwise modifying his outlines, precisely as the purist goes on pruning his sentences and looking sharply after his diction.

In most cases, the more expert a stenographer becomes, the less difference he makes between his outlines, the greater the number of sounds he finds it convenient to represent by the same stroke. The beginner in the system I use employs shading as a means of distinguishing between the strokes that stand for *t* and *d*, *k* and *g*, *p* and *b*, and so on. Many continue to shade as long as they write shorthand. Women, I think, give up shading more reluctantly than men, because women, in a way, feel more strongly the importance of details. But I have never used a particle of shading, and, as a rule, the expert cannot stop to shade ; so it comes about that his *p* and *b* are identical, and that he must rely

solely on memory and context whenever, for example, it is necessary to distinguish *cup* from *cub*. It is obvious that in this instance even vocalization will not help him, and as the tendency of expert writing is always in the direction of abbreviation and contraction, it follows not infrequently that a stenographer's rapidity in reading his notes is in an inverse ratio to his quickness in taking them. By comparing notes with other stenographers, I have found that I am not the only one who is in the habit of writing *it*, *do*, *day*, and *dollar* exactly alike ; that is, with a vertical stroke resting on the line. On the other hand, it came out, in a conversation I had with two women, that we all had different ways of writing *history*, each one holding firmly to the opinion that her way was the shortest.

At first blush it seems incredible that, after several years' practice, a stenographer should experience even a moment's embarrassment in reading his notes ; but suppose a page of ordinary long primer from which many of the consonants and all the vowels have been eliminated, with the exception of here and there a stray *u* or a solitary *i*. Think of a page without paragraphs, possibly without a single period or other mark of punctuation, a page in which there are no capital letters, and where many of the outlines are joined together arbitrarily, as in the phrase, *i think you will have*, or *under the circumstances*, and then imagine yourself asked on a sudden to go back to the beginning of the last sentence but one. It is undoubtedly the business of an amanuensis to be able to detect the beginning of the last sentence but one with the inevitableness of a divining-rod ; but the perpetual dictator little dreams how largely the nimbleness of his stenographer is due to an effort of will, or to what extent the interpretation and transcription of notes is a matter of memory. A business man tells me he has come to the conclusion that a stenographer is like a pair of shoes, that give more trouble

than satisfaction until they have been worn several days and have become perfectly fitted to the foot. I do not know whether he is aware that a new secretary's first instinctive proceeding is to get hold of the words and phrases which constitute the ordinary vocabulary of the house. This, in comparison with the vocabulary of a clergyman or a novelist, is exceedingly limited; and when the separate vocabularies and individual peculiarities of the heads of the firm have been mentally noted, the difficulty of taking their letters is reduced to an ever-decreasing minimum.

Now, what happens when an expert stenographer, accustomed to take the letters of lawyers, or, it may be, to report the doings of the legislature (and I have a particular case in mind), tries his hand at a novel, an essay on Buddhism, or any other work that draws extensively upon the imagination? He has put out in his little boat, leaving the narrow channel of practical affairs, and breasting the waves of a diction that will capsize him unless he happens to be a student, — possibly something of a bookworm, — and hence has at his command a vocabulary in some degree approaching that of the man he is endeavoring to supplement. This point is seldom appreciated by literary workers, and I have been repeatedly called upon for the solution of what seemed to them grotesque and unaccountable lapses in the work of stenographers having a certain prestige and high prices. "The violins . . . carrying the hearts of the listeners with them in their oval sides," wrote a stenographer who had an exalted idea of his own merits, when he should have said, "in their veiled sobs." To the author no possible analogy was traceable in *oval sides* and *veiled sobs*. But deprive both adjectives of their vowels, and they become respectively *vl* and *vld*. Now I myself write *oval* exactly as I do *veiled*, except that in the latter case I make the outline a little

shorter. As for the confusion of *sobs* with *sides*, these outlines also are similar, except that one is inclined from left to right, while the other is vertical. It is easy to see that, in the rush of note-taking, a line which ought to be vertical may receive a decided inclination; and in this instance it is more than likely that when the writer attempted to read his notes he was at a loss to tell whether he had intended an oblique outline or an upright. Any one who supposes that want of skill rather than lack of imagination was at the root of the error is wide of the mark. A hundred years of practice in commercial shorthand would not have given the young man a mental equipment enabling him to fix on *veiled sobs* rather than *oval sides*. The latter words had been dictated to him on more than one occasion, but never in his whole business career had he been called upon to write either *veiled* or *sobs*. The accuracy with which a stenographer is able to interpret his notes is, therefore, not so much a matter of mechanical skill as is commonly supposed. It depends upon the relation his vocabulary bears to that of his employer; also upon the extent to which he expresses words of one or more syllables by a single stroke; and finally upon the number of sounds he is accustomed to represent by the same stroke. I recall the puzzled face of a friend who showed me a typewritten communication from a business house, informing him that the *letters* would be sent to him as soon as he was ready to look at them.

"I asked for *leathers*, and *leathers* must have been the word that was dictated. How could that typewriter have made such an extraordinary blunder?"

"I see nothing extraordinary in it. I too write *letters* exactly as I do *leathers*, leaving out the vowels and suppressing the *h*, a letter that plays a very inconspicuous part in shorthand. But I write *letters* so much oftener than *leathers* that, in an unreflecting mood, my first impulse

on seeing the outline would be to pronounce it *letters*. If I chose, I could invent separate outlines for the two words; but experts have no time for fine distinctions!" I responded, as my friend walked away, shaking his head over the incredible unreliability of shorthand.

In longhand, as any one will see on reflection, it takes several strokes to form a single letter. In the small *r*, for instance, there are a number of upward and downward strokes, any one of which, if carelessly made or turned in the wrong direction, may be disguised or covered up without conscious effort on the part of the writer. It is not so in typewriting, for here every stroke represents an entire letter; and while this insures a considerable gain in speed, it also renders the consequences of an impulsive movement far more disastrous than in longhand. In shorthand the consequences of an imperfect stroke are still more momentous, for the reason that most words of one syllable and many words of more than one syllable—for example, *letter* and *leather*—may be, and commonly are, represented by a single stroke.

Enunciation is a very important factor in dictation. The slipshod enunciation of business men is beyond belief; and it may be that after all, in the case I have just cited, the word *leathers* was so slurred over at the time of dictation that it sounded like *letters*. Dictation, no less than note-taking, is, *pour ainsi dire*, an art requiring study and practice. Some men go through life expecting the stenographer to know their wishes almost by necromancy. A secretary who is a good horse will adapt himself to any situation, but the very best results of all are brought about only when there is a measure of silent mutual accommodation.

Who can doubt that if the typewriter had been taken up by literature before commending itself to merchants, instead of the reverse, the result would have been a larger amount of good work, al-

though at a lower rate of speed? By far the greater number of authors seek the stenographer because he is a person capable of turning copy into typewriting, and not because they like to see their precious sentences entering the shorthand state and emerging from it like a lame butterfly from an abortive chrysalis.

In a word, the possibilities of stenography are so limited that its use will always be confined to a class of people who, in mental stature, like the slaves that took down the orations of Cicero, can seldom come up to those who dictate to them. But in typewriting this need not be the case. It is now, because typewriting is confined to a limited class; but let the typewriter become as popular as the piano, and the absurdity of entrusting the transcription of important manuscripts to young men and women untrained in their mother tongue will be apparent to every one. Would it be reasonable to engage a man for gardener who knew nothing about plants, trees, pruning, watering, fertilization? Is it not ill done to employ for the manipulation of words and sentences a person who cannot always be trusted to spell correctly, who knows nothing whatever about punctuation, who cannot make out obscure handwriting, and to whom every foreign phrase, every line of poetry, every other proper name, is a stumbling-block? What would be my sensations were I obliged to put even this modest article which I am now preparing into the hands of a copyist? All I know is that, until the agony was over, I should not get a single night's sleep.

I do not, I trust, underrate the importance of music as a factor in education, yet I look for a time when the piano will be less common than the typewriter, and when the use of the latter will be taught to children as a matter of course, and at an age when it is customary to teach them the alphabet from books. In a well-appointed home two pianos are none too many, and already I have no difficulty

in foreseeing a typewriter in every room. It may be that the prejudice against typewritten letters, due in large part to the fact that they are dictated, will by that time have ceased altogether. In existing conditions, a typewritten letter of condolence — and I have seen several — is, to say the least, a breach of courtesy ; but the assertion made a number of years ago in *The Galaxy*, that no love-letter would ever be written upon the typewriter, is falsified, as I have even known a young man to run the risk of dictating a letter to his *fiancée*. Now that women are beginning to employ stenographers on their account, the penalty for sending them a typewritten communication is no longer forfeiture of friendship ; and any one who is accustomed to dictate the bulk of his correspondence knows that it is increasingly difficult to draw a hard-and-fast line between those occasions when one may address a stranger, a friend, or an acquaintance in typewriting, and those when he may not.

It is an effort for us to put ourselves in the position of a scholarly Italian or Englishman of the time of Elizabeth, who would have scorned to include in his library a single product of the printing-press. The aversion to the printed book was not only perfectly natural, it was founded in reason ; yet it is now thoroughly a thing of the past ; and just as the introduction of printing brought about a new condition of things, so it is not altogether unlikely that the development of typewriting will bring about, on a smaller scale, a revolution in the affairs of the coming century. In the first place, there will be a falling-off in the demand for private secretaries. Authors in the physical condition of Sir Walter Scott when he dictated *The Bride of Lammermoor*, or of Mr. Prescott when he composed his various histories, will of course continue to dictate their contributions to literature. A still more limited number, who find in dictation a positive aid and impetus to composition

and self-expression, or who are deterred by natural indolence or pressure of business from setting down all that is in their minds, will do the same. The man of affairs also will continue to depend more or less upon a private secretary, whose place no phonograph or machine of any description can fill. But as soon as the man of genius, who, like Mr. Bryant,

“Is forced to drudge for the dregs of men
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,”

finds out the physical relief of typewriting, he will, as a rule, prefer to arrange his own manuscripts for publication ; and the extent to which he will be able to exercise his taste and judgment in an infinite number of niceties, such as the space covered by the title, the number and sequence of paragraphs, the insertion of footnotes, will fully reward him for the short, sharp struggle it cost him to master the machine.

Men and women who employ secretaries seem to me to have both too much and too little patience with their shortcomings. No one is surprised when even a professional violinist confesses his inability to read a piece of difficult music at sight, and it ought to be borne in mind that not every note-taker can be a Paganini in shorthand. For example, miracles in the rendering of proper names are expected of the stenographer. In my opinion, all proper names, except those that have become perfectly familiar, should be taken down in longhand. I have heard of stenographers who wrote all proper names indiscriminately in shorthand ; but these people must have had phenomenal memories if they were able to recall not only the pronunciation, but the spelling of every unfamiliar name in letters dictated at the rate of half a hundred a day. Unless the person dictating is careful to spell at least three names out of every five, the stenographer must inevitably hesitate between such words as *Jessie* and *Jesse*, *Orion* and *O’Ryan*, when he arrives at the task of writing

out his notes. In general, men of letters and men of business are equally aware of the importance of spelling each name that is at all likely to confuse the stenographer; but in nine cases out of ten, not realizing the difference between writing a familiar name in shorthand and an unfamiliar one in longhand, they spell so rapidly that only a stenographer of exceptional ingenuity can keep up with them. Accustomed to seeing his secretary dash off such words as *Broadway*, *January*, *San Francisco*, the names of the members of the firm and of their regular correspondents, with only one or two quirks of the pen in each case, the person dictating fails to realize that a name like *Durand - Ruel* cannot be taken down with equal rapidity *when it is spelt out*. The truth is that a very long sentence can be set down in shorthand during the time it takes to write out *D-u-r-a-n-d-R-u-e-l*; and although I know from experience that a secretary is more apt to pique himself on his facility in taking names and addresses than on any other point, still the number of errors in typewritten envelopes is so unnecessarily large that I believe in the long run employers would find it worth their while to spell new names and addresses as deliberately for an expert as for a person incapable of anything but ordinary longhand.

Even in typewriting there are special difficulties, particularly in what is called tabulated work, which it would be well for employers to look into, if they would know what not to expect from their secretaries. It is natural to suppose that because an ordinary article can be run off more rapidly upon the typewriter than with the pen, therefore tabulated work can be more quickly set down on the machine than in any other way. In reality, any tabulated work, unless of the simplest description, is far more easily set down with the pen than on the machine. The arrangement of words, figures, or letters, in groups, in columns, or

in series, becomes a matter of the most delicate adjustment; it may even resolve itself into counting the number of ems in each row, and balancing it against the number of ems in another or in all the others. If the writer prefers to rush the work, and contents himself with guessing at the mathematical relations between different parts of the statement, it can hardly fail to look awry, and will make a disagreeable impression upon eyes accustomed to the carefully balanced details of a page of printing. I must not forget to mention a contrivance of recent invention, called the accounting device, which has been added to my own machine, and which enables the writer to pass from one point to another in a piece of tabulated work almost without mental calculation or fear of putting down a character in the wrong place.

Another step in the right direction is the effort to overcome the raggedness of the right-hand margin, a drawback that has made it appear more than doubtful whether typewriting can ever compete with printing in externals. Most of the machines are now fitted with a key, or with some corresponding invention, which gives one or more additional spaces or ems at the end of each line, and on my machine enables the writer to place an entire word in either margin. The device is so simple that in all probability it would have been added long before this had the demand for perfect work been stronger. But the end and aim of the copyist, like that of the English schoolboy in the game of hare and hounds, seems to be to get over the ground at any cost, plunging into swamps that might have been avoided if the way had been more carefully chosen, and strewing the road with the tattered remains of whatever happens to be the manuscript of the moment. In this profitless performance the copyist is not only unduly indulged; he is encouraged by those who employ him. No doubt the employer's unfamiliarity with the

machine makes it difficult for him to exact better work, or to give the hints and suggestions which, for some reason or other, the business college seems incapable of supplying. Like many American products, even the more expensive typewriters are sometimes so loosely put together, or made of such inferior metal, that they cannot be depended upon to run well for two weeks together without repairs. As in the shoes on our feet and the pavements under them, the element of conscientiousness has been wanting to the workmanship. It is only within a very few years, and perhaps not in more than two or three machines, that it has been possible to obtain a light and uniform action of the keyboard. On most machines (though not on my own helpmeet) my fingers feel as if they were attacking a piano affected by dampness, and requiring different degrees of force for different keys, or for the same key at different times. It is a fortunate thing for modern music that a Liszt or a Paderewski has not been obliged to watch the instrument so closely as I imagine Mozart and his contemporaries must have done, making up for the lack of resonance and responsiveness by long embellishments and other devices and makeshifts. On a tolerably good piano, it is possible to adjust the stroke to the keyboard, to play an approximately even scale, to strike a key with the certainty of getting a response from it. The sluggishness of the average typewriter is such that the copyist can never be certain of the pressure needed for each key; and as the employer knows too little about the matter to discriminate between the lapses made by the writer and the defects in the work due to the crudeness of the instrument, he good naturedly overlooks deficiencies which a few days of vigorous instruction and a demand for machines of more varied capacity would go a long way toward removing.

Suppose typewriting to have become as universal as piano-playing, and it is

easy to see that in his search for a secretary the man of genius will no longer be obliged to content himself with a round peg in a square hole. It may even be that the copyist he engages will know more about typography than he does. Every editor knows that the manuscripts of a celebrity can seldom go into print precisely as written. I have known a few writers whose stories were full-fledged when they were hatched, but they were exceptions. The ideal situation is undoubtedly where the author knows the matter, manner, and melody of a production, his secretary the externals, with the proviso that anything so largely a matter of taste as an author's style of punctuation demands special study on the part of his amanuensis, and, unless it prove too erratic and inconsistent, should be adopted in those dictations which leave out periods, paragraphs, exclamation points, and quotation marks.

But every luxury brings its own torment, and as hardly any copyist, however ingenious, is an exception to the rule, I am convinced that in future by far the greater number of literary workers will prefer to do their own typewriting, on the principle that, after all, if you really wish a thing well done you had better do it yourself. I remember puzzling, when I had but a tiny wit, for I was but a tiny girl, over a passage in the *Pilgrim's Progress* where Faithful is called a scholar because he is able — not without a struggle — to make out an inscription pertaining to lucre in the field of that name. What had that to do, I asked myself, with his being a scholar? A child reared in New England, where there are few people of any color who cannot read, could hardly conceive of a state of society in which men who could make out plain English were considered master hands. I should not be surprised if at no distant day it were possible to acquire a thorough knowledge of typewriting without being a type-

writer ; just as it is still possible to own a large library, and to read aloud with a tranquil, flowing, I had almost said *andantino* movement, yielding, with the minimum of emphasis, to the fluctuations

of a sentence or line of poetry (rather than damming them up and turning them on at carefully calculated intervals, like the water-jets at Versailles) without being an elocutionist !

Lucy C. Bull.

TO A FRIEND IN POLITICS.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — When you read this, you will have got over the excitement of one campaign, and hardly yet be preparing for another, so you may spare some minutes for a friend with whom you have often argued — I will not say wrangled — on the old question whether the way in which you save us the trouble of electing our own rulers is the best for all parties ; personal “parties,” that is, not political.

Certainly the terms generally applied to your calling are not quite those you would like to hear. The tone in which people say, “Oh, he’s a politician,” is not that in which they say, “He’s a doctor,” or “He’s a lawyer ;” it sounds much more like that which accompanies the word “shyster” or “quack.” True, every occupation has to take its share of bitter abuse and stale jokes, till one would think we were all cheats and robbers alike. But I hear you talked of as if not merely the tail end of you, the stragglers, malingerers, and camp followers, but the rank and file, the line and field officers, nay, the generals themselves, were all tainted with the corruption which our farming brother ascribes to all bankers, or the average citizen in a time of frost to all plumbers. If a youth just entering life proposed to be a politician, you know many of his respectable friends would wish him an honest trade.

Lately, a number of thoughtful men resolved to press the study of the science and art of government and the duties of a citizen, the proper name of which is

simply “politics ;” yet they felt obliged to invent the fantastic word “civics,” because the other appeared to them irretrievably perverted to a narrower and lower sense.

I live in the hope of seeing this altered ; of hearing “politics” and “politicians” recover a meaning as honorable as now belongs to “law” and “lawyers.” I am afraid you will tell me that this, like many of my visions, is “unpractical.” That is the specific point I desire to present in this letter. I am perfectly indifferent, my good friend, to your own party connections. You may be just now a Publican, or an Acrobat, or a Paralyt, or a Rationalist, or a Mon-goos.¹ But I believe — of most of you I know — that you are attached to some party ; that you have provided yourself with regularly patented machines, bought at a licensed retailer’s, and fitted with the usual appliances of primaries, — which are not such, — caucuses, conventions, and the wires in pretty good order to pull. I know some of you have tried all the machines now on the market : one has seemed clumsy, another shakily, another wobbly ; one wants a great deal of oiling to make it run smooth ; another has to be so constantly fed with soap that there is hardly time and room to get at it to do work ; and with another the waste used to clean its joints is so apt to get foul that every new scrubbing clogs it still more. Nor do I see

¹ A smart little animal that hunts and kills poisonous reptiles.

that any of the new patents recently exploited do the work noticeably better than the old unreliaables.

I will not run this comparison into the ground; you could follow it out, from your experience, much better than I can. It is enough that you, my friend, to whom I write, are connected with one or other of the recognized organizations, working in its interests to turn out just such a fabric of practical politics as it gives, and no other, be it better or worse; which particular one each of you helps to run matters not to me just now.

It is certain that your politics have not prevented your being a good fellow. I find you a first-rate fellow, not only with your associates, but, on suitable occasions, to your opponents. You make an excellent club member; a good companion, of one kind, for a non-partisan excursion, — say a municipal jaunt down the harbor, or the funeral escort of a member of Congress. And there is one trouble: you are very much too good a fellow for the serious work which the country lets you do. Good fellowship tends to turn everything into fun and evade disputes; its motto is, “Live and let live;” fall into your comrades’ ways, bear with their oddities, take their jokes, and have matters go easy. All very pretty, if one’s object is merely to have a good time from hour to hour; but that is not the end of politics; you have got the present and the future of the United States in your hands. You are not getting up for the stage Julius Cæsar or the Critic, still less the American Senator or the Gilded Age; you are really governing “regions Cæsar never knew.” If you make a joke of everything and suppress your serious views, if you make politics only a sport and Congress merely a club-room, do not be surprised if one day you find your baccarat and your poker violently raided by that Vigilance Committee of the American people that is never wholly disbanded.

Last winter, any one who had a good

seat in the gallery of the House of Representatives, and was watching the face of one of you who has contrived to train with one party and shoot with the other, might have seen him, in one of his pauses, after denouncing the administration and the opposition alike with thunders of eloquence, relax his features into a grin as he looked down on his associates, who knew he was talking for the ubiquitous County of Buncombe, the best represented in the Union.

I believe, too, you have your share of patriotism, a quality you do not always get credit for; not the mock patriotism that is always furbishing its sword and waving the stars and stripes, but a real wish to have the country prosperous. I really believe you would rather see the crops good, and the railroads paying, and the death-rate low, even if the other party were in power, than to see the reverse under the rule of your own friends. We will admit, for argument’s sake, that if prosperity does exist under the other party, it is because yours had laid the foundations of the national welfare too deep to be obscured by the temporary cloud of delusion; or if there is ever adversity under you, it is because the virus with which the body politic was inoculated by your adversaries, though dissipated by the triumphal call of the American eagle, has not yet worked itself entirely free from its shackles, — or words to that effect. I believe you honestly think your rival machines, or at all events some party machines, are necessary to keep the country going; and when you admit, as you often do, that they are far from perfect, and do entail some inconvenience on the people, you are sure to add that the country must be governed by party, and that the machinery, which we outside theorists call rusty, shakily, and, what is worst of all, as destructive to honesty and purity as a trolley is to human life, is simply “practical politics.” But is it practical? Does it work? It is on just

that one point I am writing to you now.

I confess I distrust that word "practical." It is apt to suggest to me some short cut to a special end, when proper form and courtesy, not to say generosity and justice, prescribe different methods. When civil service reform was started, it was scouted as "unpractical." It has proved entirely expeditious and efficient for securing the right men; but it blocks a certain way of paying political debts. "Practical" as opposed to "ideal" methods are likely to be based on the notion of the end's justifying the means.

But do you practical politicians get what you try for, assuming you have a right to try for it? You cannot deny that your system of local committees and grand committees, and caucuses and conventions, and subscriptions and "rallies," uses up much time and much money in the sight of every one, and a good deal more time and indefinitely more money than no one sees at all. It is certainly not direct or economical, but very costly and very complicated. It also involves far more tact and personal management than is needed in any other business; the way it handles truth so as to dole it out, in just such portions as will answer for the moment, alone requires years of apprenticeship to learn. Now what do you do it all for? To put and keep your party — whichever it is — in power; to see that it gets its full share of spoils, so far as the stupidity of so-called reformers permits, and that it secures a general hold on public opinion, so as ultimately to swallow up and confound such cranks and malecontents as fly off to third, fourth, fifth, or sixth parties; most of all, to keep in line and in step all who regularly bear the party name. But do you do these things? Of course you do after a fashion; but is the success — the "practical" success — anything like proportioned to the time, toil, and "tin" expended?

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The work has to be done all over again every year. You never feel easy in letting go the handle of a single wire. Nothing seems sure. Some States and districts and cities are hopeless; their majorities are so enormous, for one side or another, that they have virtually no party contests. But wherever there is any doubt there is a serious doubt; in spite of money, in spite of time, in spite of tact, of intrigue, and of spoils, you get beaten, you, my friends of all parties, you get beaten backwards and forwards, till if one of you is to be called the true blue party, the other should be true black.

It does seem, looking at the politics of the last dozen years, as if it had been nothing but a series of alternate defeats with no victories. Nobody seems to gain any ground; everybody seems to have to begin all over again. Did you ever read the history of the Wars of the Roses? There were no end of battles: twelve first-class pitched battles from 1455 to 1485, and any quantity of skirmishes. Sometimes the White Rose was defeated, oftener the Red; but nobody seemed really to win. The king that nominally won was in constant danger; the king that nominally lost was sure to turn up again. Four kings departed this life in more rapid succession than English history had known since the Conquest; princes went by the dozen, lords by the score; till, after thirty years of bloodshed, a king, who had no more right to the throne than you or I have, got it because everybody was sick of fighting. And what was the England he had to rule? An entirely new one, our modern England with scarcely a trace of the old; the nobility swept away, the burghers all-important, everything regenerated, printing invented, learning revived, the Western isles discovered; all that the magnificent feudal nobles of England had gained by putting out their entire strength to set one or another Plantagenet on the throne had been the wiping out of no-

bles, feudalism, and Plantagenets altogether; and the people were satisfied, and had let it all be done without a murmur.

Now your valiant campaigns seem to me very like these. Every party gets defeated; none wins permanently; enormous majorities shift over; whole States change their "column;" tons of money, mountains of pamphlets, Ætnæan craters of fire and breath, are exhausted; and nobody is killed but the politicians.

Twenty-five years ago, when both parties were at the same game of trying to stand on their historic "records" and "principles," and dodge the immediate issues for fear of disruption, a chief of one of the great parties was urged to set it on one side of a certain great dividing line, and not try to straddle it. "Oh," said he, "that would be very dangerous; we are not ready for it; we should lose the State of" — let us say Fredonia. Since then both the great parties have lost Fredonia back and forwards a dozen times; and why not? If Fredonia sees that both parties are going to shirk and temporize for the sake of harmony, to preserve a nominal party union which is notoriously unreal; if she sees that, whichever party wins, her sons are sure of good places because they are her sons, while men with every abstract or concrete merit are passed over, because they are from "sure" States, why should Fredonia be anything but doubtful? Why should she not be permanently the middle boy on the tilt, throwing his weight alternately towards one end or the other of the plank?

And this trouble goes on with you more or less every day. You are working your machines year in and year out to keep the party together, — to get out the party vote. You must see that only Whigs go to the Whig caucuses, that only Tories get on the Tory ticket; and then you must be as sure as possible that all the party votes the straight party ballot. That you expect your machines to

effect; if they fail in that, they are good for very little else. But what will you do in view of the constant changes in your great party masses? Every year a large percentage of your party will surely die, and you can poll their names only to a limited extent; that part of your machinery is apt to snap and hurt somebody. Another large percentage, though living, is too infirm to vote, even if you put those into carriages who hardly ever saw the inside of one; and there is coming forward, with startling rapidity, a vast body of voters who were not of age at the last election. What does your machine do to secure these? We theorists say, "Educate them; teach them; put arguments before them why they should choose one party rather than the other; make new votes, more than balancing the inevitable losses among the old."

No; you practical men do not much believe in that. You don't approve of public talking; you have to have some of it, but you cut it as short as you can. I have heard one of you — a sensible man, too — say, "Never make a speech when you can get what you want without." You cut your campaigns to a minimum so that they can go off with a rush and a hurrah. You do not hold meetings, where people can discuss and learn; they are all "rallies;" that is, if the word means anything, gatherings of those already enlisted on one or the other side.

Yet how are your old party allegiance and devotion to get hold of a young man? Hamilton has been dead over ninety years; Jefferson nearly seventy; Calhoun, Clay, and Webster about forty-five: the men whom they encountered before the civil war are all gone; so are Lincoln and his associates and adversaries. All these names are as purely historical to the rising voters as Franklin or Warren, as Cromwell or Strafford; nay, as Cicero or Aristides. We must get hold of the young voters by telling

them what they can help us do now, not what the "party" did in 1809, or 1829, or 1859, or even 1889. Just as the shift in population forces us to redistrict the States, so the changes in our voters must oblige us to reconstruct our parties down to their very base; and for that purpose your machines are perfectly useless and unpractical.

Just at this point, I can imagine you jerking this letter across the room with some such exclamation as, "Oh dear, I see what he's coming to: he is going to tell me about the old voters bolting, and the independent movement; perhaps he'll say we don't want parties any more, and such chestnuts." Why, no, my boy, not at all. In the first place, all that has been said, till you are tired of it, and has come to be almost as commonplace as the party cries themselves. It is very certain that the great mass of the voters enjoy parties and party organizations; and however useful independency may be as a leaven, you cannot make a loaf of bread of nothing but yeast and salt. We shall continue to work by parties for some time to come, and all I have said relates to the inefficiency of your present machinery, not to the immediate abolition of all machinery. I say that your present machines utilize a very small percentage of that enormous motive power, the spirit of the American people, which you ought to have at your command; and I think I can make you see what I mean by a comparison.

Twenty years ago there were two general methods of travel, by horses and by steam. Men walked, but it was chiefly for the sake of exercise, and rarely to get from place to place; at the other end of the line, ballooning was resorted to only in the last exigency, like the siege of Paris, and flying was — in the air. Nowadays, what with bicycles on the one hand and electric railroads on the other, the whole matter of locomotion has been recast; and some sanguine people tell you horses and steam will never be used

again, except so far as the former will feed "wheelmen," and the latter run electric engines. Meanwhile, Professor Langley and Mr. Maxim are determined we shall fly.

Now it is perfectly true that the action of a bicyclist is only the combination of human legs with wheels; and it is as true that no economical method of creating electric currents has been found except the old fuel and steam. But the applications are so entirely novel that a revolution has resulted. It is so in politics, — there are two great motive powers: the energy of individual action, which is like a man's using his legs, and the force of combined action for a common interest, which is like steam. Politicians have got out of the latter all that their present machinery will effect, and it does not satisfy the people; they are resorting more and more to independent work or chance combination; but, like the direct use of legs, whether human or animal, these are not equal to national demands. Ideal non-partisan politics is almost as much in the clouds as flying. We have got to take our legs and our steam, — our wills, so indomitable if irritated, our love of coöperation, so resistless when aroused, — and utilize them by new methods, which shall do what the old ones, already strained and overstrained, are losing their power to accomplish.

Great as have been the advances of electric travel of late years, the advance of bicycling has been greater. Men and women who wish to go from point to point are vastly more independent of public conveyances than they ever were in the days of walking and driving. It is so in politics. The individual voter, the man of local and special organization, is "feeling his oats" as he never used to do. His power is going to increase. At the same time, the American people loves combination; it loves joint action; it loves to sweep on in great masses under the banner of some uniting cause;

but those who study and manage and operate and control such joint action must throw their old mechanism aside, and turn that mighty force, stored in the very hearts of their countrymen, into

new channels, and consign their ancient go-carts to the political museums of the future.

Yours, with the most distinguished consideration,

Franklin Eastman.

TRUTH AND THE WHITE LIE: A CONVERSATION.

WE have Shakespeare to witness: —

“*Jaques.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?”

“*Touchstone.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees.”

“‘He has the virtue of his faults’ is a statement frequently uttered by those who err on the side of charity. He is a spendthrift, but then the distressed and needy know where to go for ready succor. He is a ‘bitter bad’ foe, but, on that very account, the most ardent of champions where a friend’s cause is at stake.”

“Yes. In the disorderly train of such reasoning glides many an insinuating fallacy, yet the popular voice does not demur. Perhaps, then, one who utters the contra-paradox may in some measure be treated with indulgence, as should one say, ‘He has the fault of his virtues.’ Indeed, relying on the exercise of such clemency, I had very nearly chosen for the caption of the paper I am writing the ‘smart’ advertisement *On the Vice of Telling the Truth*; but why should a lover of verity, both of the temporary and of the eternal order, foolishly incur a reputation for being the apostle of mendacity? And yet I am strongly tempted to some investigation of current ideas regarding the virtue of literal veracity, to ascertain whether there may not be more of superstition than of piety involved therein.”

“In our childhood, before it could be affirmed of us that

‘Life like a dome of many-colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity,’

in that tender, growing season of conscience and right conduct, our elders, as I have since learned, were often much perplexed, wishing, on the one hand, to instill the beauty of absolute verity, and, on the other, to avoid the sometimes most inconveniently translucent utterance of ‘babes and sucklings.’ What, then, would those prudent guardians of ours do but, on some occasion of terrible frankness on our part, admonish us that ‘the truth is not to be told at all times,’ with other similar mortifying discouragers of our free speech! Also, when hard pressed by the artless logic of our persistent inquiries, those revered casuists would divulge to us the fact that there was such a thing as a *white lie*. Thus, we early learned that there might be ‘degrees’ in the iniquitous nature of falsehood, — venial infractions of the truth, one might say; a ‘lie seven times removed,’ to quote from the merry perisflage adopted in *Arden Forest*.”

“Perhaps it would be well, in the first place, to ask the oft-propounded question, ‘What is the Truth?’ before concerning ourselves with the prismatic tintings which may be cast upon its surface by willful prevarication. An ingenious friend of mine insists that it takes intelligence to tell the truth; which is met by the very general belief that any sim-

plician is equal to that accomplishment, while great astuteness is necessary and pertinent to the act of lying. For my part, I have not found it a unique or an unusual situation that, with entire readiness of intent to make an unequivocal statement, communication could not be successfully established between the persons concerned; winged words suffer transformation while passing from the speaker to the hearer. 'How shall I tell the truth in *your* language?' has on such occasions been my mental inquiry, and the embarrassment therein implied has been my despair."

"It was a wise sage who observed that he who tells the simple truth 'will always find himself in sufficiently dramatic situations;' ay, and it might be added, sufficiently tragic ones. Nor will the tragedy concern himself alone, but others too must suffer frequently from such virtuous indiscretion! Resolute as we may be, we are not at all times braced to receive the whole truth, if it be truth vital to ourselves; and yet there is always some hardy volunteer who cheerfully undertakes confronting us with it. It is of such a one that the following fable is related:—

'Go! go! my fledgeling, go!'
Sang the tense string of the bow.
And many gazers cheered the arrow's flight:
They knew it for a truth, because it killed,
The stricken heart at once clean-probed, and
stilled!

'Go! go! my fledgeling, go!'
Sang the tense string of the bow.
And many gazers chid the arrow's flight:
They knew it for a lie, because it swerved,
Harmless cut earth, and High Compassion
served."

"I recommend you to transfer your 'fable' to the paper you are writing. In view of all the social cruelties inflicted in the name of Truth (as, long ago, in that of Liberty), one is moved to think that there may be higher truth than mere truth-telling. I have known many a sweet soul who, to avert unmerited

pain from some listener, hesitated not to tamper, to any extent, with a killing fact, so that its malice might be rendered innocuous. But this was to be done either by remaining silent at some critical juncture in the conversation, or by some adroit prevarication; never by absolute infraction of the sacred *letter* of truth!"

"Such benevolent hearts, but nig-gardly logicians, thus reserved to themselves the pleasing consciousness of having acted humanely, and yet of having preserved the integrity of their truth (not impairing their credit with any possibly listening Recording Angel). The question may be referred, I think: whether such persons might not have added a touch of greatness to their action if, instead of cautiously temporizing between the higher truth and the petty figment of the tongue, they had gone in good faith about their humane lie, cheerfully within themselves acknowledging it as such, and before men, if the time came for its avowal. Not long ago, the story was told me of a worthy Quaker dame who, in the days of the Underground Railway, was asked by a pursuing master whether a runaway slave had recently passed her house, and in which direction. With great apparent zeal to serve, she replied, 'Yes. Go as fast as you can down the road, and when you come to the corner turn to your right!' And the pursuer rushed madly on. The good old dame, by giving precisely the wrong directions, had saved the slave, and also, as she devoutly believed, the whiteness of her own soul in its account with Truth. As a curious comment on this incident, I am obliged to say that the relater adduced it as illustrating how one might, in the interests of a compassionate act, bend the truth without breaking it. Such palpable resorts do not strike us as unbecoming in immature natures or in those who are hemmed in by inherited dogma; but those who have obtained a wider view of life, who have both forgiven and been forgiven much,

can well afford to tell their merciful lies *con animo*, courageously, honestly, I will even say."

"I recall out of the ingenuous memorabilia of childhood — that same childhood in which we first learned the nature of the white lie — a fragment which bears testimony on the subject. Surely, no code could be freer from sophistication, none more soundly based on a few first principles, than the schoolboy's code of morals. Also, the love of truth is there, if not inherent, still germane. But to my recollections. A number of young lads had formed a society, into which entrance could be obtained, or otherwise, according as a certain test question was answered. Each candidate for admission was confronted with this proposition: 'If an Indian should come into your house, and should ask if your mother was there (and your mother was hidden somewhere about the house), which would you do, say she was n't there, or tell the truth and let the Indian kill your mother?' As I remember, all candidates were promptly matriculated save one unfortunate lad, who, either lacking the cue or from hyperæsthesia of conscience, returned that he 'would tell the truth.' Take another instance. Some ladies were once discussing at a luncheon the merits of the subject Truth and the White Lie. An absent acquaintance, Mrs. —, was cited as never having told a lie in her whole life: for her, to lie was, in fact, an impossibility, so said her eulogist. There was general assent to this proposition, a murmur of approbation, qualified, however, by the quiet observation of a little lady present, to whom the uncompromising truth-teller was a stranger, 'Then I should fear that she will some day commit a great cruelty.'"

"Might the observation be ventured that even in the Decalogue, in the ninth commandment, there is so much connivance as silence may give to our plea for a merciful coloration of truth when occasion seems to require? We are thus

enjoined: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' Each may read the sacred word with emphasis where his heart or understanding dictates. One interpretation, however, would place the stress upon the phrase 'against thy neighbor.'"

"It may be that the fruitful source of much apparently necessitated lying (*pro bono publico* as well as for the private good) is to be found in the fact that so many people question indiscreetly, unwarrantedly, and uncharitably. When I am asked for something which is mine and which I am not disposed to surrender, from the demand of the highwayman for my purse to the least of such exactions regarding property, I am allowed to evade the demand by whatever artifice I can call to my aid, since direct refusal does not suffice. On the same principle, it might be argued that when people seek information to which they are not entitled, they too demand something that is mine, namely, my truth. If I do not wish to part with that treasure, it is surely my privilege to retain it. Unfortunately, it cannot be retained by the same positive methods of denial that one would use in meeting any importunity regarding more concrete forms of property; at least, few habitually truthful persons even are given to defending themselves by the bald declaration, 'I will not tell you what you wish to know.' On the contrary, all kinds and degrees of verbal fencing are used, all manner of white lies or approximate falsehood, to ward off the inquisitors. And if this method be justifiable in self-defense, by every law of altruism it is justifiable in the defense of others whose truth (that is, the truth about them) happens to be lodged in our keeping."

"Ah, that keeping of the 'sacred confidence' of our friends! How often have I traveled about with it, or dwelt painfully at home with it, committed for its sake benevolent perjuries without number, to find, in the end, that I had been

needlessly sedulous; for the whole matter had lapsed both in fact and in the interest of the original depositor."

"True. For most secrets, so confided, there comes a time when they are outlawed; perhaps there are more dead secrets of this sort than of any other denomination in mortality."

"It is a pity that one who possesses an ingrained love of truth should, out of mistaken charity for an unworthy object, lend one's self to lying, to say nothing of prevarication, which is still more contrary to his freeborn notions."

"Do you think that one ever lies successfully who has that 'ingrained love of truth'?"

"Having the intelligence to know what truth is and to practice it, he would, perhaps, be all the more discriminating when he undertook the perversion of truth. There is nothing duller than the habitual liar, who is so from the mere love of falsehood; but then, with all his dullness, he has one great advantage over the brightest amateur in the school of mendacity. That advantage is the constant exercise of the deceptive faculty. However, there is another consideration. My ingenious friend, whom I quoted awhile ago, gave me still another point. It was, 'In order to be believed, you must be credible.' Now, credibility, it seems to me, is a quality apart; it may be possessed either by the truth-teller or by the hopeless apostate from all truth."

"Lying, as a fine art, I abhor, although if, for the humane reasons we have cited, it must be done, it were well that it should be well done. And I do believe it possible that many who are most scrupulous in literal truth-telling have in far less degree the sense and

love of verity than have some others who can and will color truth for a justifiable cause. If I too may cite Scripture for my argument, I should say that special condemnation falls only on 'whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.' And would it be a perversion to add the interpretation, 'maketh a lie because of love for the lie'?"

"I believe the case between Truth and Falsehood, the case of their possible interchangeableness, might be summed up very briefly. A versicle on that head, if you will permit:—

Once only, it is said, much moved to ruth,
To shield a life (or right or wrong the cause),
Truth spake against herself. But then it
was,
Then only, Falsehood spake the words of
Truth."

"Yes. Liars have been known to tell the truth, inspired by cruelty or by hatred." (After an interval.) "I have been thinking that, after our full, mutual avowal of belief in the blessing and benefit to be derived from the suppression of truth,—nay, even from actual truthicide,—it may be extremely difficult to know when the practice may be turned upon one's self."

"That will not so much trouble me, for I shall know (if at all, I suspect) that your intentions are of the most benevolent. It may, indeed, be necessary in some instances to soften a harsh truth for my behoof. And I will do as I would be done by. Nevertheless, first and last, I love telling the truth (silently). But alas! who wants it? I have not been going about searching with my small lantern for an honest man so much as for one to whom I may myself be honest,—that is, truthful; one with whom the truth will count."

Edith M. Thomas.

NEW FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

III. HAMLIN GARLAND.

IN 1894 there appeared in Chicago a little book on literary topics, the manner of whose manufacture bore the marks of a dilettante taste in book-making. Its title-page was printed in black and red, its paper simulated the sort known as English hand-made, the margins were broad, the edges were deckle, and the types at the end of each essay ran off in an ornamental cue. By the looks, it contained something in the way of literary appreciations that was probably "precious," possibly decadent. But the amusing fact was that its appearance was quite at variance with its contents. To harmonize with them, the book should have been printed on birch bark and bound in butternut homespun, and should have had for cover design a dynamite bomb, say, with sputtering fire-tipped fuse; for the essays which it contained were so many explosions of literary Jingoism and anarchy. These were caused — not respect alone for our trope prevents our saying written — by Mr. Hamlin Garland, perhaps the freshest figure in contemporary literature. In an ill-ordered if forcible way, they presented his views of the duty of the coming American writer. This promising young author ought, he said, utterly to abjure all models and masters, all "good" English, falsely so called, all rhetorical rules, and be his own spontaneous, untrammelled self. He should be, in short, a literary anarchist. He ought also — although his spontaneous self, if untrammelled, might wish to do quite other things — to saturate himself with local color, and in a new American way and in a new American language celebrate the plain American people. He should be a literary Jingo, and bear ever on his shoulder a banner inscribed, "Our

literature — right or wrong." And Mr. Garland was so sure that the coming American writer would be the anarchist he described that, with magnificent *naïveté*, he entitled his volume *Crumbling Idols*.

The coming American writer, unless it be in his salad days, will of course be nothing so absurd. He will do what the American writer who has come and gone did in his day. He will learn his art the best way he can, and treat whatever subject interests him, whether it be American cowboys or Persian kings. If he has an original mind, he will deal with his chosen topic in an original way; and if he has not, he will imitate. This may sound dogmatic, but Mr. Garland has set the example.

But the author of *Crumbling Idols* is to be regarded as Touchstone regarded Audrey: he is our own, let us therefore make the best of him. We will confess, then, with apologies, that we have, we hope not unfairly, caricatured his essays somewhat. Forgetting their extravagance, their confused thought, their slipshod composition, let us examine them again in a more sympathetic temper, to discover if, after all, there may not be some good in them. If this is done, we think that the fundamental ideas of the book will prove to be so sound as to appear tame. They are these: that the writer who describes the life of which he is part, and which consequently he understands better than any other, is more apt to do meritorious work than he who tries to body forth a kind of life of which he knows nothing, and that — what is essentially the same thing, although differently said — he who gives himself over to a servile imitation of models will not produce living literature. Briefly, then,

Mr. Garland's message to the writer is this: Write of what you know. It is an excellent message, but the writer who has ears to hear has heard it many times before. It is unquestionably ancient in substance. We must resume the seat of the scorner — for whose comfortable ease we admit, in the present instance, a partiality — at least long enough to remark that it is to be found in all the mistaken rhetorics and volumes of criticism which Mr. Garland would like to have burned in the public squares, and that his discovery of so trite a truth hardly justified a cataclysm in celebration.

But if extravagant in manner and trite in substance, *Crumbling Idols* has for the critic the merit of revealing with considerable distinctness what manner of man is behind it. "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner," said some wise Frenchman. Mr. Garland has need of being comprehended. And really, the book reveals a man who, if deficient in critical power and in culture, has certain admirable qualities. True, these are moral rather than literary, but they may mean much to the future of his art. There is revealed, for example, a splendid faith in America as a field for genuine literary art as opposed to literary exploitation, a deeply rooted interest in the common people and love for them, an enthusiastic devotion to what we must yet call his work rather than his art, and an almost Napoleonic self-confidence. He who has these qualities to reinforce a true literary gift — Mr. Garland has that — may hope, if not led by his own self-will and contempt of guidance into futile wanderings in wrong paths, to go far. Pondering these qualities, one begins to understand how the same author could produce so foolish a book as *Crumbling Idols* and so admirable a one as *Main-Travelled Roads*. When the facts of Mr. Garland's life are also considered, the understanding will be complete.

His father, who is a farmer, was born in Maine, and is of Scotch Presbyterian

ancestry. He was one of the earlier settlers of Wisconsin, in which State Mr. Garland was born in 1860. On the farm in Wisconsin, and on others which his father consecutively bought in Iowa and Dakota, he spent his boyhood and young-manhood, and obtained that intimate knowledge of Western agricultural life which is so great an element in the strength of his best writings. His education was obtained in the country schools and a Western seminary. He was ambitious to write, and when the time came to start for himself he journeyed to Boston, and for several years worked and studied to that end with notable singleness of purpose. He never wrote a line merely for money, but with fine conscientiousness wrote always that which he wished to write, regardless of the market. In 1891 he published *Main-Travelled Roads*, and at one stroke established a reputation.

The simple record is significant of courage, persistence, and ability. On the one hand it explains and makes pardonable the manifest deficiencies in his knowledge and taste, and on the other the strong grip he has upon the realities of certain phases of American life. The Scotch Presbyterian strain in him perhaps accounts for his fondness for controversy and for radical reform. Nor is it difficult to guess at a reason for a less excellent quality perceptible in his writings, and influencing all his literary theories, — a certain introverted pride, namely, the mark of which is to exaggerate rudeness, and simultaneously to send forth offensive challenges to the spectator to deny that "a man's a man for a' that."

Self-willed and contemptuous of those better trained than himself, courageous and strongly intelligent, with one sound principle of composition and many mistaken ones, his literary future depends upon which qualities, which theories, finally obtain the mastery. An examination of his books, the faults and the merits of which it is now possible to

understand, will perhaps reveal a tendency in one way or the other. His more important works are seven. *Main-Travelled Roads* appeared, as has been said, in 1891. During the next year he published three books, — two of them political novels, *A Spoil of Office* and *A Member of the Third House*, and the other a volume of sketches, *Prairie Folks*. In 1893, a novel, *A Little Norsk*, and a book of verses, *Prairie Songs*, were printed. *Crumbling Idols* is dated 1894. Of these, the melodramatic *Member of the Third House* commemorates an unhappy excursion into the province of the drama; *Prairie Folks* and *A Little Norsk* repeat the essential qualities of *Main-Travelled Roads*, and of *Prairie Songs* Mr. Garland says, in the preface, that he does not expect it to be taken to represent his larger work: all these may be neglected. *Main-Travelled Roads*, *A Spoil of Office*, and *Crumbling Idols* may be regarded as typical.

Main-Travelled Roads, his first and best book, has faults enough. It is partly his lack of training, partly his scorn of refinements, which make the sturdy, homespun style, generally so effective, always rough, and often perversely incorrect. The same reasons may serve to account for the sometimes unnecessarily frank, sometimes even brutal realism. His own personality explains the prejudiced point of view: the sketches are only too plainly biased by the anger at circumstances felt by a young man, ambitious of the intellectual life, who is forced into hard, uncongenial physical labor. They are written, as it were, as if their author yet felt the pain of cold hands rasped by the husking, the sting of mingled sweat and dust which the threshing brings to the eyes. It is difficult to escape the conviction that, in some measure, Mr. Garland has without adequate warrant read into the minds of others the same fierce hatred for the discomforts of the life which he, with his artistic temperament, was bound to

feel. The controversial note is also subtly struck in the sketches; the reader has an uneasy, ever-present feeling that they are written not so much for him as at him. "Here is a pretty state of affairs," they seem to say between all their lines, "for which our author holds you personally responsible. What are you going to do about it?" When an argument is thus suggested, the reader loses faith a little. Instinctively he puts himself on his guard, and warns himself that these are the adduced examples of a controversialist, and may accordingly be overcolored. In the work of a less obviously sincere writer, of a writer with less knowledge of his subject and less native power, these faults would work sad havoc. The best proof of the solid merit of *Main-Travelled Roads* is that, in spite of all, it convinces the reader, willy-nilly, of its general fidelity to fact, and lifts him off his critical feet by its sheer brute force. It is his highest achievement, and, ominously, also his first. It shows strikingly what may be done by strong native talent working with the help of a single sound formula for effective composition; for here most emphatically Mr. Garland has written of what he knows. The book is unique in American literature; passionate, vivid, written with absolute certainty of touch, native and virile as the red man.

It is appropriate to return for a moment to *Crumbling Idols*. In that volume, Mr. Garland, with an appearance of infallibility a pope might envy, predicts the future of American fiction. He declares it will not — with the air of one who says it shall not — be national, but local. Each writer will — that is to say, shall — tell what he knows of the special life into which he is born. Thus, each rural county, each village and small city, each huge metropolis, will have its peculiar literature. There will be no "overtopping personality." As to the last, there is no way of knowing; but something very similar to the local literatures which he

describes is certainly springing up all over our country. The writer, the overtopping personality, who can comprehend the whole nation is not yet arisen among us. It is interesting to note that this prophecy of Mr. Garland's, thus found to be supported by fact, is based upon the one sound dictum, "Write of what you know," which is discoverable in his literary philosophy. It is also interesting — although the fact may lack significance — to observe that the prediction was written after the publication of *A Spoil of Office*.

In theme this book — the pun in the title is pitiable — is magnificent. He who will embody in a noble fiction, as Mr. Garland has here tried to do, the career of a Western farm-hand, from the time of his early struggles for an education to the time of his election to the national legislature, will achieve, as nearly as any one, the great American novel. No career could be more typically American. None needs for its description a wider range of intimate knowledge of American life, a greater degree or maturity of literary power. There the theme lies, obvious, tempting, impossible, awaiting, like Arthur's sword, the hand of the master. Mr. Garland has attempted it. He would better have emulated the temerity of angels. There is no need to say he has failed. That he should do so was inevitable. He is too young, too immature in his art, too limited in his knowledge of life, to treat well so all embracing a topic. By his own theory, he should not have undertaken the task. He rails at those authors who write of foreign lands of which, as he says, their knowledge can be only that of tourists. But one may be a tourist in his own country. Mr. Garland knows no more of Washington than the American traveler of an observing habit knows of London, no more of politicians than the traveler of Englishmen. He can write of them only from the outside. As in other instances he has illustrated by his success

the value of the one literary truth he has perceived clearly, Write of what you know, so here he illustrates it by his failure. And, with singular accuracy of coincidence, the work begins to grow bad at the exact point where the author's knowledge of his subject begins to grow less. It opens buoyantly and successfully, with the easy mastery of detail and the strength of handling so conspicuous in *Main-Travelled Roads*. But when he ceases to deal with the familiar farm, the academy, the life and politics of the county-seat, and tries to carry his hero with as firm and competent a hand into the national legislature at Washington, his sureness of touch vanishes, he begins to be at a loss, he unmistakably fumbles. Denunciation takes the place of delineation. Losing interest in a plot and in characters he can no longer bring bravely off, he yields to his controversial instincts, and makes of his hero — whom he starts with a very distinct personality — a characterless mouthpiece for vague charges of corruption in the "regular parties," for appeals to the farmers to rise, and for expositions of the beauties of "populism" and woman suffrage. Plot and characters dissolve, and at the end the book has no firmer consistency than the weak reveries of a political visionary.

What is the conclusion to be drawn? Four years ago Mr. Garland produced a strong work of fiction. Then, the next year, departing from the sound formula which made the excellence of that volume, he wrote two novels which were distinctly inferior. The same year, however, saw a return to the sound method, and simultaneously a second success. The following year, a fiction still in the same manner was less good, indeed, but yet immeasurably better than the two failures. In view of these facts, is not the conclusion obvious that if Mr. Garland owes his successes to the one principle which he shares with the models and masters that he despises, and his failures

to methods for which they give no warrant, other principles of good composition which they teach may also prove, on trial, to be valuable? We hold it for true that the fundamental principles of the art of fiction are based on unchanging elements in human nature, and that the principles of the effective use of words are as firmly based upon the nature of language. True originality will consist, then, in the original application of these principles, not in foolish rebellion against them. As Mr. Garland is a

natural writer, he obeys many of them unconsciously, and succeeds in proportion to his obedience. If he grasps these truths, he will some day write the strong novel which his talent justifies us in expecting. He has, as our examination of his work has seemed to us to show, a tendency to be constant to one true formula for fiction, no tendency to obey the rules of language further than as a natural writer he is compelled to do. But the years bring wisdom, it is said. He is young, and there is hope.

A STUDY OF DEATH.

THE two words which Mr. Alden placed on the title-page of his previous book, *God in His World*, namely, *An Interpretation*, might fitly have been used to characterize his new treatise, *A Study of Death*;¹ for the significance of the study is in its aim at interpreting elemental facts and relations in various manifestations through nature and humanity. It would be a bald and misleading judgment which should dismiss Mr. Alden's speculation as merely reiterating in elaborate phrase the eighteenth-century dictum, "Whatever is right;" yet his aim throughout a subtle and suggestive course of reasoning is to penetrate the mystery, and resolve the apparent antagonism of good and evil, life and death, into their essential harmony; to interpret the violent contrasts in nature and history so as to render them necessary to a comprehensive unity. Whatever exception one may take to single expressions, it is impossible to miss admiration for the bold sweep of thought which gathers in its progress numberless phenomena of the physical and the psychical world, and bears them

along to a triumphant conclusion in the justification of a divinely human order.

In giving the title which his book bears, Mr. Alden does not mean to limit the scope of his inquiry to a single, even the consummate form of evil in its appearance. Apparently, he emphasizes the word "death" for the purpose of stating in the most inclusive manner the problem with which he has to deal. The reader need not therefore draw back from the work as if he were invited to a study in morbid anatomy. The author strikes a keynote in the closing sentence of his preface when he says, "Faith boldly occupies the field of pessimism, finding therein its largest hope," and this courageous spirit so pervades the whole study that the book is a pæan, and not a miserere.

The poetical element in the seer or interpreter is not lacking. Indeed, though there is a studious attempt at precision of statement, as if the author foresaw he would be called mystical and vague, the very nature of the statement to be made compels a poetical form, for the strain of the argument is on the creative, constructive side of nature. Thus the proem is a bit of rhetorical prose, in

¹ *A Study of Death*. By HENRY MILLS ALDEN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

which the antithesis of the dove and the serpent is made to prefigure the contrasts that are to occupy the reader's thought. And throughout the book a rhythmical cadence falls on the ear, as if the pulsations of life could be interpreted best in a chant. This is not strange when one considers how the deepest tones in theology are heard in the great hymns of the Church, and how when one inclines one's ear close to nature there is heard the throbbing of the pulse. We speak of this because we do not think Mr. Alden's style is an assumption, and the style itself becomes thus a witness to the sincerity of the thought. There are passages which strike upon the ear with an increasing sonorousness, as when, after delineating the Hebrew type with its first significant exemplar in Abraham, he closes with a comparison which brings out the transcendent illustration of the type in Jesus:—

“The peace which the Hebrew loved, the longing for which led him inland while the adventurous Phœnician sought the mastery of the sea—that rest besought by the Psalmist, such as the dove seeks in its flight: these stand out in pathetic contrast against a troubled career of fiery trial and chastisement. It is just such a contrast that impresses us in the personal life of Jesus, between the serenity of Galilee—that charmed circle of security from which he sends forth his defiance to Herod—and the fretful tumult, the cruel hostility of Jerusalem. The deepening of capacity is for the larger inclusion of pain and strife, as well as for that of a heavenly peace; and so it was in the divine life of the Son of Man, who had not where to lay his head, who took the stings and arrows of every enmity, and who not merely suffered evil and death, but included all evil and all death, so that his rising again might stand against all falling. He descended into hell, so enlarging the scope of that descent that it emerged in heaven. Before him, neither in pagan nor Jewish thought was such

emergence conceived as possible, just as before him the mortal issue was not seen as life.”

The reader is repeatedly held by passages of singular beauty, and the beauty is involved in the thought, and not simply decorative. Yet perhaps this feeling for beauty is in nothing more manifest than in the use made of scientific fact. With a delicacy of suggestion which is remote from formal application of scientific discovery, Mr. Alden presses into the service of his argument accepted truths of biology, and more than once lifts an apparently unrelated phenomenon into the widest, most significant relations. There is throughout a definite course of interpretation, beginning with inorganic matter and ascending to the domains of the human spirit; but though science is invoked for the demonstration of incidents, it is the poetic penetration of the facts which gives them their value in the argument.

But it is time to convey to the reader some notion of the development of thought in this book, though one who has just read it is disposed to linger over the attributes of the presentation. The work is divided into four books, the first being entitled *Two Visions of Death*. In a short chapter headed *The Body of Death*, the cold nakedness of the visible fact at the end of life is predicated, and no concealment is made of its most repellent characteristics. “So alien to humanity is this change that it is offensive to human sensibility and noxious to human health; and our most pressing concern, after mourning over our dead, is that we may bury it out of our sight.” The physicist computes the exact account which is kept by nature with man, but he does not touch the real mystery, any more than he can state the essential properties of life. And yet science presses near the truth when it makes the continuance of life to depend upon death, and thus in a second chapter, entitled *The Mystical Vision*, a series of illus-

trations direct attention to those great laws of action and reaction which comprehend the known movements of nature, pulsation, day and night, sleep and waking, and finally even a visible and invisible world. "To account for the communication of energy through cosmic space, the physicist postulates as a medium the invisible ether, the vortical motions of which have displaced what were formerly known as the ultimate atoms." Pressing the analysis of physiological sensation, the pulsation is forever beginning and forever ending, and the kinship of death and sleep establishes still more intimately the nature of death as a renewal of life. A physical analogue may be cited: "The body which Death leaves behind is surrendered to that inorganic chemistry which was formerly in alliance with the more subtle actions and reactions of a distinctively human life, and to the physical bond of gravitation which was once the condition of its consistency, but which now brings it to the dust. Are we any more mystical than Newton and Laplace in our conviction that Death as a part of the higher life is its unseen bond—the way of return to its source?" And if Death may thus be accounted as a primal fact of life, Evil also may be included in the same category, its appearance veiling a reality which lies deeper than our experience can fathom. "Even Sin, which is the sting of Death, must have its reconciliation with eternal life. We turn from the raggedness, the vileness, and the emaciation of the Prodigal, and regard only the unseen bond which brings him home, while we hear a voice saying, This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

The second book is entitled *Native Impressions*, and is an attempt at reconstructing primitive humanity in its attitude toward death. The reader is aided in this task by a brief criticism of the artificial *naïveté* of Poe and Maeterlinck, which by contrast makes more clear the true simplicity of the childhood of the

race, in which the dead were mightier than the living, and the invisible furnished larger occupation for the imagination. The backward look was dominant, so that even tenses are confused, the Hebrew making the past to serve as the prophetic, and the downward look was the natural one when the gaze was toward origin. "What amazing stupefaction of abysmal slumber must have still held in suspense all the proper activities of manhood in a being who looked down to his God; who confounded the divine life with that of every living thing, looking indeed upon the lower animals, and even upon trees and stones, as somewhat nearer divinity than was himself; as if he must reverse the stages of his own antenatal evolution, in order that through the mediate series he might find the way to Him who was the Most Low!" The earliest spiritual lore for the primitive man was from the education of sleep, and thus came to him an impression of Death also as a way into the presence of the eternal. Again, in his backward look, his ancestors were to him a living reality, and the tribal bonds in which he was included familiarized him with associations including the gods themselves. The very gods were mortal, and thus to his early apprehension the passage from life to death and death to life was constantly going on. It may be remarked here that though this primitive man is a reconstruction by the author out of the scattered materials offered by anthropology, he is avowedly hypothetical, and is but a tentative sketch.

Having thus taken into account the fact of death and its apprehension by humanity in its least reasoning and most instinctive condition, Mr. Alden proceeds to what may be taken as the second great division of his subject, in which he essays to uncover the movement of death and life, first in the phenomena of the natural world, and then in the disclosures of historic humanity. He entitles his third book *Prodigal Sons: a Cosmic Parable*,

and in the first chapter, *The Divided Living*, he starts out with what at first looks like a play of words. Postulating creation as something from nothing, a definition hopelessly unsatisfactory, he defines death as that which brings to naught, and thus a term for the source of life. But the truth which he seeks to formulate with all the energy of his speech is the action of the centripetal and centrifugal forces throughout the universe. The planetary movement of the earth itself is in large the story of the prodigal son. The ingenuity of this application is merged, for the reader, in the splendor of the tale; for the earth becomes, in the narrative, a sentient creature, and long before the parable is ended one is entranced by the noble imagination which has so extraordinarily linked together the cosmic and the individual. Throughout this entire chapter, and the other two of the book, *The Moral Order*, and *Ascent and Descent of Life*, this parable recurs from time to time in suggestive phrases, but it is pursued through many forms of life and through the development of man from infancy to age. We cannot refrain from quoting a single passage in the chapter *The Moral Order*, in which Mr. Alden seeks to find a deeper consciousness underlying the experience of the prodigal:

"If our exile were real, if we could really leave the Father's house, if by some chasm Time were divorced from Eternity, and if human existence were wholly experimentation, consciously regulated, and in its entirety determined by arbitrary choice on a rational plan, — as from partial aspects it seems to be, — then indeed might we pray for absolute annihilation. In this view, the moral order would be a system of inextricable confusion. If we can believe in such separation of humanity from its Lord that our life is hidden elsewhere than in him, then is inevitable that other belief, formulated in the extreme rationalistic specialization of dogma, that there are

dread realms of unutterable woe forever excluded from the divine presence and from the operation of divine laws and uses. If the material is separated by an impassable chasm from the spiritual, then may we accept the dualism of the Manichæist, or adopt the skepticism of the biologist, who asserts that matter only is eternal, and that the entire realm of life is but a fleeting moment of cosmic time, a shuddering pulsation that for an instant disturbs the monstrous and heartless mechanism, an alien dream as inexplicable as it is transient. If his rectitude, his formed character — that outward integrity which he builds up for himself — is at its very best man's only blessedness, then is his experience vain; if that whereof he is ashamed or that of which he is proud, if what he consciously shuns or what he consciously seeks, be the full measure of his evil or of his good, then, in the superficial jaggedness of the things wherein he is entangled, is his destiny the most trivial of inconsequences, the ultimate caprice.

"Not thus is he to be accounted for, and never in the depths of his spiritual being has he thus accounted for himself — as if he were a fragment of the world, appearing suddenly upon the ocean of existence, moved this way and that by varying winds and currents and by the whims of his own variable and near-sighted intelligence, and then as suddenly submerged beneath the waves. He never had a spiritual philosophy which did not make him one with the Eternal — which did not make him the measure and explanation of the world rather than the world the measure and explanation of him — one in which the scope of his evil and of his good did not embrace all evil and all good. In him alone did life awake and think and speak, but not thus did he forego his share in the eternal silence. Whatever his forfeit, it compromised the universe, and engaged all the powers of the universe for his redemption. No transaction could in its scope

be too far-reaching to be commensurate with his eternal interests."

The closing book bears the title *Death Unmasked*, and is occupied with the disclosure through human history as specialized in Hebrew life, preëminently through the person of Jesus, whose revelation is interpreted by Paul, and through the developments of Christendom. It will be seen that our author has passed from the realm of nature into that of humanity, and the reader who has followed the course of the argument in the nature of things has now the opportunity of testing it by the witness of history and his own experience. Many will find this portion of the book the most intelligible, since it is the most concrete. It is in effect a brief philosophy of history, and contains frequent luminous comments on the course of human development. Its interest for some will be in the ingen-

ious resolution of seeming evil into real good. Mr. Alden's optimism is unflinching because his confidence is centred on unescapable reality, and that reality, as the reader discovers, is imbedded in the universal order. The large field of his vision discourages a too minute criticism of parts, and the poetic beauty of the presentation leads one away sometimes from the close inquiry of the reason. Indeed, the argument throughout is veiled rather than explicit. The reader who comes armed with scientific or theologic formulæ rarely finds these objected to; rather, he is in doubt how he can use them himself, since this writer, with his constant recourse to life in its unformulated manifestations, meets him, not with weapons, but with "lamps within pitchers." *A Study of Death* will stimulate thought, for it brings a large imagination to bear upon the mystery of life.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century, Lectures delivered at Oxford Easter Terms, 1893-4, by James Anthony Froude. (Scribners.) There is no sign of age nor of failing strength to be discovered in the brilliant lectures which make up the last volume that will come to us from the historian of the Tudors, nor is there any material change in the standpoint from which he again surveys that heroic period of English history which culminates in the defeat of the Armada. It is one of the most thrilling of tales, told with a vividness, picturesqueness, and force worthy of the subject, — a book impossible to leave till its final page is reached; and we sadly read that the after-story, "the passing from Spain to England of the sceptre of the seas, must be left to other lectures or to other lecturers, who have more years before them than I." As usual, the critical reader will be irritated by inaccuracies, not a few, in details, which sometimes, it should be said, are of no very great importance,

and, a more serious matter, will continue to recognize in the writer an eloquent special pleader, though one who heartily believes in the truth and justice of his argument, and so has often been accused of perverting facts when he has simply failed to see them in their due proportions. But in whatever order we may be inclined to place the motives governing the great Elizabethan adventurers, Mr. Froude's presentment of them is full of vigorous life, a realization of the men not always found in more impartial chronicles. — *English Seamen*, Howard, Clifford, Hawkins, Drake, Cavendish, by Robert Southey. Edited, with an Introduction, by David Hannay. (Methuen & Co., London; Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) From Southey's *Lives of the Admirals*, a naval history of which the plan, modest at first, finally assumed such dimensions that naturally the work remains a fragment, the editor has extracted these biographies, and it is interesting as well as profitable to compare them with Mr. Froude's Lectures.

Both volumes are written by great masters of English, but in manner and method the reader will be impressed by differences rather than by similarities. The later writer had open to him sources of information inaccessible to his predecessor, but nevertheless students of history will feel a confidence in the earlier portraits which the brilliant studies of Mr. Froude do not always inspire. It is noteworthy that the additions which research has made to Southey's knowledge, as embodied in the appendix to the book, do not necessitate any modification in the estimates he formed of the characters of the great seamen. — Lord John Russell, by Stuart J. Reid. The Queen's Prime Ministers Series. (Harpers.) Mr. Reid's monograph is the ninth volume of a series which has proved itself almost always excellent in quality, and we may say the concluding volume as well, for it is not likely that a study of the tenth of Queen Victoria's Premiers will be undertaken in this stage of his career. The record of Lord John Russell's public life is the history of English politics for more than half a century, and the biographer relates the not unfamiliar tale in a spirited and readable fashion, and with no more than a pardonable bias in favor of his subject, who, though not a great statesman, was a distinguished, honorable, and enlightened politician, using that word in its best sense. Of contributions made to this memoir by Lord John's friends, the late Lord Selborne's statement regarding the Minister's conduct in the Alabama affair, and the pleasant personal reminiscences of Mr. Lecky, are specially noticeable. A reproduction, the first made, of Watts's portrait forms the frontispiece of the volume. — Louis XIV. and the Zenith of the French Monarchy, by Arthur Hassall, M. A. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) A book to be heartily praised, when we consider the comparatively brief space into which the writer has had to compress the history of the three quarters of a century covered by the extraordinary reign of the *roi soleil*. Mr. Hassall does not make the mistake of attempting to touch all sides of his subject; the social, literary, artistic, and religious aspects of the time are considered only when they directly affect its political and military history, and he has given us an exceedingly well-arranged and lucid narrative which everywhere shows a

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careful study of the most approved authorities. A full consciousness of his hero's limitations does not blind the writer to the king's very real ability in certain directions. He realizes that if it be true to say that Louis's reign made the Revolution possible and probable, the blame must be shared by the people with the king; for "the French nation made Louis, and Louis was the epitome of the French nation." Even in the worst of his measures, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a great blunder as well as a great crime, of which the evil effects to France were far reaching and incalculable, the majority of the people were with him. A word should be said about the illustrations to the volume, which are so unusually well selected as to subjects that it is a pity they could not in some cases have been reproduced from better engravings. — The Revolution of 1848, by Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) The English versions of the series known as Famous Women of the French Court have not always appeared in chronological order, so we may have later the volumes relating to perhaps the noblest and best of these women, Queen Marie Amélie and her daughter-in-law the Duchess of Orleans, whose last days in France are those of which this book is a record. Had the high spirit, courage, and constancy of these ladies been emulated by more of the men around them, the Paris mob would not so easily have overturned what was at least the most respectable and liberal government the country had had since the first Revolution. But a constitutional and pacific king, who hated bloodshed, and, naturally, also feared the odium attached thereto, represented a power little likely to be prompt and energetic in dealing with the disorderly elements of the capital. An impersonal republic could be ruthless, as the men of the barricades were very soon to discover. — The venerable Mr. W. J. Linton, the distinguished wood-engraver, has in *Three Score and Ten Years* (Scribners) written his recollections of the notable men and women in literature and art whom he has known in England and in the United States, and of the several liberal movements, especially English and Italian, with which he has had a strong sympathy, Mazzini being his especial hero. The book gives pleasant brief glimpses of many nota-

ble people during the whole Victorian era, but hardly judgments of value. — The Story of Vedic India as Embodied Principally in the Rig-Veda, by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnam's.) As the Rig-Veda does not contain history in the direct epic or narrative form, but only imparts it in a very fragmentary and inferential manner, this interesting volume is rather a study of the religion of Vedic India, the myths, rituals, and customs connected therewith, than the story of the nation as the word would be generally understood. This view of the belief and life of the first Aryan inhabitants of Hindustân is prefaced by a description of the country and an account of the sources of our knowledge of its early history, in which full justice is done to the great work of those Anglo-Indian pioneer students who opened the vast field of Sanskrit literature to the scholars of Europe.

Literature. The sixth volume of Pepys's Diary in its complete form (Bell, London ; Macmillan, New York) begins in October, 1666, in the London lately devastated by Plague and Fire, and extends to the end of June, 1667, the days of anxiety and humiliation, when the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames. During these nine months the diarist is diligent both in business and in pleasure, to a degree imperfectly set forth in the former abridged records, and so increases his substance that his strong boxes are a fruitful source of worry in troubled times. "Musique" is as always a chief delight, and his affectionate outbursts on the rare occasions when Mrs. Pepys does not sing false make one feel that the lady might have been generally mistress of the situation had she happily been gifted with a truer ear. The remnant of Mr. Pepys's Puritan conscience is now seldom greatly aroused in his own case save when discovery of some moral lapse seems imminent, but he is too excellent a man of affairs, and too patriotic withal, not to deplore heartily the unspeakable corruption and sloth in high places which have brought such dire shame on the country. The volume contains a portrait of the writer from Le Marchand's medallion, and one of Lady Castlemaine after Lely. — The latest numbers of the Temple Shakespeare (Dent, London ; Macmillan, New York) are Hamlet and Henry VIII. The former has for a fron-

tispiece the death-mask, the latter the old palace at Whitehall. — The tenth and eleventh volumes of the admirable sixteen-volume Defoe (Dent, London ; Macmillan, New York) are taken up with The History and Remarkable Life of the Truly Honourable Colonel Jacque, commonly called Colonel Jack. The book has a special interest for Americans, since it contains a graphic picture of plantation life in Virginia in the early part of the eighteenth century. — Izaak Walton's Lives forms one of the volumes of the attractive series, English Classics, edited by W. E. Henley. (Methuen & Co., London ; Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) The introduction is by Vernon Blackburn, who strives to analyze the charm of Walton's style as exemplified in these five delightful miniature biographies ; reaching the conclusion that it was his fortune to possess an inimitable manner by which to express his own winning personality. A good reprint of this book is always a thing to be grateful for. — The Return of the Native has been issued in the uniform edition of Hardy's works. (Harpers.) In an interesting but too brief preface, the author gives a little welcome information as to Budmouth and Egdon Heath, and indulges in the pleasant fancy that some spot in the extensive tract of which the sombre scene of the story forms a part may be the heath of that traditionary king of Wessex, Lear. — Two more volumes have been added to Macmillan's admirable series of Standard Novels : Miss Edgeworth's Ormond, illustrated by Carl Schloesser, and Marryat's Jacob Faithful, illustrated by Henry M. Brock. The former is pleasantly introduced by Mrs. Ritchie, the latter by David Hannay ; and in this agreeable form readers of to-day can make or renew acquaintance with one of the brightest and most spontaneous of Miss Edgeworth's novels, and with that entertaining history which Thackeray bracketed with *Vingt Ans Après* and *The Woman in White* as a book which in illness had given him amusement from morning till sunset. — Messrs. Putnam have brought out the Sketch-Book in their handsome Student's Edition of Irving. The work is excellently edited by William Lyon Phelps, whose annotations are commendably brief and to the point. As usual, a life of the author is prefixed, and in this case a discussion of some defects of his

style, its merits having been considered in the two earlier volumes. — Messrs. Macmillan have reissued William Winter's *Old Shrines* and *Ivy* in their paper-covered Miniature Series, and have also brought out in a like inexpensive form a little volume containing Matthew Arnold's *The Function of Criticism* and Walter Pater's essay on *Style*.

Books for the Young. Always amongst the earliest of holiday arrivals is the usual trio of volumes from the indefatigable Mr. G. A. Henty (Scribners), in which we are glad to meet his modest, manly, brave, truth-telling young hero in his new incarnations. As Sir Gervaise Tresham, in *A Knight of the White Cross*, a Tale of the Siege of Rhodes, he bears himself so gallantly in the Hospitallers' great contest with the Turk that he becomes a Knight while still in his teens, and holds no mean position in the order when he is absolved from his vows, and so is enabled to marry and live happily and as peaceably as the times permit ever after; as Dick Holland, in *The Tiger of Mysore*, a Story of the War with Tip-poo Saib, he sets himself the tremendous task of discovering and rescuing his father, a prisoner in the hands of the ruthless Sultan, and, it is needless to say, succeeds; as Frank Wyatt, in *Through Russian Snows*, a Story of Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow, he is in the service of the English commissioner with the Russian army during the terrible campaign of 1812, and meets his brother, who is in the army of the invaders, having enlisted to escape from a French prison. Like their predecessors, these tales are thoroughly wholesome in tone, are adventurous rather than sensational, never dwell unduly on scenes of carnage or horrors of any kind, and, it may be said, always respect the truth of history; so that young readers, along with a good deal of entertainment, will almost insensibly make no inconsiderable additions to their stock of historic lore. — Mr. Kirk Munroe's large *clientèle* can also always be sure of at least two new tales as the year wanes. *Snow-Shoes and Sledges* (Harpers) is a sequel to last year's *The Fur-Seal's Tooth*, and in it the heedless Phil continues his devious search for his father; meeting, of course, with many moving accidents during his winter wanderings in Alaska. At War with Pontiac, or, *The Totem of the Bear*, a Tale

of Redcoat and Redskin (Scribners), a story well described by its title, is a narrative of the adventures of a daring youth who is saved in many perilous straits because of a totem tattooed upon his arm in infancy by a grateful Indian. We would suggest (it is often done), in the interest of historic truth, that Indian tortures can hardly be palliated by comparisons with New England witch-burnings, such burnings being purely imaginary. — *Afloat with the Flag*, by W. J. Henderson. (Harpers.) A spirited and readable sea-tale, which follows the fortunes of three cadets fresh from Annapolis, two of whom serve under Admiral Benham in Rio Harbor during the late insurrection, while the third is aboard one of the ships of the Brazilian insurgents. The author writes from an abundant knowledge of things naval, and the routine of life on a man-of-war is vividly as well as accurately depicted. — *Hero Tales from American History*, by Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt. (Century Co.) A healthy love of country permits the repetition, even without novelty, of heroic tales as often and in as many forms as possible. Welcome, therefore, is the recital of the achievements of a group of American statesmen, soldiers, sailors, explorers, and pioneers, with Parkman as a representative man of letters. These brief narratives are not set biographies, but descriptions of particular deeds of heroism, and the style is charged with a wholesome patriotism.

Nature and Travel. "The Flower of England's Face," by Julia C. R. Dorr. (Macmillan.) This little volume, charming without and within, contains sketches of English and Scottish travel, with some of which the readers of *The Atlantic* are already familiar. The author has that keen and sympathetic appreciation of the beauty of the old land which is never stronger than in those pilgrims from the new, who, like her, had in childhood the happy fortune to be turned loose to roam at will through the wide enchanted fields of English literature. She shares her pleasure with the reader in a fashion so entertaining and agreeable that it gives freshness and vivacity to the oft-told tale, and her book is surely predestined to be a favorite pocket companion, and an occasional guide as well, to not a few summer wanderers. — *Pearls and Pebbles*, or, *Notes of an Old*

Naturalist, by Catharine Parr Traill. With Biographical Sketch by Mary Agnes Fitz Gibbon. (William Briggs, Toronto.) This is a collection of pleasant papers on birds, flowers, and other out-of-door things, together with reminiscences of child life in England and early pioneer days in Ontario. Mrs. Traill, it will be remembered, was one of the Strickland sisters. She emigrated to Canada with her husband immediately after their marriage in 1832, and has published a number of books about backwoods life, besides a few stories for children and *Studies of Plant Life*. Mrs. Fitz Gibbon's sketch of her is appreciative and interesting. The reader need have no fear of encountering dry technicalities in this book, for it is only by a somewhat elastic use of the word that Mrs. Traill can be called a naturalist. — Observed and Noted, by Robert B. Risk. (The Examiner Printing House, Lancaster, Pa.) Five hundred pages of "paragraphs" reprinted from a daily newspaper, very miscellaneous as to subject, but mostly relating to the every-day happenings of country life.

Books of Reference and Handbooks. D and F are continued in the parts of Murray's New English Dictionary for October 1, Development and Field having been reached. (The Clarendon Press, Oxford; Macmillan, New York.) — Handbook of the New Public Library in Boston, compiled by Herbert Small. (Curtis & Co., Boston.) An admirably planned handbook of seventy-eight pages, liberally illustrated, and of service both as a guide to the treasures of the building regarded as a work of art, and as a souvenir. Its condensation has been well studied, and there is a refreshing freedom from rhetorical phrase, and an absence

of padding. — The Chess Pocket Manual, a Pocket-Guide for Beginners and Advanced Players, by G. H. D. Gossip. (Scribners.) An excellent and convenient little handbook, beginning with an introductory chapter pointing out the differences between the modern game and that of the old school, which is followed by chapters on the moves and relative value of the men, technical terms, laws of the game, openings, and endings.

Home and Society. Democracy and Caste, by Ethel Davis. (Home Science Publishing Co., Boston.) Beginning, so to speak, with the cellar, and rising to the sky parlor, Miss Davis treats of home-keeping wits. House-Furnishing, Entertaining, Domestic Service, Housekeeping and Home-Making, Education and Religion, are the titles of half a dozen chapters in which honesty and the ideals of life are sought in the common activities. There is much sound and truly discriminating sense in this little book, and the note struck is clear and far sounding. — A sixth edition of *The Social-Official Etiquette of the United States*, by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore), has been issued, and we are assured in the preface that the views therein given are considered correct and logical, and are accepted as authority. (The italics are the author's, who has a ladylike fondness for them.) A comic element in an otherwise most serious handbook is furnished by the insertion of a musical prelude, a setting of the commonplace and entirely unrhythmic prose of the opening paragraphs by, we are told, Herr von Bülow. We are not informed, however, at what high social function this remarkable production is appointed to be sung.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

War-Time
Letters from
John Bright.

THE three following letters, never printed before, were written by Mr. Bright to Mr. Aspinwall, as may be seen, at a very critical period of the civil war. Besides showing Mr. Bright's real affection for the United States, and, even in the darkest hour, his firm belief that the North would be victori-

ous, they reveal, in the light of later history, a foresight of remarkable correctness.

4 HANOVER ST., June 29, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. ASPINWALL, — I think the debate on "recognition" will come on tomorrow night, unless the absence of Lord Palmerston should cause its postponement.

I did not hear yesterday whether Lord Palmerston was better or not. You will learn from the papers to-morrow morning, before you sail, if he is in the House this evening. If he is able to attend, I think the debate will take place, as Mr. Roebuck is not likely to withdraw from any position where he can make himself generally mischievous.

From what I heard yesterday, I rather hope the debate will lead to nothing, but my information is not very conclusive.

I hope you will find affairs in a more satisfactory shape when you reach New York. I am anxious about them, as you doubtless are. If the President would make you Minister of War, I think I should have more confidence in the management of the contest. There seems great want of *fore-sight* and *force* at Washington.

I have had great pleasure in making your acquaintance, and wish to thank you for your kind expressions towards me. I may never visit your country, but my sympathy for it and for the cause of freedom can suffer no diminution.

Wishing you heartily a safe and pleasant voyage, I am

Very sincerely your friend,

JOHN BRIGHT.

WM. H. ASPINWALL, ESQ., EDWARDS' HOTEL.

ROCHDALE, July 31, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. ASPINWALL, — Your note of the 15th has reached me this morning. I have rejoiced to think of all the favorable news that would meet you on your arrival in New York. The riots in that city have been serious, but I hope they will serve to give resolution to the government, and to unite all thoughtful and patriotic people in its behalf. In England, as American newspapers come almost entirely from New York, that city is supposed to represent America, as London represents England, or Paris France, and therefore opinions and acts in New York are taken to indicate the opinions and conduct of the United States. I know how much this is an error, and I hope now that our people may discover it to be so.

If Charleston is captured, then will follow Mobile, and there will only remain Richmond to form Mr. Gladstone's "nation." But what after all this? Have you a policy? Has the government strength and re-

solution for the next step, and will it be supported by the nation?

The *Proclamation* is an *unalterable decree*, so far as Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet and the present Congress are concerned. This I take to be fixed and beyond controversy.

No slave State should be restored to its ancient place in the nation until it has so amended its constitution and laws as to place itself in harmony with the Proclamation. Until this is done, it must be held by the military power which has restored it to the Union. If you shrink from this question now, you will have the pro-slavery party in the North again uniting with the South, and the whole policy of the Proclamation may be reversed at the next presidential election. Should this happen, your country will be covered with humiliation and with infamy.

The government and the whole North, acting through Congress, should dispose of this great question in the coming session, so as to leave nothing to accident at the expiration of Mr. Lincoln's term of office. The war will end only in disgrace if it does not root out the evil of slavery, so that it can never again be an element in your political debates.

If you are strong and successful in this, the whole world will applaud you, and history will tell the story with pleasure and with pride.

The "recognition" debate was a ludicrous failure for the "South;" the friends of "Secesh" were covered with disgrace. They now admit that their beloved "new nation" is a failure, and will never come to the birth, and despondency has taken the place of boasting. The Loan is hardly salable at any price, and is believed to be worth nothing.

With all good wishes for you and for your people in this grand crisis of their fate, I am,

With much respect,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

WM. H. ASPINWALL, ESQ., ROCKWOOD,
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

LLANDUDNO, NORTH WALES, October 23, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. ASPINWALL, — Thank you for your note and for the letter from Mr. Chase. It is refreshing to find so much of earnest conviction in any one of the class of

statesmen. Mr. Blair seems of a different metal, and I am surprised that the President will allow of such speeches as he makes on the negro question, — so entirely contrary to his own sentiments and the policy he has avowed. Mr. Blair will hardly conciliate the opposition, but he may disappoint and discourage friends of the government.

There is a feeling of relief here among all classes, now that the "steam rams" are detained. I am sure the course of the government in this particular meets the views of the whole English people, and I hope it will do something to allay irritation and remove anxiety with you. The policy of a real neutrality is adopted now by almost every public man who speaks in public, and I have no fear that it will be departed from by our government. France, too, will do nothing without England, and there is a growing dislike here of any foreign enterprise which is conducted in partnership with Louis Napoleon.

I hope, therefore, your government will feel itself at liberty to give its whole attention to the rebellion. The South may be tending to exhaustion, as your Kentucky friend believes, but it makes a desperate fight yet; and the fact that it has driven back your best army under Rosecrans, and keeps your Potomac army in check, is a proof of the astonishing force wielded by the desperate men at the head of the rebellion.

I cannot understand the wisdom of sending 30,000 men to Texas, or the bad management which makes such an expedition a failure. I try to console myself with the belief that all these accidents and delays are necessary to bring the negro out of bondage, and I have faith that all will come out right in the end. You say you "are making steady advances towards the end of the struggle," — so it seems from the map, — but so long as the South can keep the great armies in the field the end is not yet.

We have Mr. Beecher in this country; he has made some noble speeches in defense of his country, and I think has done great good. His speech in London, a few days ago, was grand, and the meeting one likely to have a great effect. Our newspapers are more moderate in tone of late, and as you advance towards your final success we shall see a change of opinion among

all those who address the public from the press or the platform.

I am told there is some news this morning, but I have not seen it yet; we get no telegraphic news at this quiet seaside place. After next week we hope again to be at home at Rochdale.

I am anxious to hear from Chattanooga and from Charleston. It is wonderful how the attention of all England is centred on the news from your country.

With best wishes for your cause, and thanks for your remembrance of me,

I am very truly yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

WM. H. ASPINWALL, ESQ., ROCKWOOD,
TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK, U. S.

— We expected great things of the Hopeful Side of Youth. Tolman Jennifer, we of the class of 184-. "He could," we said, "do anything he tried to do," and nobody could tell what he might not attempt. Somehow he has not made a great name in the world. It is of no use to look for it even in the Harvard Quinquennial, for he never took his degree. For some inscrutable reason he sent in his withdrawal on the night of our Class Day. He was down for a high part at Commencement, and would have been named for Φ. B. K. He was well up in the "second eight," and might have been in the "first eight." (In those days we reckoned by scholastic "eights," and not by baseball "nines" or football "elevens.") He deliberately lowered his rank in the second term senior by cutting a sufficient number of chapels and recitations. It was a sufficient number, neither too many nor too few; for, except Tutor Adams, he was the only man at Harvard who had fathomed the mystery of the college marking system and solved the arithmetical problem on which it rested. He might have been the class orator, but refused to stand. He might have been the class poet, but declined in my favor, which happily for the class credit did not avail, as the other competitor was wisely chosen by a clear majority of sixteen. He won the first Bowdoin prize of his senior year, and his themes and forensics were reputed to have had the highest mark which the fastidious critics who then ruled could bestow. He took up no profession, did not enter the fourth (literary) estate of the press, went into no business, but lived a single, solitary life in Boston, passing his

days in libraries, and occasionally varying his quiet existence by a trip abroad. When, some years after graduation, I read Browning's poems, and among them Waring, my thoughts went at once to Jennifer, as if the portrait had been drawn of him. I met him the other day. I have always kept up a desultory friendship with him, and, when in Boston, have looked him up, and had him dine with me at various hostelries: at the vanished Stackpole House, once famed for its *cuisine*, at the Province House (for Hawthorne's sake), at the Tremont, and latterly at the Parker House. On the last occasion we naturally fell into discourse over the old times, and then, as became two gentlemen who could remember the professorships of Channing and Felton, Walker and Longfellow, we drifted into comparisons of the present.

"Jennifer," I said, "how do you look upon the growing fad of the higher education of women? In our day we should have regarded the Annex as we were wont to regard the annexation of Texas, as 'very tolerable and not to be endured.'"

"It is just this," he replied. "The female mind rejects with horror anything which seems to it to savor of waste. The woman suffrage movement is at bottom the feminine protest against throwing away the ballot-box upon Tom, Dick, and Harry, or rather upon Pat, Hans, and Birdofredum Sawin. So this higher education business is the outcome of the woman's wrath at seeing university and college privileges lavished on a lot of youngsters who care for them only as conferring eligibility in the various departments of athletics."

"Then you don't agree with Miss Daphne Betterton's rewriting of Tennyson's verse?"

'Woman is the greater man, and his intellect to hers
Is as sheepskin unto sealskin, cotton-plush to Russian
furs.'"

"Not at all; she knows her shortcoming, and she knows that we know it, and that makes the bitterness of it. You may be certain this would never have happened so long as men continued, as they did in our day, honestly to fit themselves for professions, and went into them for hard work and all the honors, or took up business with the view of carrying it on in its normal channels for its legitimate ends. Since our youth every calling has succumbed more and more to the craving for outside emolu-

ment; is followed, not for itself, but for its chances. Men do their work no longer for their proper wages, and first of all for their work's sake, but for the 'tips' they may get from the world. Women have seen this, and since it is the woman's instinct to do her best for the return offered, the more honest sex has pushed into the borderland of occupations, wherever it has seen that the mercenary sex has been treating its duty as secondary. It is not so much because the women feel that they can do better than we in any given pursuit, but they are willing to do their utmost; and when they see that we are not, the feminine passion is to step in and put things to rights. Now they see that the vast majority of college-bred youth are moved, not as they once were by the love of letters, but by the advantages, athletic, social, and pecuniary, set before them. Was it so in our day? Not at all. Do you remember Parsons, who was senior when we were freshmen? I do, because he was pointed out to me as the man who never had read a Waverley novel when he came to college. Some of his class found it out, and labored with him in true missionary style, and so successfully that he sat up all night over Woodstock. Just think of it, that such a reputation should be bruited about as singular and almost disreputable, and fancy the whole-souled Samaritanism which came to the rescue! The other day, Professor — told me that it did not pay to make an allusion to those same novels in class, since half the boys would not in the least understand it."

"Do you know why this is?" I answered.

"It is because all English literature is made just so much 'cram' for the entering examinations. What is not specifically set down is let alone, and what is learnt is 'got up' for the purpose of a pass, and then forgotten. What made the difference with us was home-training. I remember when I was rooming in Hollis 22, in my junior year, two of our fellows were in, and something was said about *The Lady of the Lake*. I said, 'My mother read it to me when I was ten.' 'So did mine,' said Saltonstall. 'Just my case,' said Berkeley. My mother read not only that, but *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy*, and, once entered for the game, I soon found out for myself to follow the scent. That was the way of it; we lived

and moved and had our being in households which craved the best attainable literary culture. We schoolboys were full of it. When we came to college, we soon found out, not from the professors, but from one another, that there were things we did not know, and then we went off on the sly and got the books and read up. Not that we owned our ignorance, — that was too much for undergraduate omniscience to admit, — but we felt it, and made haste to remedy it."

"That is all very well, but it proves my point," said Jennifer. "There was more leisure, less printing, and literature was cultivated not for money, but for fame. Authors then accepted their returns, not looking for much or little, but as the proof that what they wrote was worthy of payment. They fixed their eyes on the intrinsic value of what they produced, and not on pot-boiling. There was then a literary class who read much and wrote rarely or not at all, but who made reputations. It was worth while to strive for the verdict of such a jury. They knew what was best, and their sentence was accepted by the public. In an evil hour some one found out that to write for milliner's apprentices and shopboys would pay better, and that, by writing down to the tastes of the milliner, much money came to publishers, and some into the lean purses of authors. Cheap and pirated editions of foreign literature multiplied. Publishers dealt with authors on the good old plan of Scottish caterans. They paid the English writer a something for advance sheets, and then made agreement one with another to have the prey of their bow and spear respected. Rob Roy in New York would let alone the flocks and herds which Donald Bean Lean of Boston was driving home. Robin Hood poached not on the glades of William of Cloudeslie. Captain Kidd let pass the Manila galleon which Blackbeard had marked for his own. For a season the courtesy of the trade permitted the high-class publishers to do somewhat for foreign authors, and the public benefited thereby. Then came the cheap publishers with their flimsy reprints, and books were degraded to the rank of cigarettes. What has been the consequence? A deliberate writing down to the tastes and brutal appetites of the crowd. Authors on both sides of the water have found out the

profit in books which sell, and the books which sell are like a debased currency beside a sterling one. The worse drives out the better. Reputation is valued for its remuneration. It does not pay for an author to do his best, when his second or third rate effort will bring him more money. The old ruling caste is swamped. As in the case of the House of Peers, the Commons are bent upon abolishing it or taking away its veto. Even I, who am a Tory of the Tories, a very Eldon on the literary woosack, read many more books of the hour than I otherwise should, and some which I should be ashamed to be caught with in my hand, from the mere necessity of keeping up with the times. I often compare myself to a naturalist of the days of the Pharaoh of Moses whom the plague of frogs, et cetera, drove to an investigation of the unclean visitation, lest a new and unclassed specimen should escape me."

"Yes, but, Jennifer, you do not forsake the old standards, your Homer and Dante and Shakespeare. You are true to the sacred Crocodile and holy Ibis and the divine bull Apis. It is not that these young persons do not know of the old cult, but that they do not care for it."

"I account for that, my dear fellow, thus: When we read the Waverleys, they were of a life not wholly out of touch with our own. We were not far removed from the men and women for whom Sir Walter wrote. The present generation has snapped that chain. Like the children of emigrants, it has been born into a world quite unlike that in which we grew up. Railroads, steamships, telephones, electric lights, photography, huge cities full of dwellings crowded with costly luxuries, which are not comforts, only burdensome necessities, — all these are wholly apart from the lives our fathers and mothers lived. The first lesson the infant of to-day learns is, 'Touch a button, and let something do the rest.'"

"You are a hopeless old cynic," I said.

"Yes, I am that, my boy, but I have to yield to the stress of events, to have my tub rehooped with Bessemer steel, and my lantern fed with astral oil instead of the product of the whale which my ancestors were the first to capture in the seas where now ride the iron-clad fleets of Japan. But for my inveterate prejudices as a *laudator temporis acti* I might have been an oil mil-

lionaire, and — ugh! *vade retro sathanas!* — voyaged in a steam yacht of his own.”

“Then you despair of the coming youth?”

“Not at all. Don't you see that what I am saying is apologetic, and lays the blame upon youth's surroundings? I trust youth to find its way out, so long as it is youth, and not premature old age. All this athletic craze is simply the young man's protest against the stigma of incapacity. He wants to do something which he cannot do without trouble and pains of his own taking. If his Greek accents and his differential calculus are made too easy, he will bend his brows and nerve his heart to solve the mystery of the Oxford stroke and the curves of the Yale pitchers. And so at the last he will come back to literature, and by natural selection take to the best. In the beginning of this century, Charles Lamb and Washington Irving rediscovered the treasures of the old dramatic poetry which the world had willingly let die, and so some youth in the twenty-first century may revive the ancient taste for Scott and Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth, and new Tennysons and Brownings bring back the old poetic diction, to the confusion of face of future impressionists. No, I cannot be wholly unhopeful in a day in which the most widely quoted book is *Alice in Wonderland*. Perhaps this very ‘higher education of women’ may work the result, just as the cry for female suffrage has promoted decency in politics. When the women find that the men are doing their civic duties properly and righteously, depend upon it they will drop the business thankfully. Did you ever know a woman to refuse to let a man do what she was once satisfied he could do better than she could? What she wants is to sit on the sheltered seats of the tourney ground and

‘let her eyes
Rain influence and decree the prize.’”

“I believe you are right, by dear boy,” I said. “At any rate, your hope is a good one. We cannot make over the boys whom this new world has begun to shape, but we can give them a chance to show themselves for what they are. We can teach them to love and prize nobility of thought and deed, purity of life and gentleness of manners. Only let us see that their intellectual digestions are not ruined by mental dyspepsia, and then let them find their own pastures.

I remember feeling in my college days that I had been born too late into a world which had got through its doing: that Waterloo and Trafalgar had been fought, that Scott and Byron were dead, that Wilson would write no more *Noctes*; and what was the good of the new Cunarders if they were to bring us no more new books from England? I have lived to see the *Idylls of the King*, and Gettysburg, and the Crimean war, and Tom Brown at Rugby and Oxford, and the rise and fall of Napoleon III., and the unification of Italy; and life is after all not barren, nor is the unexpected barred out of the future. I own that the young men seem sadly handicapped by the ease of their early lives and the lack of legitimate purpose in the careers opened to them. They will overcome this. They will not value that which comes without being worked for, and the surfeit of ease will only send them the more readily into the ranks where fighting is to be done. The free run of the candy-shop will cure them of the taste for sugar-plums. ‘The dandies,’ said Wellington, ‘fought well at Waterloo,’ and Inkermann and Balaklava showed that they had not lost the art. They will find out the new which we are past finding out, in our loyalty to the banished dynasties for whom we fought at Falkirk and Culloden. I know no passage more touching in the underlying tragedy of the Newcomes than that where the colonel feels his inability to understand the enthusiasm of Clive and his artist friends. We too must give way. We have had a long range of it from Byron and Moore, Campbell and Scott, to Tennyson and Emerson and Morris and Browning.”

“Yes, our elders thought us to be conceited prigs and graceless puppies in our sophomore years, but, as Thekla sings, ‘we have lived and loved,’ and let us hope they will do the same.”

Powhatan's Chimney. — When one makes an assertion, the reason for it, if not apparent, is demanded; therefore, when I announce that the ruin of a colossal stone chimney, built for the old Indian chief Powhatan, is heaped to-day upon a little bay in Tidewater, Virginia, the question arises, “Can you prove it?”

John Smith himself states that he built on Werowocomoco a house for Powhatan. Werowocomoco he describes as a little bay twenty miles below the forks of York

River, into which three creeks empty. William Stith mentions the same fact. Later, Charles Campbell, after careful search and diligent study of the geography of the country, established the fact that the present Timber Neck Bay is Werowocomoco. Myriads of oyster-shells upon the shore suggested an Indian settlement, and just on the crest of a gentle slope an abnormal ancient stone chimney stood, a solemn witness of stupendous changes which have borne upon this Western World.

"Here is the exact spot of the Savage King's house," says Campbell, "and beyond the shadow of a doubt this is Powhatan's Chimney." York River, the Indian's Pamunkey, makes a bold, swift run of about thirty miles, then is lost in Chesapeake Bay. On its way to the sea, it takes up the waters of Werowocomoco just above Yorktown. This bay was the environment of the childhood of Pocahontas. Here, most likely, she rescued Smith; the bamboo vines, as they climb and sway about the shore, whisper of a maiden's gentleness and her father's hate.

On the bluff overhanging the bay the royal wigwam stood. The house itself fell long ago. There is no chronicle of it except that it was built. The chimney stood like a frowning sentinel. The ruin speaks of troublous times, when John Smith, white man of flint, met a savage made of kindred stuff, and by enlightened cunning overmastered the Indian's craftiness and treachery. Powhatan, the sour-faced Wahunsonacock, looms up above coeval savage heroes for wily scheming, for magnificent courage and barbaric state. He and John Smith constantly had questions at issue. Powhatan asked Smith to build him a house; Smith's cry was generally, "Corn! more corn!" for what he carefully husbanded the colonists ruthlessly squandered. "If you will give me so much corn," said Smith, "I will build you a house, a good house such as the white man lives in." The bargain was sealed. Smith sent from Jamestown to Werowocomoco some Englishmen and four Dutchmen to build the house. What architecture the house displayed we do not know, but the chimney was enormous in breadth, unlike any other one ever saw. Eighteen feet high, it was ten feet and a half wide, and had a double flue. The fireplace was eight feet wide, and could easily

hold a dinner-table for a company of eight. We can fancy the brilliant light that shone from it in the even-time, when, filled with dry logs, it threw a glow upon Powhatan's white fur robes and shining beads and eagle-feather coronet.

The chimney was built of a sort of concrete, composed chiefly of shells, which abounded in the banks of York River, and was almost as lasting as the solid rock. While the Dutchmen were building the chimney in 1608, John Smith had one of his most celebrated conferences with Powhatan. He started from Jamestown in mid-winter, urged against the journey by most of the colonists. The corn had not been paid, and he went for it. The little bay was frozen far from shore; the rude tools of the perfidious Dutchmen rung out across the ice. Smith's boats had to stop, but he and a few of his men plunged into the icy water and waded to shore.

Then ensued the famous controversy. Smith fought old Powhatan with his own weapons of trickery and cunning and absolute doggedness. He won the battle, and went away with the corn. So the chimney was a witness of crude diplomacy; not of nation against nation, but man against man, savage chief against fearless Englishman, Powhatan against John Smith.

The writer of this sketch lived on an old colonial land grant across the little bay opposite the chimney. The vast plantation barred social intercourse; there was not much to do, and the curious things of past ages held a wonderful fascination. The old chimney was like a solemn echo from the Nation's Cradle. It often sounded the names of Smith, of Powhatan and Pocahontas.

Standing on the hill, one could fancy he heard the songs and dances of the Indian maidens and the war-whoop of the braves. Grim as a warrior the old chimney stood, and told a story, year after year, century after century. It had no symmetry or beauty; it was nothing but a homely, huge chimney seamed with cracks and fissures. It had a rude pathos of its own. It preached a rough sermon. Historians, antiquarians, and curious tourists visited it periodically; but neither private individuals, nor the national government, nor Virginia raised a finger to preserve one of the most interesting antiquities of this New World,—indeed,

the oldest relic of English construction. There was shame in its fall. The relic-hunter, unnoticed in the quiet neighborhood, hacked away at it unmolested. Children with hammers, year after year, drove great pieces from its foundation. The old farmer, who had built a mean wooden house against the chimney, moved away, and at last in 1892 the chimney fell. Now a pile of mangled rock tells a pitiful story. What shall we do with it?

As it has fallen, so shall it lie?

The Grace of Obscurity. — Clearness, directness, ease, precision, — these are literary virtues of a homely and primary sort. Reserve, urbanity, depth, force, suggestiveness, — these, too, are virtues, and happy the writer who has them. He is master of his art.

No good workman likes to be praised overmuch for the elementary qualities. Let some things be taken for granted, or touched upon lightly. Tell a schoolboy that he writes grammatically, — if you can, — but not the editor of a newspaper. Almost as well confide to your banker that you think him something better than a thief. "Simplicity be cursed!" a sensitive writer used to exclaim, as book after book elicited the same good-natured verdict. "They mean that I am simple, easily seen through. Henceforth I will be muddy, seeing it is beyond me to be deep." But nature is inexorable, and with the next book it was the same story. Probably there was not a line of his work over which any two readers ever disputed as to its meaning. In vain shall such a man dream of immortality. Great books, books to which readers return, books that win vogue and maintain it, books for the study of which societies are organized and about which libraries accumulate, must be of a less flimsy texture, — in his own testy phrase, less "easily seen through."

Consider the great classics of all races, the Bibles of the world. Not one but abounds in dark sayings. What another book the Hebrew Scriptures would be if the same text could never be interpreted in more than one way, if some could ever be interpreted at all! How much less matter for preaching! How much less motive for exegetical research! And withal, how much less appeal to the deepest of human instincts, the passion for the vague, the far away, and the mysterious! All religious

teachers, in so far as they are competent and sincere, address themselves to this instinct. The worthier they are of their calling, the better do they appreciate the value of paradox and parable. The greatest of them made open profession of his purpose to speak over the heads of his hearers; and his followers are still true to his example in that particular, however they may have improved upon it in other respects. They no longer encourage evil by turning the other cheek to the smiter; not many of them foster indolence by selling all that they have and giving to the poor; but without exception they speak things hard to be understood. Therein, in part at least, lies their power; for mankind craves a religion, a revelation of the unseen and the unprovable, and is not to be put off with simple morality, with such commonplace and worldly things as honesty, industry, purity, and brotherly love. No church ever waxed great by the inculcation of these every-day virtues.

In literature, the value of half-lights is recognized, consciously or not, by all who dabble in foreign tongues. Indeed, so far, at least, as amateurs are concerned, it is one of the chief encouragements to linguistic studies, the heightened pleasure of reading in a language but half understood. The imagination is put freshly in play, and time-worn thoughts and too familiar sentiments are again almost as good as new. Doudan, writing to a friend in trouble, drops suddenly into English, with a sentence or two about the universality of misfortune. "Commonplaces regain their truth in a strange language," he explains; "if we complain of ordinary evils, we ought to do it in Latin." The hint is worth taking. So long as we have something novel and important to communicate, we may choose the simplest words. "Clearness is the ornament of profound thoughts," says Vauvenargues; but we need not go quite so far as the same philosopher when he bids us reject all thoughts that are "too feeble to bear a simple expression." That would be to reduce the literary product unduly. Joubert is a more comforting adviser. "Banish from words all uncertainty of meaning," he says, "and you have made an end of poetry and eloquence." "It is a great art," he adds, "the art of being agreeably ambiguous."

Such tributes to the vague are the more significant as coming from Frenchmen, who,

of all people, worship lucidity. Let us add, then, the testimony of one of the younger French writers, a man of our own day. "Humanity hardly attaches itself with passion to any works of poetry and art," says Anatole France, "unless some parts of them are obscure and susceptible of diverse interpretations." And in another place in the same volume (*Le Jardin d'Épiqueure*) we come upon this fine saying: "What life has of the best is the idea it gives us of an unknown something which is not in it." How true that is of literature, also! The best thing we derive from a book is something that the author never quite succeeded in putting into it. What good reader (and without good reading there is no good writing) has not found a glimpse, a momentary brightness as of something infinitely far off, more exciting and memorable than whole pages of crystalline description?

Vagueness like this is the noblest gift of a writer. Artifice cannot compass it. If a man would have it, let him pray for a soul, and refresh himself continually with dreams and high imaginings. Then if, in addition, he have genius, knowledge, and literary tact, there may be hope for him. But even then the page must find the reader.

Of vagueness of a lower order there is always plenty; some of it a matter of individual temperament, some of it a matter of art, and some a matter of a want of art. It is not to be despised, perhaps, since it has utility and a marketable value. It results in the formation of clubs, and so is promotive of social intercourse. It makes it worth men's while to read the same book twice, or even thrice, and so is of use in relieving the tedium of the world. It renders unspeakable service to worthy people who would fain have a fine taste in literature, but for whom, as yet, it is more absorbing to guess riddles than to read poems; and it is almost as good as a corruption of the text to the favored few who have an eye for invisible meanings, — men like the famous French philosopher who discovered extraordinary beauty in certain profundities of Pascal, which turned out to be simple errors of a copyist.

This inferior kind of obscurity, like most things of a secondary rank, is open to cultivation, although the greater number of

those who profit by such husbandry are slow to acknowledge the obligation. A bright exception is found in Thoreau. He was one who believed in telling the truth. "I do not suppose that I have attained to obscurity," he writes. But he was too modest by half. He did attain to it, and in both kinds: sometimes in willful paradox and exaggeration, a sort of "Come, now, good reader, no falling asleep!" and sometimes, but less often, — for such visitations are rare with the best of men, — in some quick, unstudied phrase that opens, as it were, an unsuspected door within us, and makes us forget for the time being the author and his book.

Perhaps it would be true to say that when men are most inspired their speech becomes most like Nature's own, — inarticulate, and so capable of expressing things inexpressible. What book, what line of verse, ever evoked those unutterable feelings — feelings beyond even the *thought* of utterance — that are wakened in us now and then, in divinely favorable moments, by the plash of waters or the sighing of winds? When an author does aught of this kind for us, we must love and praise him, let his shortcomings be what they will. If a man is great enough in himself, or serviceable enough to us, we need not insist upon all the minor perfections.

For the rest, these things remain true: language is the work of the people, and belongs to the people, however lexicographers and grammarians may codify, and possibly, in rare instances, improve it. Commonplaces are the staple of literature. The great books appeal to men as men, not as scholars. A fog is not a cloud, though a man with his feet in the mud may hug himself and say, "Look, how I soar!" Preciosity is good for those that like it; they have their reward; but to set up a conventicle, with passwords and a private creed, is not to found a religion. In the long run, nothing is supremely beautiful but genuine simplicity, which may be a perfection of nature or the perfection of art; and the only obscurity that suits with it and sets it off is occasional, unexpected, momentary, — a sudden excess of light that flashes and is gone, surprising the writer first, and afterward the reader.

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